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BOMBAY BRANCH
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# PUNCH

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1857.

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BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1857.

## FIRE-SIDE SAINTS.

**St. Dolly.**—At an early age, ST. DOLLY showed the sweetness of her nature by her tender love for her widowed father; a baker, dwelling at Pie-Corner, with a large family of little children. It chanced that, with bad harvests, bread became so dear that, of course, bakers were ruined by high prices. The miller fell upon DOLLY'S father, and swept the shop with his golden thumb. Not a bed was left for the baker or his little ones. ST. DOLLY slept upon a flour-sack, having prayed that good angels would help her to help her father. Now, sleeping, she dreamt that the oven was lighted, and she felt falling in a shower about her raisins, currants, almonds, lemon-peel, flour, with heavy drops of brandy. Then in her dream she saw the fairies gather up the things that fell, and knead them into a cake. They put the cake into the oven; and, dancing round and round, the fairies vanished, crying—*Draw the cake*, DOLLY; DOLLY, *draw the cake*. And DOLLY awoke and drew the cake; and, behold, it was the first Twelfth Cake, sugared at the top, and bearing three images of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Now this cake, shewn in the window, came to the King's ear; and the King bought the cake, knighted the baker, and married DOLLY to his grand falconer, to whon she proved a faithful and loving wife, bearing him a baker's dozen of lovely children.

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.—We venerate our Saxon forefathers; and yet, by their own showing, they were a sad lot. VERSTEGAN says, that in January wolves were peculiarly dangerous to his contemporaries, "for that through the extremity of cold and snow these ravenous creatures could not find other beasts sufficient to feed upon." Other beasts! VERSTEGAN, thou wast a satirical rogue.

CONSEQUENCES OF PROGRESS. — When Railways and Electric Telegraphs shall have abolished Time and Space, what will become of watches and aldermen?

ARIES presides at a Berlin-Wool show.

AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

## MORAL FOR JANUARY.

In January, o'er the ice,
The rapid skater flies,
So never scorn sincere advice
"Economy is wise."

**St. Patty.**—ST. PATTY was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack," said the sour aunt; "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said PATTY, "but something better." And she ran and brought some milk, some eggs, and some flour, and beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan, and tossed the cake once; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words—*One good turn deserves another*. And PATTY tossed and tossed the cakes; and the hunters ate their fill and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot; and trumpets were blown, and the heralds cried—*One good turn deserves another*; in token whereof PATTY became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove-Tuesday ever after.

### MORAL FOR FEBRUARY.

In February, feathered songsters pair,
The crocus and the snowdrop rear their heads;
Then let us of intemperance beware,
And early seek, and early leave, our beds.

OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.—The fourteenth of February is pairing day, and what a fine thing it would be if all the talkative simpletons in the House of Commons would take a hint from the occasion, and pair off for the Session!

COURAGE IN THE CANINE SPECIES.—The happy possessor of a pet dog can generally testify that the faithful animal will lick anything.

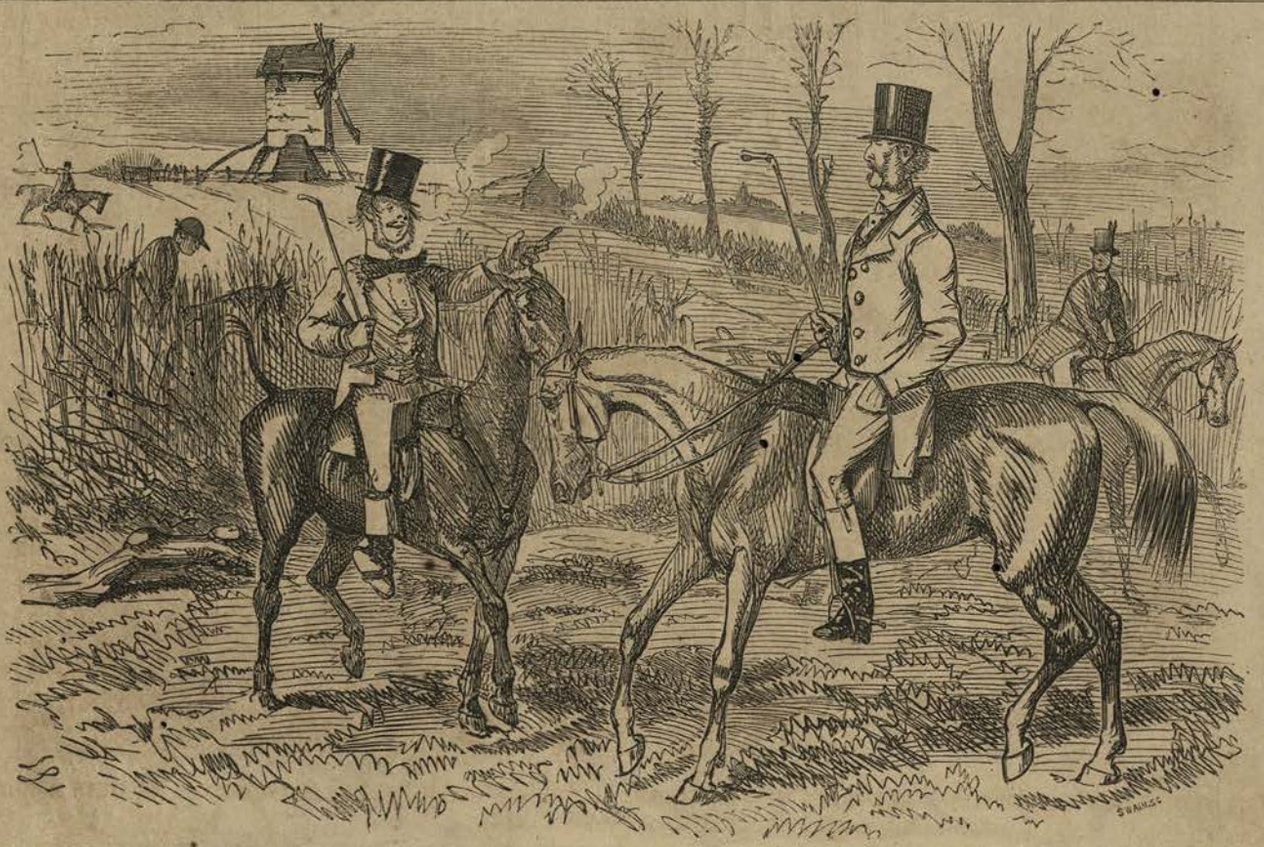
THE RULE OF CUPID.—A Young Lady may go to Court only in Leap-year.

REMARK ON LINEN.—Green Erin is preferable to Brown Holland.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—One of the safest places during a thunderstorm is an omnibus in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

ETYMOLOGY OF JANUARY.—Janus, the two-faced god, was the god of humbug. How absurd, then, to shut his temple in the time of peace, when war is succeeded by diplomacy!

CAUTION FOR THE BALL-ROOM.—In engaging a young lady for the polka or the "next set," make mamma clearly understand that the partnership is to be one of Limited Liability.



*Little Gent.* "MORNIN', MY LORD — GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-'UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"

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# Palace

PUNCTUAL (like American fashions) to French time, which is rather faster, especially on the Tuileries' clock, than that of England, His Serene Highness, the COMET, duly arrived on the appointed date. As other foreign illustriousnesses are sometimes attended by a scent of consumed cigars, H. S. H. was accompanied by an odour as of burned-out planets. His head in a wide-awake, and his tail enveloped in asbestos continuations, H. S. H. hastened to report himself under St. Bride's.

"What's brought *you?*" said MR. PUNCH—whose maxim, *debellare superbos,* is ever before him.

"Why, I was prophesied," replied the COMET, humbly, "and I did not like to disgrace SCIENCE, who has been so fortunate in all her predictions of late years."

"True," replied MR. PUNCH, more graciously. "Very true. GEORGE STEPHENSON was never to drive a railway car more than eight miles an hour—Steam across the Atlantic was impossible—the Crystal Palace must crunch up by vibration, or be blown to sea by the winds—and now the Telegraph to America will not carry a message, and the Great Eastern is an ark to which no dove will bring a dividend. You are right, SCIENCE has been happy in her auguries, and she foretold you. You are welcome. Sit down, if your arrangements permit that attitude."

The COMET, severing asunder his glittering tail as easily as one of PETER WILKINS's Flying Indians adjusted her *graundee,* took a chair.

"May I ask what news is stirring?" said H. S. H.

"In our Earth?" asked MR. PUNCH. "Well, none. The four Continents are at peace—"

"Eh?" said the COMET. "I took China, America, and Algeria in my way, and gun-boats were throwing shells, Filibusters were engaging regulars, and Zouaves were driving dark fellows into caves—"

"If your Serene Highness had been kind enough to hear me out," said MR. PUNCH, "I was going to add—the four Continents, with the exception of Asia, Africa, and America. In Europe we are keeping the peace with great solemnity. LOUIS NAPOLEON, setting example, insists on such extreme peace, that even at his elections, His Majesty objects to opposition candidates. ALEXANDER sends the gentle CONSTANTINE

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MANY of Nature's mysteries have hitherto baffled both the theory of the speculators and the vigilant research of the scientific enquirer. Among them is the far-famed Speaking Tree of Siam. Attention has recently been directed to the subject in consequence of the treaty which has been effected between the KING OF SIAM and the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and possibly increased familiarity with this strange product may add to our information as to its nature. At present all that we seem to know is, that the Tree, in size and form somewhat resembling a birch tree, emits articulate sounds when a person approaches it. The tone is a monotone, but peculiarly distinct, and the words, which are Siamese, are generally those of derision and contempt. Thin legs are a great reproach in Siam, and a person coming to the tree will almost certainly be saluted with the exclamation "*Yackery bolac*," which is equivalent to "Now then, skinny calves." The favourite Siamese wish "*Diblog bash jeluckin*," "May your ears be stretched," is often heard from the Speaking Tree. The voice was thought to come from the leaves, but the late King, BISCOTH WHAUM, caused a tree to be stripped bare, and the dreadful abuse it lavished on the operators continued after every leaf had been removed. He also planted a grove of them near the palace, but the trees quarrelled so frightfully, and exchanged such hideous threats, that they had to be cut down. There is a small specimen at the Horticultural Gardens, at Chiswick, but it only squeaks like a rat. It is however, young.

## AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

TOMKINS (*who has missed his bird, but peppered* WILKINS). "THERE, NOW, I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO SAY THAT I'LL NEVER COME OUT SHOOTING WITH YOU AGAIN—YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!")

## FASHIONABLE PROPHECY.

COLD weather frequently prevails in 1857; during which the obstinate fashion of bonnets worn on the occiput gives rise to severe pains in the female cranium, face, and jaws: whence the off-head-dress obtains the appellation of The Neuralgia Bonnet. This, being a hard name, is changed for Tic Bonnet; and ultimately the ridiculous bonnets which have been so long worn without having been worn out, are called Tics.

**St. Norah.**—ST. NORAH was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love every thing she spoke to. And she prayed to ST. PATRICK that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud but useful: and ST. PATRICK, out of his own head, taught ST. NORAH *how to boil a potato*. A sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.

### MORAL FOR MARCH.

THE winds of March sweep o'er the plain,
And bid the dust to fly;
The hares in March become insane:
"Avoid bad company."

THE MAGIC OF BEAUTY.—The belief that any old woman has the power of charming away warts is a mere superstition. It is not impossible that the miracle could be performed if the charmer were a very enchanting young one.

EFFECT OF HIGH WINDS.—Such is the violence of the equinoctial gales, that, during their prevalence, tiles very often become projectiles.

DIFFICULTIES ON HAND.—The convict question may not be more peculiarly urgent during the prevalence of cold easterly winds; nevertheless we are then especially troubled with bad chaps, and sometimes find it a hard matter to get rid of them.

QUITE NATURAL.—Naturalists, when they write, are in the habit of recording such wonderful things, that one would imagine they laboured under the idea that, instead of a Natural History, they were writing a History for Naturals!

THE GARDEN.—A moist spring favours the development of plants, and also of certain creatures of low organisation that feed on plants. During wet weather, therefore, at this time of the year, vegetation is, generally, at once brisk and sluggish.

OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY HAS A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE HE GETS A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE HILLS!

# A Fact.

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The perils of the Whale Fishery are among the most exciting of all narratives of voyages. That the whale, a savage and furious animal, when provoked will dash his head against a ship, and sometimes sink her, is on frequent record. The whalers are now well armed, in order to meet this danger, and firearms are resorted to whenever the whale attempts to strike the vessel. Captain Francis W. Lubbock, an American captain, states that having wounded a red whale with the harpoon, the creature, having capsized all the boats, prepared to charge the ship from which his enemies had come. A brisk discharge of rifles, however, deterred him, and he went down. An hour later he reappeared, with another whale of a more gigantic size, and around whom he was playing, evidently inciting him to attack the ship. A carronade was run out, and as the monster approached, a well-aimed cannon-ball crashed into his skull, amid the cheers of the brave Americans, and laid him a floating corpse. But their cheers were stopped by a tremendous flapping noise. The first whale had dived, gone under the ship, and while all were occupied on the starboard, had actually boarded the vessel on the larboard side, and was trying to suck up the black cook. Pikes, cutlasses, harpoons, all went to work, and the whale was beaten off, but too late to save the poor cook, whom sheer fright had converted into a mass of blubber, of which we need hardly say the unhesitating Yankees made good merchandise.

### Moral for April.

In April, showers fall, short and thick,
And hard and heavy, like the stick
Which, on the beat, policemen carry.
"Experience is salutary."

Cancer is found in the stomach of the "peculiar institutions" of the Southern United States. It is hoped that the disease may yield to tender treatment, otherwise dissolution is considered to be inevitable.

Curious but True.—At the disastrous fire at Covent Garden Theatre, the manuscript Operas were destroyed in *scores*.

## HI ART!

*Parent.* "I should like you to be very Particular about his Hair."
*Photographic Artist* (!). "Oh, Mum, the 'air is heasy enough! It's the Hi's where we find the Difficulty!"

## THE TALISMAN OF TEMPERANCE.

I wish I had a ring to wear,
Whose magic energy was such
My finger that 'twould pinch, whene'er
My next drop would be one too much.

Then should I hit the happy mean
Aimed at by every man of sense,
And evermore walk straight between
The states of Beer and Abstinence.

**St. Betsy.**—St. Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St. Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out-of-doors; nor taint with 'bacco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked, St. Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye, come into the house." And the knight went with St. Betsy, who took him into a newly-cedared room, and said, "I pray, my lord, henceforth smoke here: for is it not a shame that you who are the foundation and the prop of your house should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St. Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe, and from that time the knight sat in the cedar-chamber and smoked his weed.

A Whim among Women.—Some difficulty has been experienced in endeavouring to account for the fact that the less rational portion of ladies who are not very young, generally make a mystery of their age. One can only suppose that they wish their age to be regarded as uncertain by reason of a dislike to be considered of a certain age.

The Brewery of the Sky.—A country cousin remarking to a metropolitan friend that a storm was brewing, the Cockney said that he supposed the storm would be a *'ail-storm*.

Con by the Buoy at the Nore.—*Q.* What is the best thing to do with a Collier that's heavily laden, and about to sink?—*A.* Coal-scuttle her as fast as you can.

Hint to Authors.—It is one thing to live by your works: another thing to live in them.

PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE— — — —

## BEWARE!

BEWARE of playing Billiards with a man who carries his own chalk, and calls the marker JACK.

Beware (if you have corns) of waltzing with young ladies who prefer the *trois temps*, and are accustomed to perpetrate the exploded Caledonians.

Beware at genteel dinner-tables of asking for cabbage under any other name than greens.

Beware, unless you speak French fluently, of entering a shop in Paris where you see the notice "Inglis Spokken."

Beware of hailing empty omnibuses if time is any object to you.

Beware of taking Country Cousins shopping, unless you are prepared to turn light-porter, and carry home their parcels for them.

Beware of laughing at a joke made by a professed punster, if you have any wish not to hear another.

And, finally, Beware of bringing home old schoolfellows on cleaning days, unless you are prepared to pay your wife for their dinners at SWAN AND EDGAR'S.

### MORAL FOR MAY.

DID not the clouds of April genial showers
Upon the thirsty fields and meadows empt,
Sweet May would never be adorned with flowers:
"Familiarity doth breed contempt."

ARE your words of more weight when you *propound* anything than when you only *announce* it?

*Old Aunt.*—"WELL, MY LOVE—SO YOU 'VE GOT A HAT LIKE MINE, I SEE."

## GEOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE.

How can Holland be correctly termed a portion of the Low Countries, when every woman in the territory is a Duchess in her own right?

**St. Phillis.**—ST. PHILLIS was a virgin of noble parentage: but withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds-and-cream. She married a wealthy lord, and had much pin-money. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, ST. PHILLIS only wore a red and white rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money bought the best of jewellery in the happy eyes of the poor about her. ST. PHILLIS was rewarded. She lived until fourscore, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and left their fragrance in her memory.

LEO is visited by the QUEEN OF OUDE at the Zoological Gardens, and introduced by MR. MITCHELL between two walls of muslin, covered with blacks.

AN INSTANTANEOUS METHOD FOR PRODUCING VINEGAR.—Praise one young lady to another.

EXAMPLE FOR TRADESMEN.—Pastry-cooks seldom advertise, because a large proportion of their goods are puffs in themselves.

CONSOLATION FOR RUSSIA.—It is a popular delusion that hot countries are the most fruitful. On the contrary, when you are travelling towards the pole, a mere glance at the head-dresses of the people will convince you that you are more and more getting into fur-tile countries.

## ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

BY OUR OWN BRUMMELL.

IF you are at all an absent-minded man, it is prudent not to venture to a party in goloshes. Possibly you might forget to take them off, and so be entering the room upon a questionable footing.

In dressing for an evening party, always bear in mind the maxim, "Ease before elegance." Many a good waltzer has been forced into a wallflower through the tortures of having a new pair of boots on. If you have strength of mind you will avoid such a fate, even at the cost of appearing in your bluchers. Recollect, black trousers are *not* indispensables. The authorities at the Opera, who are the last to admit any breaches of decorum, have pronounced an equal Open Sesame to white. Therefore by all means go in ducks if you prefer it; especially to a house where you've never been asked before, and (if you sport them) will most probably never be again.

With respect to the much-vexed question of propriety in the practice of bringing your hat into the room with you, we think it best to give an answer of negation: if for no other reason than that you might tempt some ultrà fast young lady to put the vulgar query to you, "Who's your hatter?" If however you desire to create a sensation, you cannot do so easier than—if you affect a white hat with black crape round it—by keeping it under your arm throughout the entire evening.

When you desire to dance with a young lady, it is necessary to obtain an introduction by her parents; or, if they be absent, by her nearest relative. The forms which etiquette has sanctioned for preferring your request are somewhat too numerous for us to print: but in our opinion there is no one more genteel than "What d'ye say to a waltz, Miss?" or, "Let you and me just go in for a galop!" We hesitate to recommend the phrase, "Maiden, wilt tread a measure with thy TOMKINS?" (or whatever else your name may be) because we almost fear it has become a little obsolete.

Should you be called upon to propose your entertainer's health, and feel at all diffident about your eloquence, you had better plainly state that you are no orator as BRUTUS was, but that you have no objection to sing a song, if that will do as well. And then for fear of your proposal being negatived, you had better strike up at once the first thing that occurs to you—say *Bobbin' Around* or the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, either of which would be nicely appropriate to the occasion.

WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.

## A CAVALIER.

*Adolphus.* "NOW, GIRLS!—IF YOU'RE GAME FOR A RIDE ON THE SANDS—I'M YOUR MAN

### PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

SHORT dresses have been objected to by the prudish; but though the clothes of ladies are now more than long enough, they admit of the very greatest latitude.—N.B. The discovery of the latitude has succeeded that of the longitude.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.—Monday, the 22nd of June, is the anniversary of the imposition of the Income-Tax. Persons in the receipt, or no longer in the receipt, of precarious incomes, fast.

WHY is a youth like a Church robbed of its bibles and prayer-books, &c.?—He is in a state of pew-pillage.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE TURF.—He who lays wagers, lays golden eggs. The goose did so: and you know the consequence.

TAXIDERMY FOR PARENTS.—If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them.

### SINGULAR DELUSION.

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

WAR AND CIVILISATION.—A file of British soldiers is generally found to polish a barbarous enemy.

OBLIGED TO CUT HIS STICK.—When a man draws upon the bank of nature, he first sends in the woodmen with their bills.

DOMESTIC MORAL.—Those Mammas must regard their daughters as mere dirt who are desirous of getting them off their hands.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB.—The emblem of this orderly association is the policeman's bludgeon.

THE HANDS.—It is quite an error to suppose that filbert nails are more liable to crack than others.

A GLUTTON'S VIRTUE.—Resignation to his *fête*.

**St. Phœbe.**—ST. PHŒBE was married early to a wilful, but withal a good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, ST. PHŒBE in her patience set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lamb's-wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat, that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his PHŒBE as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!

IGNORANCE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.—How few of all those ladies of rank who attend Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms know how to clean their own white ostrich feathers!

### MORAL FOR JUNE.

JUNE clothes the fields and forests in full green,
And sometimes we have summer come at length
By Midsummer. Long live our gracious QUEEN!
And bear in mind that "Unity is Strength."

VIRGO appears without crinoline at a bachelor's ball; and is, in due season, presented with a life testimonial in the person of AUGUSTUS MELTON MOWBRAY. Thus, by not making too much of herself, is virtue rewarded.

FREEMASONRY AMONG ANIMALS.—Cats may be said to constitute a lodge when a certain number of them are all tiled.

CHEMISTRY OF THE COMPLEXION.—The product of pale brandy is often a red nose.

### COAL MEASURE.—(*Lodging-house Scale.*)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| THREE knobs | *make* | One scuttle. |
| Fifty-six scuttles | " | One week's firing. |
| Four weeks' firing (when at the month's end one comes to pay for it) | " | One leave. |

### THE FRUITS OF MATRIMONY.

A MAGNIGICENT dessert, and a beautiful family of six or eight children, winding up with a baby in long clothes, who are brought in after dinner to do justice to it—these are at all events some of the Fruits of Matrimony.

### MORAL FOR JULY.

The sun shines high in hot July,
And farmers make their hay:
Virtue is true nobility.
"Indulge not in display."

**St. Sally.**—St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now once when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, St. Sally said, "*I am five-and thirty!*" Whereupon, next birthday, St Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads: and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore-and-one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth.

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Libra, summoned from the Court of Chancery for having used short weight, pleads that the waits in Chancery were never before complained of.

An Alderman in a Fix.—A civic dignitary, who had squeezed himself into a stall at the Opera, complained that he felt like a great toe in a thumb-stall.

Advice to Artists.—Draw anything but a bill.

Pic-nics made Easy.—If the gentlemen will bring the knives and forks, the ladies, attired in their fashionable breadth of crinoline, will supply the spread.

Costume for the Dog-days.—Muslin.

### REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

On the morning after the Dispensary Ball, as Emily Deuxtemps and Clara Polkington were sitting in the plantation, who should come to the very spot but Captain Fastman and young Reginald Fipps

### THE WORST OF HALF-WORDS.

Many of the British fungi, besides the common Mushroom, are good to eat. A mycologist, who has devoted himself to experiments in this kind of diet by trying it on himself, and has been consequently derided by most of his acquaintance, complains that people in general see nothing but the fun of fungi, and consider them mere food for laughter.

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Indication of a Long Life.—"You may be sure (mumbled an old woman to a young one) that when a man is perpetually saying to his wife, 'You will wear my life out,' that it is all stuff, my dear, and stuff, too, that lasts a precious time longer than any that we can buy for a petticoat, or a gown."

The Chaussure.—For those who walk late at night cork soles are preferable to footpads.

Comment on Aristotle.—A bad dog is like an illogical inference; because he don't follow.

Naval Expenditure.—The most economical vessels of has been said to be the Screw Steamer.

Odious Comparison.—In discussing the respective merits of poets, remember that you cannot compare Longfellow with Little.

Criterion of a Cook.—That servant is sure to be a good cook who brings you up your mutton chop so hot, that before you set to at it you are obliged to let it cool.

Fact in Ecclesiastical History.—The monastic saints who died in the odour of sanctity were, most of them, exceedingly High Churchmen.

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Architectural.—Several Churches have lately been built of corrugated iron. Would not India-rubber, by reason of its elasticity, be a substance more suitable to the purpose of Church Extension

Advice by an Undertaker.—Practise tight lacing. Keep as much as possible in-doors. What exercise you must take, always take late at night, and keep it up until five in the morning.

The Teacher Taught.—A school-boy, having been desired by his preceptor to name that ancient Roman writer who was supposed to be the most familiar with the literature of Greece, answered Suet-onius.

### A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

*Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course).* Ax yer Pardon, Sir!—But if you was a-goin down this Dark Lane, p'raps you'd allow Me and this here Young Man to go along with yer—'cos yer see there haint no Perlice about—and we 're so precious feared o' bein' GAROTTED!"

## TOXOPHOLITE THOUGHTS.

By Ann Archer.

As in Society, so in Archery, there are outer and inner circles. If you cannot get in the one, be content to be placed in the other.

Better that a young lady should be barred a ring in Archery than in Life.

In shooting the shafts of satire, be very careful in the selection of your Butt.

The greatest number of "Petticoats" is rewarded with a wooden spoon; and the young lady who depends for her attractions upon an accumulation of crinoline, can only expect to be admired by a wooden-headed spooney.

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**St. Becky.**—A very good man was St. Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was bee's-wing. Now as he sat tipsy in his arbour, a wasp dropt into his glass, and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now St. Becky nursed her husband tenderly to health, and upbraided him not. But she said these words, and they reformed him: "*My dear, take wine, and bless your heart with it: but wine in moderation. Else never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's-sting of to-morrow.*

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## ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

It is a point not yet decided whether, in conversing with a girl you have not met before, it be etiquette occasionally to use the word "Miss." We think ourselves it sounds respectful to do so, but we cannot state with certainty whether the practice has obtained at Almack's.

On going to a house where you have not previously visited, and where your person might perhaps not be immediately recognised, it is usual before making your *entrée* to the drawing-room to hand the footman your card and note of invitation, which as proofs of your identity he will carry to his mistress, and you may then be assured of being smilingly received.

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A Definition of Cant.—Spirits of Whine.

## MR. BRIGGS HAS A DAY'S SALMON FISHING.

Mr. B. as he appeared from Six in the Morning until Three in the Afternoon, when—

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following anecdote is given upon the authority of Sir Hutchings Plumley, of Ashborough, the celebrated hebetologist. He states that a shepherd on his estate had been for a long time in the habit of taking his place, while watching his charge, at the foot of a large old oak tree, in the hollow of which was an owl. Between the man and the bird a sort of friendship had struck up, owing to his having chastised a boy who attempted to take the poor owl's eggs on a Sunday. The shepherd used to solace his leisure with a pipe, and the owl, which at first winked and hissed furiously at the unwonted odour, grew rather to like the tobacco than not. Upon one occasion the man lay at the foot of the tree for a longer time than usual without smoking, and his feathered friend began to hoot angrily. "You may hoot," said the peasant, "and so may I, for I 'm hoot o' baccy." He took out a tract (a pleasing incident in the story), and began to read, when plump fell first one, and then another, and then another little white parcel upon his paper. Looking up, he saw the owl, winking with both eyes, dropping another to him. The parcels contained an ounce each of the best Bird's-eye tobacco, which the good owl, attracted by its name, had stolen for him from the village shop, in her nocturnal rounds.

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## CAB MEASURE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Three furlongs | *make* | One mile. |
| Two miles | " | One half-crown fare. |
| One half-crown fare (when charged in this way) | " | One swear. |

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### MORAL FOR AUGUST.

The month of August is with harvest crowned,
And now the husbandmen their goblets prime;
In foaming jugs of ale their cares are drowned:
"Procrastination is the thief of Time."

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The Harvest of Crime.—The Convict reaps the reward of his iniquity in the County Crop.

Having Hooked a "FISH," he is Landed to Play it.—The Fish runs away with him—and Mr. B. is dragged about a Mile and a Half over what he considers a Rather Difficult Country.—

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The Bees in the Isle of France (Mauritius) have long been celebrated for their size and beauty, and their hum is so melodious, that the young girls of the island frequently keep a single bee in a gauze cage for the sake of his melody. In confinement they will learn tunes from a musical box, and M. Delamotte mentions three bees that could go through the *Bridesmaids' Chorus* from *Der Freischütz* with much exactness. But this may be an exaggeration. There is, however, no reason to doubt the following statement, namely, that a hive of bees, before which its mistress, a lady of great beauty, had frequently expressed her hope that she should have a plentiful supply of honey that year, instinctively conceived the idea of working double tides, by lamplight. The Isle of France abounds with the most brilliant glow-worms, and the bees sallied forth one night, captured hundreds of these animated diamonds, and stuck them all about the hive, to serve as lamps. Obtaining materials from the numerous night-blossoming products of the Mauritius Flora, the bees came home, guided by this fairy illumination, and Madame de L——'s honey, that year, was extraordinary both in quality and quantity.

Conversational Delicacy.—Never mention Michaelmas Day to a goose.

Poetry of Nature.—When mist falls upon the earth, and freezes, it forms rime.

On arriving at "Hell's Hole," he is detained for three-quarters of an hour while the Fish sulks at the bottom.—

## MORAL FOR SEPTEMBER.

September hears the frequent shot
Resound on hill and dale,
And sees the partridge fall—or not.
"This world is but a Vale."

**St. Lily.**—St. Lily was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family, and the children were many, by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his Paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. Lily, but to every book St. Lily gave at least two babes. However, blithe as the cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St. Lily. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink-bottle, and turned his goose-pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. Lily managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered that she never heeded them, for—*That troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing.*

Legal Education.—To eat a certain number of terms is sufficient qualification for a barrister. To pass any examination, what do you want but cramming?

The ever-memorable Surrey Gardens Crimean Fast.—Why did they do things by halves at the Surrey Gardens Crimean dinner?—'cause it was a peace-meal.

A Round Robin.—The robin-red breast sings all the year round.

## THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG LADY EVER DOES IF SHE CAN HELP IT.

Be the first down in the morning, and not the last up at night.

Keep an account-book in the place of an album.

Consent to sit down to the piano on anything under the dozenth time of asking.

Pay a morning call in her last year's bonnet.

Do plain needle work instead of fancy collar stitching.

Return from morning service without bringing home an inventory (exact to a ribbon) of all the new toilettes which have been displayed there.

Practise "Cramer's Exercises" in the lieu of polkas.

Wear shoes of any other than most wafer-like construction, especially when the snow is on the ground.

Condescend to learn an English song instead of an Italian one.

Mend her own "things," and her younger brother's!

Travel twenty miles without nineteen packages, seventeen of which she might easily dispense with.

Be seen to eat more at dinner than a couple of canaries could.

And, finally, take less than forty minutes to "run and put her bonnet on!"

The Fish having Refreshed himself, and recovered his Spirits, bolts again with Mr. B.—

After a long and exciting Struggle Mr. B. is on the point of Landing his Prize, when—the Line unfortunately breaks!—

However, in much less time than it has taken to make this imperfect Sketch—accoutred as he is—He plunges in—and after a Desperate Encounter, he secures a Magnificent SALMON, for which he declares he would not take a Guinea a Pound!—And it is now Stuffed in the Glass-case over the one which contains his late favourite Spotted Hunter.

Capricornus, harnessed to a child's chaise at Brighton, deplores his own kids, and bleats despondingly the pathetic air of *Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?*

Question for the Mendicity Society.—Does not a person found begging in the streets, contract a higher penalty than that of committal as a rogue and vagabond? Is not a beggar liable to be punished for practising as an unauthorised solicitor?

A FITTING INVITATION.

It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of the *Gantier*, who hung up in his glove-shop the following placard:—

"10,000 HANDS WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"

And under it was written in very small characters,

*(To buy my Gloves—the very best quality).*

Peril of Sympathy.—The hunting-field is occasionally graced with the attendance of an equestrian lady. Similarity of taste is a great enticement; but let the single and susceptible sportsman look to his heart. An excellent horsewoman might make a nagging wife.

Astrology for Astrologers.—About the time of the full moon, get your heads shaved.

St. Fanny.—St. Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase! Now her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant much abroad, but loving his home. Now one night he returned, tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut, and great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said—*I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband.* And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St. Fanny opened, and the husband ate, and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as big as a hazel-nut, and so was St. Fanny made rich for life.

MORAL FOR OCTOBER.

October clothes the woods in brown,
And now the sportsmen are alarming
The pheasant—sometimes bring him down.
Note, that "Variety is charming."

## HOW TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

The following prescription is recommended by every person of faculty:—

Of Common Sense take 5 or 6 grains.
Of Conscience „ 1 or 2 scruples.

Mix well together, and take it on the spot. You must lose no time in making up your mind, or else the volatile essence of the above ingredients will evaporate, and the effect of the prescription be materially weakened. — N.B. If your mind is extremely weak, you had better take a grain or two more of Common Sense. It will do you no harm, only be careful you don't catch cold after it.

## "SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER SHE GOES."

In counties where the lanes are narrow, it is found necessary to supply the waggon-teams with collars, to which are attached bells, by whose ringing, persons are warned of the on-coming impediment to their progress. We fervently hope, that the next move of fashion will be to hang our belles with bells of a similar description, so that pedestrians may be spared their present danger of being run down by a lady hooped to the size of the Heidelberg tun.

## THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Ol' Mr. What's-his-name.* "Egad, I don't wonder at Moustaches coming into Fashion; for—eh! What! By Jove, it does improve one's Appearance!"

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A most interesting narrative was read at the last meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society. It was the account of the expedition of a missionary, from an American dissenting college, to a tribe of natives of whose existence its directors had but lately become aware, and who are settled in the south-east of Brazil. The worthy missionary, Brother Eeky Swunks, who is somewhat short-sighted, and who had seen little of the world beyond the walls of his college, made his way from the nearest town, in the direction of the settlement. After a long journey he arrived there towards evening, and found himself among the objects of his teaching. He describes them as tall and active, clothed in close-fitting skins of hairy animals, and as speaking with great rapidity a language unknown to him, but resembling French, as in some degree did the gestures and manners of the natives themselves. He therefore addressed them in French, and apparently was understood, as they evinced much delight, and danced about the worthy man with gestures of admiration. But when Brother Swunks began to distribute tracts, they snatched them from him, and darting up to the very top of the lofty trees around, tore the paper into bits, and then descended to obtain more. On his making signs that he was thirsty, they all rushed up the trees again, and overwhelmed him with showers of cocoa-nuts. During the whole night they would not allow him to sleep from their incessant care of his welfare, one native succeeding the other in turning him round, patting his eyes, and stroking his hair. When Brother Swunks attempted to caress the children, they bit him a good deal, and the females snatched them from him, and carried them up the trees. In the morning Brother Swunks accidentally placed his walking-stick to his shoulder, gun-fashion, upon which the whole tribe took fright, and departed, and after two days the worthy brother returned, not ungratified with what he had done, yet wishing he had been permitted to do more among these poor heathens.

Advice to Deans.—Let the nave of your Cathedral never be a disgrace to the Church.

# PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1857.

## ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

Recollect, punctuality is the soul of evening parties. Be careful therefore always to arrive to a moment at the time you are invited for. If the hour be not specified, as is occasionally the case, it is considered good breeding to call the day before and make inquiry of the servant.

Your conduct in the supper-room must depend on circumstances. If it be a half-stand-up affair, ladies' business first and gentlemen's pleasure afterwards, you will be expected during the first part to do duty of course as an amateur waiter; when, unless you practise well beforehand, you will no doubt contrive to cover yourself with jelly and confusion. But if the repast be a sit-down-all-together one, you may eat and drink in comfort, if you only take care not to have a lady next you: otherwise of course you'll have to minister to her wants instead of satisfying your own.

In taking your departure, don't forget to make an offer of your thanks for the pleasant evening you have spent; and if you then proceed to shake hands all round with such of the guests as may remain, you will do much to confirm the favourable impression which your previous behaviour will doubtless have produced. In fact if you act strictly in accordance with the advice that we have given, you will soon be esteemed quite an acquisition to society; and in short, to use the language of the advertisers, no evening party will be thought complete without you.

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Moral for good Young Men.—He that goes to a tea-meeting, will probably drink tea with more spoons than one.

Advice to John Bull.—Whenever the French excite your bile, remember that they are your mercurial neighbours.

Allowable Swearing.—The best thing that a Miner can take when he goes down into a pit, is to take his Davy.

Proverb by an Entomologist.—Honey for the bee; whacks for the wasp.

Homœopathy for the Healthy.—If you have nothing the matter with you, take infinitesimally less than nothing.

Poetry in the City.—On Lord Mayor's day a Common Councilman composes an Ode on the Return of the Swallow.

## DELICIOUS!

*Party in Bed.* "Hey! Hollo! Who 's that?"
*Domestic.* "If you please, Sir, it's Seven o'clock, Sir! Your Shower Bath is quite ready. I've just Broken the Ice, Sir!"

## MORAL FOR NOVEMBER.

November comes blindfold with mist and with fog,
And the year is approaching its term.
Thus along, on Life's journey, we all of us jog,
Whilst "the early bird picks up the worm."

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St. Jenny.—St. Jenny was wedded to a very poor man; they had scarcely bread to keep them; but Jenny was of so sweet a temper that even want bore a bright face, and Jenny always smiled. In the worst seasons Jenny would spare crumbs for the birds, and sugar for the bees. Now it so happened that one autumn storm rent their cot in twenty places apart; when behold between the joists from the basement to the roof there was nothing but honey-comb and honey. A little fortune for St. Jenny and her husband in honey. Now some said it was the bees, but more declared it was the sweet temper of St. Jenny that had filled the poor man's house with honey.

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Aquarius gets into the head of a distinguished teetotaler; who is taken up for an insane attempt to garotte the parish pump. The teetotaler is baled out.

Happiness in the Sick-Room.—Objection has been made to the statement that such an one enjoys bad health. The fault lies, not in the phrase, but in its application. There is a class of men who live in the constant enjoyment of bad health; they are not, however, the patients but the doctors.

Comfort for the Corpulent.—No man can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he is stout.

Agricultural Education.—Perhaps landlords and farmers are not sufficiently alive to the importance of cultivating the clod.

Apology for the Fifth of November.—The boys who carry Guy Fawkes about are not idle. They perambulate the streets with an object.

Papal Orthodoxy.—When the Pope distributes confectionary his Holiness proceeds most strictly in accordance with the canons of the Council of Nice.

Security for Customers.—Give tradesmen a Classical education, and perhaps they will learn not to make false quantities.

WHEN IT IS VERY FOGGY IN LONDON, IT IS DELIGHTFUL AT BRIGHTON—AT LEAST SO CHARLES AND GEORGINA THINK.

**St. Florence, or St. Nightingale.**—ST. FLORENCE, by her works, had her lips blessed with comforting, and her hands touched with healing. And she crossed the sea, and built hospitals, and solaced and restored. And so long as English misletoe gathers beneath it truthful hearts and English holly brightens happy eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave, so long—in memory of that Eastern Christmas will they cry—*God bless St. Florence! Bless St. Nightingale!*

MORAL FOR DECEMBER.

DECEMBER Christmas brings,
Along with frost and snow.
Hark how the tradesman sings—
"Pay what you owe!"

WHEN we wanted to get rid of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, we gave him Elba room.

PISCES, as an evidence of grossest self-conceit, refused to be weighed except in their own scales. The LORD MAYOR ruled that this is not to apply to salmon.

CHRISTMAS BOUNCE.—"Oh! if you please, Sir, a here's the Income-Tax gatherer has called for Christmas-Box!"

THE LUMINARY OF THE CARD TABLE.—HOYLE.

LAMENT OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.—"I have no stud except upon my shirt!"

## A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.

### CHRISTMAS FALLACIES.

*(By a fusty, musty, crusty Old Gentleman.)*

THAT if you do not eat some plum-pudding and mince-pie on Christmas Day, you are sure not to be lucky the next year.

That you must not blow up any servant who neglects his duty, nor lose your temper if the cook is carried up-stairs to bed in a state of insensibility just before dinner-time.

That you have no right to take any means of redress against any drunken man who annoys you, or to be angry with any 'devoted' young gentleman in the height of his merriment who chooses to insult you.

That you must stifle your indignation, for fear of being condemned as a man who has no soul for music, if the waits jolt you out of your sleep every night for weeks previous, and then coolly ask you "to remember them."

That you are expected to pay all cabmen double their fare on that day.

That you are bound by some social Act of Parliament to say, "I wish you a Merry Christmas," to every dull, stupid, uncharitable person you meet, even though it may be a lawyer who has sued you, or a rich widow who has jilted you, or a doctor who has nearly killed you, or a critic who has been making mince-meat both of you and your last book, or a laundress who has been robbing you right and left (that is to say, as much with her right hand as with her left) every day of the previous year.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE.

MR. PUNCH,—"Possibly, for what I am about to observe, many of your readers will set me down as a person of exceeding selfishness, with both my eyes always turned upon Number One. For that, Sir, I do not care a single snowball. You will print my letter, I shall be talked about, and that is the grand thing. A dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail has, in my opinion, more than compensation for the inconvenience: for with every bang of the kettle, and every muscular spasm of his tail, he has still a greater number of people to stare and shout at him.

"*Mr. Punch*, I am perfectly sick of the maudlin sympathy and twaddle that call people men and brothers. It is all humbug, Sir. There were two brothers at the beginning, and didn't one brother find the other brother one brother too many? We shall never get on as we ought to do, until we make every man, woman, and child, go upon their own hook. I consider the invention of poor-rates as a bit of howling cant; and look upon the collector of that particular tax as very little better than an unduly licensed ticket-of-leave. Let me explain, *Mr. Punch*.

"Thursday showed its honest Christmas-head once again to my great satisfaction. For I am a person very well-to-do; can buy my own Christmas Turkey; draw my own port; and, in a word, don't owe—and don't intend to owe—any man the value of a Christmas chesnut. Why, then, for the sake of a maudlin sympathy and cant as hollow as a showman's drum, why should I be pillaged of my money, to feed and pamper a lot of paupers, who are only poor and destitute, because they have been idle, profligate, or unfortunate, which, be the case as it may, in no manner ought to concern me? Men and brothers may be very well in their way, but a man who begs ceases to be a man; and a brother lying in a door-way, is, at the best only a shabby *step*-brother!

"Now, Sir, to return to that good old institution, Christmas Day. I enjoyed myself, as I always do,—and I may confidently say it, charmed and delighted a large circle, as I always do, on that day. Sweet is the consciousness of ready-money; and a man who can lay his head upon his banker's book, has the best right of all men to pleasant dreams. I rejoiced my heartiest, and slept my soundest.

"The Friday morning brought me my morning paper. What was my disgust to see a sickly sentimentality paraded in capital type as follows—'CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE!' I read that in Marylebone the paupers had roast beef 'without bone,' and no end of plum-pudding. In St. Pancras, besides beef and pudding, Hanbury's beer, tobacco and snuff. In Fulham Union, fruit and nuts; in—but why need I proceed? The columns of the newspaper steamed like an alderman's kitchen; and that with Christmas dinners to Christmas paupers!

"Now, Sir, I have had my larder three times thoroughly burglaryfied. On the first occasion the burglars carried off the very respectable remains of a cold shoulder-of-mutton; on the second, a whole partridge (forwarded to me by an anonymous admirer); and on the third, the model of a Swiss mouse-trap. Well, to what am I to attribute these midnight atrocities, but to the pampered tastes of paupers? These workhouse people are, from time to time, let out upon society, and, with a full remembrance of their workhouse beef and beer, with their appetites vitiated by morbid humanity and tobacco—they will not starve quietly and decently, but—they burglaryfy my larder! And when I spoke of the burglary to a policeman, casually naming the lost mouse-trap, he said—'That's nothing to what it would be: paupers let out of workhouses couldn't do without their glass of punch, and I'd better keep a sharp look-out for my sugar-basin and lemon-squeezer.'

"Now, Sir, I have one remedy for all this. People who can't, as I say, depend upon their own hook, ought not to be allowed to hang upon other people's pockets. I would therefore manfully put down a morbid humanity, and at the same time abolish the poor's rates. To which end I would have clear work made of all the unions. I would have all the paupers seized and packed aboard ships (we have plenty of them) previously condemned. The vessels should be navigated into deep water (say the middle of the Atlantic) and there and then with a firm hand, *scuttled*. (Of course, one sea-worthy vessel should provide for the safety of the persons sent upon duty.) *Scuttled* is the word; and when, in fancy, I might behold 'some strong swimmer'—pauper I mean—'in his agony,' and at the same time should think how he had pulled at *my* pocket, I should of course complacently wonder how *he* liked it.

"Such a scuttling would be a fine, wholesome, corrective sight to anybody who should have the luck to see it, and at the same time would be a mortal blow to maudlin humanity. Such is my honest opinion: and as for the howling cant of your 'men and brothers' for that, and that ten times over, I do not care three scrapes of a tin fiddle; and so I remain,

"*No. 1, Self Street, Dec. 27.*" "ANOTHER LONDON SCOUNDREL.'

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wish you a happy new year![1] I consider that you ought to have printed the letter I sent to you from the country about the man who starved his child. It was very well written, and not the least bit in the world too strong.[2] You are much too fastidious, and I can tell you that your lady-readers would like you a great deal better if you did not affect to be so dreadfully moderate and just.[3] We do not care about moderation and justice,[4] and we like heart.[5] There is a scolding for you, because you have suppressed my nice letter.

"I have heard nothing but talk about the Income-Tax for more than a week. I quite understand the question, and I wonder that there can be two opinions about it.[6] It is most ridiculous to talk of one person's being taxed more than another, if the incomes are the same. A hundred sovereigns are (or is, which is it?[7]) a hundred sovereigns, and while you receive them, that is your income, and when you do not receive them you cease to have that income.[8] So that people ought to pay and not make a fuss. Besides, what meanness it is in men to dispute about such sums. What is sixteen pence to a man who earns hundreds? Why AUGUSTUS gives eight pence apiece for cigars, and by leaving off two of those he would pay sixteen pence at once, not that the Government will get much out of him, an idle creature! And then, if sixteen pence in a hundred pounds[9] is such a tax, why don't you work harder and earn a little more, and pay the tax out of that? I have no patience with such nonsense. But men must have something to grumble and growl at. Presently you will complain that the QUEEN wears a gold crown, and will vote that she ought to have an electrotype one.[10]

"There was a very sensible thing said in the paper on Saturday morning. Papa, in his condescending Parliamentary way, dear old thing, handed Mamma and me the *Times*, instead of keeping it all breakfast, saying, 'I observe that a considerable portion of to-day's impression is devoted to an analysis of the Christmas entertainments provided at the metropolitan places of public amusement; and as this may have an interest for yourselves, my loves, which I am free to confess it does not possess for me, I beg leave to lay the paper on the table.' But I have to say that I did not read all the accounts of the pantomimes, because I hate to know what I am going to see,[11] and I did read one of the political articles, and I was struck with a bit of advice which it gave to men who are so dreadfully afraid that they shall not be rich enough to support their wives and children. It was something like this, 'Let a young gentleman work a great deal harder than he does. It will not kill him. And let him do without a great many things that he thinks are necessaries but which are not.'

"I should think so. Bless me, look at the quantity of work that women do, without making such a deal of complaint about it. Why, I hardly know a married woman with a family who is not on her legs[12] from morning to night, and when she sits down it is only to begin stitching and mending, and making, and darning.[13] And at night do you find her sinking into a chair in a lackadaisical manner, mewing out that, 'the stretch upon her physical powers has been considerable,' and sending everybody to bed that the room may be quiet, and hinting that she must really have a little respite and fresh air? Not a bit of it; and if her husband came in after she had had ever such a day, and told her to put on her bonnet and come to the theatre, how long would she be about it?[14] The fact is, my dear *Mr. Punch*, men ruin their constitutions with smoking and Greenwich, and late hours, (not that being up late in proper places is any harm[15]) and then they are not fit for the business of life, and fancy that 'the average demands upon their physical powers are excessive.' I have heard that rubbish, and it means that you are a set of idle pigs.

"The other hint about doing without a good many things that you really do not want, was very good indeed. Now, there are tailors' bills. A man must dress as a gentleman, or he would not be fit to go out with his wife,[16] but a married man cannot dress too plainly, and if he takes care of his things he ought not to want many suits in a year. Then, smoking he ought to give up entirely, it is an acquired habit, and highly pernicious. As for wine, there might be great saving there. Men like 'their own wine,'[17] and give wicked sums of money for it, while 'a light sherry,' or something with as much flavour as camomile tea, is good enough for their wives. How a husband can drink port wine at five guineas a bin[18] or whatever it is, while his wife very likely wants new furniture or some other necessary, is to me marvellous! But if a husband retrenches his tailor and wine-merchant, and leaves off tobacco, he may put away money enough to pay the Income-Tax without electrotyping the QUEEN's crown, or making his wife ashamed of his meanness.

"'Ought to enjoy himself?' Of course, he ought. What does he marry for, except because he thinks it will make him happier? But let him enjoy himself rationally. If he saved his money in the way I mention, he could keep a little Brougham for his wife, and they could have drives together, if my lord would condescend to honour her with his company. Let him come home, too, in the evening, as soon as his work is done, and read a novel to her, or take her to the Opera (orders are easily got, I know, if he is too mean to pay), or to a concert. Or if they only walk up and down and look at the shops, it is better than his sitting in the smoking-room of a club, drinking gin-slings and hearing stories which can in no way concern him, and only give him a bad opinion of woman's nature, which would be perfect if you all did not spoil it by flattering hypocrisy before marriage and rudeness and neglect afterwards. If a husband led the life I have advised, he would not come home complaining that the 'demands on his physical powers were excessive;' indeed he would find new interest in his business, because there would be no other excitement to occupy his mind, and I dare say he would soon be rich, and able to take her[19] a country house.

"I hope that we shall hear no more nonsense about the Income-Tax, but that men will make up their minds to work harder, and save more. Of course a person who has to work for his living ought not to pay like a person whose living is in the Bank, or has estates;[20] but this is an easy matter of arithmetic that might be settled in five minutes, only you like better to grumble.

"Yours, affectionately,

"*Monday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] The same to you, dear, and many of them.
[2] Once more, Miss, no dictation to Us. Besides, what do you call strong, if not a suggestion that a man should be hanged over a slow fire and flogged to death, and transported. You were in a natural rage at reading of an act of cruelty, and wrote your rage down. We burned it.
[3] Mere spitefulness.
[4] True; but to be regretted.
[5] So do we; and, by the way, a wine-glass of catsup, or of port-wine in the gravy is a great improvement. The force-meat cannot be too rich, mind that.
[6] We know somebody with two, and a good little girl she is.
[7] None of your flippancy—find the rule and apply it.
[8] This proposition we cordially admit.
[9] Ah! if it were only that, SIR G. C. L. might plunder us till he became a statesman, or, to take a shorter date, till the end of time.
[10] Women's hypotheses are always useless and often impertinent.
[11] A neat hint to Papa to call on MR. SAMS.
[12] MARY ANN, how vulgar. Say "who finds time for inactivity."
[13] Do you know any single sisters of these remarkable women? Because we have sons, and ask the question for a reason.
[14] Not long, at all events, in accepting the invitation.
[15] Ah!
[16] Ah!
[17] You said that *you* knew good wine from bad, or we promise you that never a line of yours should have appeared in these columns.
[18] "That pretty bin," as SHAKSPEARE says, indicates imperfect information, M. A.
[19] Her! We are not particular with you, but really you must bring your relatives and antecedents closer.
[20] Look at Note 8, and your text. We expect explanation and apology in your next letter.

## LORD PALMERSTON A "BRICK."

THE *Herald* declares that the PRIME MINISTER and the people of England are equally in a disgraced position. The PREMIER for his utterance of wretched excuses in the matter of the Conference, and the people for the ignorant greediness with which they swallow them. Our daily teacher then puts forth the following profound apologue:—

"We have heard of a shark which once swallowed a heated brick wrapped in a greasy blanket, and naturally underwent some very severe internal revolutions. Let the public beware of a similar result."

But has not the public any antidote? Granted that the public swallows the heated brick PALMERSTON in a greasy blanket; has not the public its daily remedy in the wet blanket issued every morning in the *Herald?*

### A Hint to the Crystal Palace Directors.

AMONGST the plaster statues commemorative of commerce and geography, set up along the great terrace, suppose MR. FERGUSON were to have erected an Africa, not in plaster of Paris, but hewn out of "Living Stone."

AN EXASPERATING NECESSITY.—People grumble at the probable cost of the new expedition against Persia. As if it were possible to arrive at "'Erat" without granting a present "Sum."

## THE NEEDS OF THE CLERGY.

WE have much pleasure in quoting, from the *Morning Herald* the following statement to the credit and renown of a British bishop:—

"EPISCOPAL LIBERALITY.—The LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL provided lodgings at his own expense, for every candidate for the recent ordination, and directed that all their needs should be promptly and liberally supplied."

No doubt the generous bishop afforded the young parsons ample means for drinking his good health. It would not surprise us to learn that the supply of things needful included a sufficiency of good cigars. There is, however, some reason to fear that the episcopal direction for the supply of all the needs of the reverend youths could not be quite carried out. Perhaps a few of them may have wanted a little Hebrew, not to mention Greek and Latin, and a certain amount of theological literature, and ecclesiastical history, which any attempt to supply them with would have proved abortive.

### The Knightsbridge Candles.

MR. LIDDELL, at St. Paul's,
Into Puseyism falls,
And establishes a New Oxford Tracts' light,
Which his altar he sets on;
But CHURCHWARDEN WESTERTON
Goes and puffs out his little Roman wax-light.

### Unseasonable Benevolence.

MR. MERRYMAN has been entertaining a numerous, if not very select, circle.

The honourable gentleman has distributed a large number of ices among the population in his vicinity. He has also made a liberal distribution of straw-hats and ventilating Zephyr paletots, and has, in the most unreserved manner, thrown open his grounds, with their extensive fish-ponds, to parties desirous of bathing.

AN ANGEL IN DANGER OF FALLING.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is particularly requested to take care that he does not fall. No insinuation is intended in this advice, which arises merely from an apprehension that the Angel of Peace may sink into the Demon of War.

A HINT IN SEASON.

Now Italy's tyrants dance o'er the volcano,
Let Austria by BOMBA be warned, while he can;
Lest the feeling which prompted the thrust of MILANO,
Perchance should give point to the stab of Milan.

### The Height of Ingratitude.

THE Americans have sent us a noble vessel, and it is proposed, in return, to send them a noble Lord. An Ambassador in exchange for a *Resolute*. Small craft for great craft! Truly the days of GLAUCUS and DIOMED have returned, and brass is given for gold, Well, we calculate the exchange is awful agin the States. Yes, Siree, some!

SPORT FOR MR. FARQUHARSON.

"LORD SHAFTESBURY has ordered the preservation of the foxes in the Horton country for MR. FARQUHARSON."—*Daily News.*

The foxes, we state it upon the best vulpine authority, are correspondingly obliged to LORD SHAFTESBURY.

### Detur Digniori.

A DEPUTATION from the Incorporated Law Society last week waited on SIR BENJAMIN HALL to suggest the transfer of the Law Courts to a better site.—Ought not this work to be done by the Strand and Westminster Vestries, as coming strictly within their powers for the removal of nuisances?

"MIND YOUR I'S."

THE Usher in the LORD MAYOR'S Court, lately described the great gold robbery case (alluding, we presume, to the character of AGAR, the principal witness) as a case of doubtful "TESTER-mony."

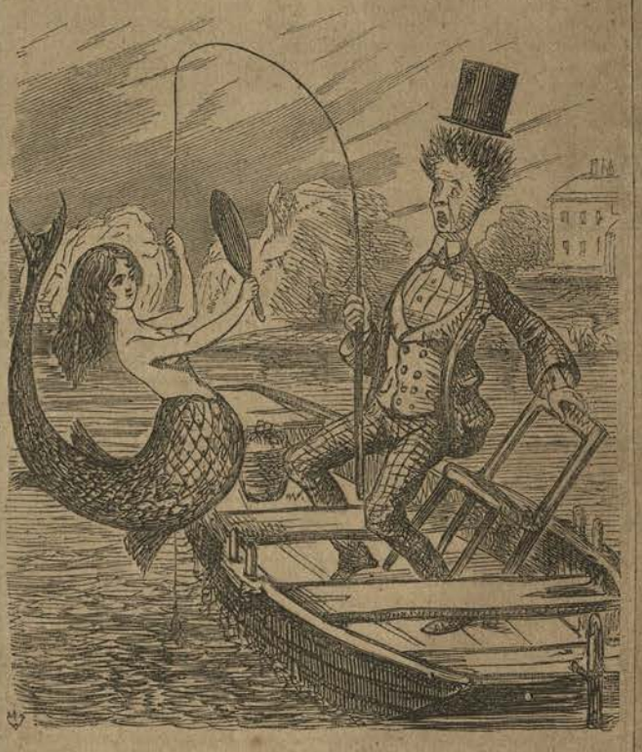
NATIONAL INSTINCT.—The Salmon in Scotland are distinguished by one very singular characteristic. It is well known that every Scotch Salmon, imbibing the spirit of caution peculiar to the country, looks twice always before it leaps.

## A MANAGER WITHOUT GUILE.

WE have been charmed with the ingenuousness of a Plymouth Manager. His name is NEWCOMBE. A name that deserves to be written in the very brightest footlights; for it is not very often that the anxious caterers for public amusement exhibit such touching truthfulness, such affecting sincerity as enhances the character of NEWCOMBE. His play-bill of December 17, 1856—(will not the document be henceforth precious to all antiquarians?)—informs the Plymouth public, that two young ladies will severally act—no, not act, but appear—as *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* and *Ophelia*. MR. MANAGER NEWCOMBE, however, has something to say, to premise to a confiding public on this matter, and therefore prints the subjoined notice in his bill:—

"☞ MR. J. R. NEWCOMBE begs to inform his Patrons that having entered into an Engagement, he feels himself bound to carry it out; but at the same time feels himself equally bound to state to those Patrons who may be inclined to visit the Theatre during such Engagement, that they will be deceived, *as he has been*, if they expect to see anything beyond the acting of two Ladies, who have *a great deal to learn* before they are competent to sustain, with any credit, the characters *they are attempting*."

O Virtue, cried MOLIÈRE, in what nook wilt thou not hide thyself? O Honesty, after this, in what barn mayest thou not be discovered? NEWCOMBE'S dress-boxes are 3*s.*; his upper ditto, 2*s.*; his Pit, 1*s.*; his gallery 6*d.*; and to the predetermined visitors to all these places, he cries—hold; ponder a little; think of it; the *Hamlet* may not be worth eighteen-pence, and the *Ophelia* dear indeed at threepence. It is ruled by the worldly wise that a man who vends fish ought to utter no syllable that should cast a doubt upon its freshness. But here have we in the conscientious NEWCOMBE a tradesman who, compelled to cry *his* fish, nevertheless cries it with his nose between his fingers.



### The Good of the Garotte.

Two cabriolet drivers had adjourned from their stand to an adjoining tavern, for the purpose of partaking of a slightly stimulating refreshment. "I say, BILL," exclaimed cabriolet-driver, No. 1., "this is bad work, this 'ere garrottin'."—"Bad work!" responded cabriolet-driver, No. 2, "unkimmon good work, I finds it—all the timid old gents as used to walk 'ome of a hevenin', stead o' that, now they stands a chance o' bein' grotted, takes a cab."

NOT IMPROBABLE.

A MONS United Collieries' Company is announced with a million capital, to produce marvellous dividends, of course. Let the shareholders look out lest

"Parturit Mons: nascetur ridiculus mus."

## THE FESTIVE SEASON.

*Amy* (*to Rose*). "GOOD GRACIOUS, ROSE—I'M AFRAID, FROM THE WAY THE MAN TALKS, THAT HE IS INTOXICATED!"

*Cabby* (*impressively*). "BEG PARD'N, MISS!—N-N-NOT (HIC) INTOSSI-TOSSI-CATED (HIC).—ITSH ONLY SHLIGHT 'PED-FED-PEDIMENT IN SPEESH, MISS!"

## A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR A GOOD CLOWN.

OF all the cases of benevolence ever recorded at this time of the year, who can recollect one so truly seasonable as the following, related by the *Cheltenham Examiner?*—

"SINGULAR TESTIMONIAL TO A CLOWN.—It may interest some of our readers to learn the following:—Among the most prominent performers at HENGLER'S Circus, which has just closed at Chester, was FROWDE, the mimic. We feel much pleased to hear that his conduct in private life has attracted as much honour and justice as his mimicry in the ring, for having been noticed as a constant attendant on Church Services, three Clergymen of that ancient city have presented him with a very handsome Bible."

We ought to state that we quote the foregoing from a daily paper, because there is a passage in it which we have accurately copied, but which may, by many readers be regarded as obscure; and we do not know whether or not the statement that Mr. FROWDE'S conduct in private life has, equally with his professional performances, attracted honour and justice, occurs in the original text of our Cheltenham contemporary. The paragraph in question has been rather inconsiderately headed "Singular Testimonial to a Clown." If the testimonial is singular, at least it ought not to be. No doubt there are some people, in whose dictionary fun means sin, and laughter is defined to be the expression of wickedness, who may consider that a Clown, as such, has no more business with a bible than a toad has with a side pocket. This is the opinion of the natural melancholy fool, who hates the artistic and lively fool. The real fool who grins with the convexity of the mouth upwards to please himself, detests the fool who grins with the convexity of the mouth downwards to please other people. We should like to know the names of the three Chester clergymen, who had the pluck, and the philosophy, to present a Clown with a bible. A bible in the hands of a moral and conscientious Clown is nothing odd; a bible in the hands of a Clown who keeps those hands from picking and stealing anything but stage turkeys and theatrical legs of mutton. The bible is only out of place in the hands of that Clown who embezzles trust-money, steals shares, and disposes of securities confided to him, singing psalms all the while, and who is a solemn, dull, and dreary Clown, and a sad rogue.

## RECIPES FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

YOU must do the following things, if you wish to pass a Happy New Year:—

To count five hundred before you venture to contradict your wife.

To be careful, when you are asked for your advice, (especially by an Irishman) how you give it.

To praise every baby that is brought up to you for exhibition.

To take twice of pudding, if you are told the mistress of the house has had a hand in the making of it.

To decline in the politest manner being appointed arbitrator in any matrimonial quarrel.

To mind your own business, or if you have no business, then to make it your business to leave the business of others alone.

To be cautious how you sit next to a lady of an uncertain age with green spectacles and inky fingers, and who shaves her hair to get up an intellectual forehead.

To pay no visits to such persons as never return them; *viz.*, to your Lawyer, your Pawnbroker, your Physician, your Magistrate, your Commissioner in the Court of Bankruptcy or Insolvency, much less your Judge in any Court, Central Criminal, County, Common Law, Consistorial, Chancery, or otherwise.

To enter into a solemn vow not to read the Debates.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND has had his discount raised to a great height by the appearance of MR. ANDREWS in the field as a candidate for Southampton.

# SWITZERLAND WARMING THE SNAKE.

*(Another Illustration of the Old Fable.)*

## THE ENCORE SWINDLE.

MR. PUNCH cannot recognise more than a single view upon the subject of an *Encore*. But his own preternatural wisdom and rectitude—he admits the fact with due humiliation—sometimes prevent his making allowances for the ignorance and injustice of others. He will therefore condescend, upon the present occasion, to explain how the matter in question stands. He is moved thereto by a variety of correspondence which has been addressed to him, and by an article in the *Musical World*, in which some ridiculous provincial censures upon MR. SIMS REEVES, the vocalist, are disposed of by a reply so unanswerable that it has naturally excited the wrath of the illogical. For it is in imperfectly educated nature to begin to revile when it ceases to reason.

Complaints were made, and what in the provinces passes for sarcasm was let fly against the singer we have named, for his excusing himself, on the ground of indisposition, from fulfilling a certain engagement. Now *Mr. Punch* has occasionally had his good-humoured joke with MR. REEVES on this subject, and begs to premise that nothing herein contained will bar *Mr. Punch* of his right to say just what he likes to MR. REEVES or anybody else. Nor, again, will *Mr. Punch's* condescending to joke upon the subject, in any manner prevent his recognition of MR. REEVES as one of the most admirable artists in the world. *Nunc tunc*, as VIRGIL might have said, if he had chosen.

The answer to these complaints is, that British audiences consist of swindlers. It is shown that MR. REEVES, in common with many other artists, is compelled by a dishonest British public to do double the work which he contracts to do. It is set forth by extracts from the newspapers, detailing a long provincial tour (during which MR. REEVES has not once failed to appear when due) that the audiences have always exacted from him precisely twice the quantity of music which they were entitled to ask. They have habitually *encored* everything. And when an exhausted singer has ventured to substitute something else for the fatiguing air which is dishonestly redemanded, they have *encored* the substitution. The consequence of this selfish injustice was that REEVES, lacking the courage of ALBONI and MARIO, who will seldom "take" an *encore*, got knocked up, not being a mere singing machine, and had to give his throat and lungs a few days' holiday. This brought out provincial censure and sarcasm, completely met, as it appears to *Mr. Punch* and every honest person, by the *Musical World*.

By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by encoring? A playbill promises that if you will pay a specific sum, you shall have a specific song. You pay the money (or go in with an order), and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so, except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you *encore* your trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you *encore* a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing because the first were sweet and succulent! Do you *encore* a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another copy for nothing?

But "O!" say JOHN BULL, and MRS. BULL, with their usual vulgarity, "these are real things, with a value, while a song's nothing but air (hair, very likely MRS. BULL calls it) coming out of a man's mouth; and it has no value, and he ought to be very proud that we are pleased with him."

Get out of the theatre, you old idiots! Get out, you dishonest old ignorant wretches, and go to MR. SPURGEON, or a police magistrate, or somebody, and learn your duty to your neighbour! Get out, we tell you!

And yet why should *Mr. Punch* be wrath with you? Your fathers thought in the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, not anger. You may stay. But mind this. You have no right to steal music. If your housemaid stole your snub-nosed Patty's dog's-eared copy of the *Troubadour* from the pianoforte, you would call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that it has cost an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed PATTY and her dog's-eared music.

Were *Mr. Punch* a Manager, he would borrow a hint from the omnibus, and write across the curtain

ALL ENCORES MUST BE PAID FOR,

and the money-taker should go round, attended by a detective, to require a second payment of the price of admission. On the other hand, if it could be shown that singers, or music-sellers, or friends with orders, had caused the encore, (for all sorts of tricks are resorted to in order to puff up indifferent wares) the night's salary of the singer supposed to be benefited should be forfeited to the General Theatrical Fund. As *Mr. Punch* is not a Manager, he obligingly makes a present of these suggestions to the editor of the *Musical World*.

## SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WISHING to obtain some information as to the effect of the Income-Tax upon our social condition, we resolved to ascertain as far as it was practicable, whether any falling off had been noticeable this Christmas in the parties which are annually given at that festive season. For this purpose we selected several of our most going-out reporters, and supplied them with instructions to spare themselves no expense in white kids and waistcoats, until they had provided us with full statistics on the subject.

As a sample of the evidence with which we have been furnished, we learn from the gentleman to whom we had entrusted the dining-out department that, of twenty dinner-parties he has been invited to, at eight there have been served up for the first course both soup and fish, at ten there was soup only, and at two only fish; at nineteen the second course consisted (besides *entrements*) of either a roast turkey and a bit of boiled beef, or else a boiled turkey and a bit of roast beef—the latter being in one instance supplanted by a saddle of mutton, while for the third course, at all the twenty tables, there were either a brace of pheasants or a hare, a Brobdignag plum-pudding with a sprig of holly in it, about a peck of mince-pies, and bushels of jellies and what he designates as "sweet-stuff." The cheese was Stilton at sixteen tables, and at the other four Cheddar: with the addition of celery in eleven cases, and in thirteen of maccaroni; while at every house where there were children, there were at least a dozen dishes for desert.

On the whole our reporter's conviction is, decidedly, that the dinners given this Christmas may be fairly quoted at about the usual average; both as regards their frequency, and the quantity as well as quality of condiments provided. And he considers, therefore, that among the middle classes, the privations through war-prices are as yet not so extreme as certain grumbling politicians seem desirous to make out.

## TOO GENEROUS BY HALF.

IF money is at the present moment a little "tight" in France, it is because LOUIS NAPOLEON has held his purse-strings a little too loose. He is a second *Antony*, and although his minister, M. ACHILLE FOULD, has attempted to describe him in prose, we can assure France that it is SHAKSPEARE only—the divine WILLIAMS of M. PONSARD—who can alone, through the lips of *Cleopatra*, limn the imperial munificence:

> "For his bounty,
> There was no winter in 't: an autumn 'twas,
> That grew the more by reaping."

Only France is, now and then, liable to less than average crops, and a blighted vintage.

> "In his livery
> Walk'd crowns and coronets."

For has not FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia just joined, fallen into, the royal procession?

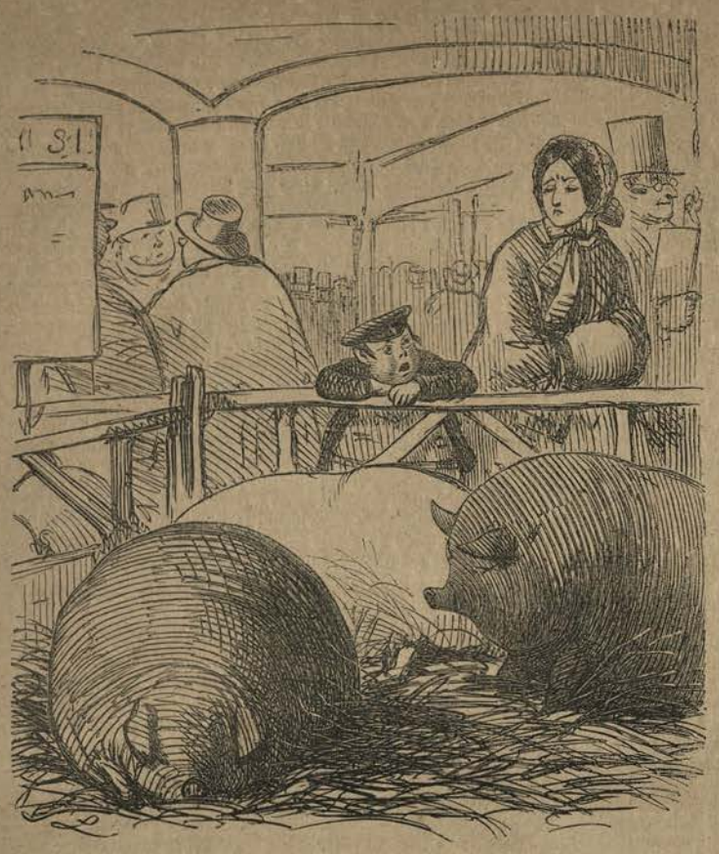
> "Realms and islands were
> As plates dropp'd from his pocket."

Only—let the truth be said—some of these island-plates have a great deal too much *Cayenne* in them.

### Christmas Contrition.

MATERFAMILIAS, who, in former years, has been accustomed to spend a great deal of money in decking her Christmas Tree, calls the room at the German Fair, where they announce "150,000 toys at a penny each," her "*locus penitentiæ*."

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—Avoid entering into an argument with a deaf man in a railway carriage, as it is sure to lead to high words.



*Sensitive Young Lady.* "POOR CREATURES! NOTHING BUT EATING AND SLEEPING. WHAT A DREADFUL EXISTENCE!"

*Stout Youth.* "DREADFUL EXISTENCE!—OH, AH! I DARE SAY. WHY, THAT'S JUST THE VERY THING OF ALL OTHERS I SHOULD LIKE THE BEST!"

## SONG OF THE REJECTED.

*Dedicated to the Civil Service Commissioners.*

A NOBLE friend, not long ago,
Gave me a situation;
But said, alas! I first must pass
A slight Examination.

They asked me questions, I am sure,
Would puzzle anybody,
I never knew how far Pegu
Was from the Irawaddy!

I am an English gentleman,
My age is twenty-two,
And I cannot tell what goods will sell
The best at Timbuctoo.

I can read, and I can spell,
Or write out from dictation;
But at Paraguay I cannot say
What is the population.

Of course 'twas very ignorant,
And must my fame disparage,
I could not state what was the date
Of great KING ALFRED'S marriage!

I don't know when we first were taxed,
Or who was the Assessor;
I really can't describe the Aunt
Of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR!

They asked what king first had a corn,
I never could imagine it;
How should I know about the toe
Of Tudor or Plantagenet?

Such things as these no doubt are known
To many of my betters,
But I cannot see their use to me
In merely copying letters.

TRUTH TO THE LETTER.—A Woman who writes a letter is a Fool, but a Man who keeps, or publishes one, is a Traitor!—*Sir Charles Napier.*

## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

IT is well known—or why has the country so many newspapers?—that immediately on the prorogation of Parliament, LORD PALMERSTON quietly set himself to work to provide for the opening. The PREMIER has already determined upon so many reforms that it may reasonably be predicted the next session will be placid as the Serpentine. Halcyons are expected to breed upon the Thames in spite of any motion made by MR. DISRAELI. But amongst all the national benefits anticipated during the recess by a provident PREMIER, the statesmanlike move in the matter of the Income-Tax will, probably, be the measure that shall command the most universal admiration. We cannot say that the whole of the QUEEN'S Speech is determined upon, but we have the best authority for stating that the document will contain a golden paragraph, of which we subjoin a faithful copy.

"The Conferences at Paris have been brought to the happiest conclusion. All the purposes of a just and necessary war have been fully accomplished. And acknowledging the zeal, the readiness, with which my faithful people responded to the call made upon their pockets to carry out the issue of the contest, it affords me heartfelt satisfaction to know that such measures of retrenchment have been determined upon consistently with the true dignity of Government, that from and after the 5th of April next ensuing, the Income-Tax will cease and determine. The discontinuance of so grievous, but made by circumstances, so necessary an impost, is the best national monument that can be resolved upon in commemoration of the struggle."

By this master-stroke of policy LORD PALMERSTON the more certainly fixes himself in the hearts of the people, inasmuch as he shows himself so anxious as a Minister to keep himself out of their pockets.

### Dentistry without Danger.

WE rejoice to see that a College of Dentists is in course of formation, with a view to the distinction of the respectable members of the profession from the quacks. If this can be effected, the toothless in search of teeth will no longer be in danger of running into the fangs of extortionate advertisers, by whom those unfortunates are at present so commonly bitten.

## THINGS WHICH NO OLD BACHELOR WILL EVER DO IF HE CAN HELP IT.

To begin with—Get outside an omnibus to accommodate a lady.

Go to a theatre on a Juvenile Night.

Assist in dressing up a Christmas Tree, or be present at the distribution of the gifts.

Escort his married sister when she goes to buy a baby-jumper.

Throw away his cigar when he comes in contact with a lady.

Take a walk down Regent Street at the time when the perambulators do mostly congregate.

Accept an invitation to stand godfather, for fear of its being cited as a precedent.

Give up a dinner party for the sake of escorting his friend's wife to an evening one.

Take his country cousins shopping, for fear of being asked to carry home their parcels for them.

Attend a juvenile party, and submit to be made a blind man's buffer of.

Oblige his married sister at a Railway Station by "just holding baby for a moment."

Burn his fingers at snap-dragons, because "it will please the children so."

Run the slightest chance of ever being caught beneath the mistletoe.

And to end with—Dine twice with a family where he finds the baby handed round with the dessert.

### Casus Belli.

THE Indian Government was perfectly right in declaring war against Persia for seizing on Herat, because the Persians had no business thereat.

HOMŒOPATHIC CHRISTMAS REVELRY.—At all the metropolitan workhouses, the Christmas fare appears to have been weighed out to the paupers. The entertainment must have been scaly.

## LILLIPUTIAN LEGISLATION.

T the meeting to promote, according to advertisement, "Legislative prohibition of Street Smoking," held last week in the spacious Vestry Hall of St. Pancras; the fulminations were tremendous, even when compared with the oratorical artillery with which the assembled vestry usually batter the walls of that resonant edifice. Juvenile street smoking was gravely denounced, as the source of a torrent of drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration, which will utterly overwhelm the country, unless it be dammed and stemmed by legislative prohibition. The designs of Russia; Parliamentary, Income-Tax, Law and Ecclesiastical Reform; Bolgrad; Naples; Neufchâtel; the Metropolitan Board of Works; every public question; every social improvement and national interest, sinks and falls in the estimation of the British-anti-tobacco Society-for-promoting-legislative-prohibition-of-juvenile-street-smoking, before the overwhelming importance of preventing the peripatetic issue of tobacco-smoke from under caps and out of round jackets. Poison, bankruptcy, delirium (of all sorts besides *tremens*), suicide, and every other variety of destruction and death being staked on this question, no other subject ought, in the estimation of the orators, to take precedence of the juvenile-street-smoking question at the approaching assemblage of Parliament. The Russian, Italian, and United States questions; every sort of Reform, must wait.

And the solution of such trifles will have to wait for a considerable time. If the great little-boy-street-smoking question be of primary importance, must not an efficient baby-perambulator-prevention measure, in justice to the pedestrian community of the Metropolis, be pressed upon the consideration of Parliament? Are there not a hundred other evils that cry out in our streets for removal—a hundred trumpet-tongued nuisances proclaiming a deadly necessity for abatement?

Should the St. Pancras Society for the putting out the pipes of the under-age lieges succeed in their object, an industrious Parliament may, before the less important subjects already enumerated are disposed of, adorn the statute book with several measures equally beneficial to the lives and welfare (moral and spiritual) of the British public of all ages. This sort of Maine law once turned full on in such a direction, they may hope to find their own and other sympathetic efforts crowned with such additions to our legislative code as the following:—

I. **An Act** for the suppression of street hoops.—Any juvenile of either sex trundling a hoop in any public thoroughfare, to be liable, on conviction, to a penalty of twenty shillings or one month's imprisonment. And whereas the traffic of large towns having been much impeded by the immoderate breadth of ladies' petticoats, any lady stopping the way by reason of the illegal circumference of her robes, may be, and shall, on proof of the fact before any one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace, be fined in a sum not exceeding the price of two dozen pairs of gloves (best Parisian kid) and instant forfeiture of the obstructing hoop or hoops, in open Court.

II. **An Act** to render it felony for any little boy, in frosty weather, to make slides on the pavement.

III. **An Act** for the "legislative prohibition" of the game of "Cat."

IV. **An Act** for the expulsion, from crowded thoroughfares, of apple-stalls, butchers' trays, perambulators, chimney-sweeps, and contraband shoe-blacks (that is to say, shoe-blacks out of uniform).

V. **An Act** for empowering the police to take up all *gamins* caught in the fact of inquiring of any rate-payer, or other respectable resident within the Bills of Mortality, the address of his hatter; whether his mother is aware of his absence from home, or the like.

VI. **An Act** to be intituled the Omnibus Passenger's Regulation Act. 1. Any person weighing more than sixteen (imperial) stone refusing to pay double fare to be—when practicable—ejected from the vehicle, and debarred the benefits of the statute in that case made and provided in cases of assault and battery. 2. No person to bring into such public conveyance wet umbrellas, puppies, portmanteaus, or milliner's waggons, under penalty of forfeiting the same.

VII. **An Act** (applicable only to that part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions called Scotland,) to constitute the use of the adjective "English" in any bond, warrant, quittance, or obligation, newspaper, book, or any other public document, petit treason.

VIII. **An Act** to render it a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment with hard labour to strew the streets with orange-peel.

IX. **An Act** for the transportation beyond seas of bill-stickers, bill-deliverers, and vendors of spurious newspapers. Lastly,

X. **An Act** for the Annihilation of Parochial Spouting Societies.

## OUR FILTH AND OUR FELONS.

LORD PALMERSTON once, with that off-hand felicity,
Which belongs to his lordship in stating a case,
To a new definition of "dirt" gave publicity,
As "nothing but matter left in the wrong place."

The notion took root; for the festering matter
That poisons our houses, in village and town,
Would be food, we all know, could we find means to scatter,
Its streams o'er the garden, the field and the down.

Nor alone to material filth of our cities
His lordship's idea exactly applies,
We have moral filth too; in our Commons' Committees,
Our papers, our prisons, laid bare to our eyes.

As our sewers with town-refuse, our gaols are o'erflowing
With refuse humanity's festering slime,
And as that's only used plague and fever for sowing,
So this bears fruit only, of outrage and crime.

But as sanitary doctors are ceaseless in urging,
'Tis but waste of good stuff to send sewage to sea,
So the worst way humanity's cesspools of purging,
Is to ship off the filth, as the way used to be.

As our fields crave the one, we have tracts crave the others,
Where e'en felon-labour with use might be tried:
Fever-seeds may turn food; why not felons prove brothers
When once (*selon* PAM) in the right place applied?

## VERY LOW CHURCH INDEED.

ONLY think, my dear ARCHDEACON HALE, of the following statement made by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*:—

"There are livings that bring in little more than £45 a-year in money, while the most lucrative office of a general superintendent will hardly bring in more than £750 to £800 per annum."

He is writing, my dear and reverend Sir, of the Church of Prussia. It is not easy, is it, to conceive the idea of a Low Church carried so far; to imagine a Church of so awfully low a figure? Fancy an ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY receiving less than a thousand a-year! The Church in that case would be so low that a gentleman could not stoop to live in it—could he? No wonder, then, that the above-quoted writer should go on to remark that—

"With such small pecuniary remuneration, and in the absence of any factitious *prestige* in society or high political rank for the Bishops, it is almost superfluous to mention that the Prussian nobility never enter the Church; there is no chance for any other qualities than learning, piety, zeal, and capacity to get on in the ecclesiastical career."

It is all very well to talk of the learning, piety, and zeal, which a system of Church economy, quotable at figures so disgustingly low as the foregoing, may encourage; but how can the divinity of clergymen, who cost so little as the Prussian, be good for anything? How is it possible for them to drink the necessary port? The Prussian clergy must be limited to beer, like Parsons *Adams* and *Trulliber*, and, in further similarity to the last-named divine, perhaps have to eke out their incomes by dealing in pigs. Speaking as a moderate pluralist, how many livings ought a man to enjoy, that is, to hold with any enjoyment of existence, passing no richer than forty-five pounds a living?

### An Old Saw and a Modern Instance.

ON the day succeeding Christmas Day there occurred a singular illustration of the popular saying relative to the "thin end of the wedge." Several little boys received a wedge of cold plum-pudding; and when they had got the thin end of the wedge in, it was astonishing to see how soon the rest followed it.

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

AUGUSTUS THINKS CRINOLINE A DETESTABLE INVENTION.

## "AND IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

THE "Middlesex Reform Registration Society" is dead. Starved outright! Not a sixpence found in the pocket of the deceased; and, on *post-mortem* examination, not a crumb of food in the stomach. Can anything more disgustingly mark the swollen ingratitude of a greasy, prosperous constituency? There are 14,000 electors in Middlesex, all of them so well-to-do (and it would seem so willing to be done) that, in their prosperous thanklessness, they would not give a sixpence to lengthen the days of poor old Registration. This it is to attempt to be patriotic to people who have three fingers of fat on the ribs—whose nostrils are ever dilated with the savoury smell of the fleshpots! MR. GEESIN (a Middlesex HAMPDEN) did not express himself too strongly when he said he "was thoroughly and heartily sickened at the liberal interest, which he considered the most illiberal." And we are told that even DOCTOR EEPS followed in a similar withering strain. Even MR. COPPOCK shed a bitter, burning tear on the occasion; solemnly testifying to the impossibility of returning members free of expense, especially members for Middlesex. The last election cost £4000, and it was impossible to fight it for less.

And so departed poor, neglected Registration. We owe it, however, to LORD DERBY to state that his lordship sent to Jermyn Street, where the body lay, and in the handsomest manner offered to pay the expenses of the funeral. MR. DISRAELI also expressed himself ready to deliver an oration, all from his own heart and head, over the body, without borrowing a syllable from THIERS.

### Hot Coals at Newcastle.

THAT tremendous body, the Urquhartites of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, have pledged themselves "in case our expedition against Persia is persevered in, to bring to trial for their lives, before the Central Criminal Court, certain of the officers and soldiers engaged therein!"

This suggests a free rendering for a passage from HORACE slightly altered:—

"Antecedentem scelestum
Insequitur pede pœna claudo."
"Justice stalks behind Stalker!"

## THE SURGEON TO HIS HENCHMAN.

WHAT ho! my staunch Assistant, there is work to do anon,
So gird thee with thine apron true, and put thy stout sleeves on.
Prepare to pound; drugs must be ground; the brazen mortar ring,
And the pestle roll in the marble bowl, and the scales will have to swing.

It is the merry Christmas-tide, when worthy people eat
Five times as much as is good for them, drink ten times more than meet.
The fields lie bare in the winter air, or yield beneath the plough.
Though fallow be they, we make our hay; 'tis the doctor's harvest now.

The boys are home for the holidays, and they feed unchecked by rule
Of dietetic discipline, and economy at school;
Roast beef they cram, and turkey and ham, or sausages tuck in,
And pudding of plum, till they become filled nearly to the chin.

But oh! the vast capacity which the juveniles evince!
Each urchin still some room can find within for the pie of mince.
Or tart of jam and blanc-mange they cram and their skins with jelly stuff,
And custard and cream, and yet they deem that they have not had enough.

Dessert succeeds; new appetite its delicacies wake,
And they gobble up apples, oranges, nuts, almonds, raisins, cake;
Besides a deal of candied peel, and dates, French plums, and figs;
Whence business to us shall accrue, so please the little pigs.

The revel is not ended yet—for pastime they stand up,
And that restores their appetite, and heartily they sup.
They gorge a mash of rich sweet trash—at midnight seek their beds.
The sun will smile, next morn, on bile, and no end of aching heads.

There will be pills for thee to grind, and draughts for thee to pour,
And powders thou wilt have to weigh; provided be, therefore.
And mingle and make, all ready to take, each remedy and cure,
For feeling queer, of Christmas cheer to come which will be sure.

Mix plenty of the dose of black, roll many a pill of blue,
And also compound colocynth, and compound aloes too;
And the powder grey in doses weigh; likewise the Pulv: Jalap:
And the Pulv: Rhei—they 'll be wanted by right many a little chap.

To remedy too much mince-pie put up Vin: Antim: Tart:
And Ipecacuan: which will like benefit impart,
And to distress from fond excess in pudding give relief,
And the system clear of the wine and beer together with the beef.

Of Senna good provision make, and Scammony as well.
Divide in doses manifold a lot of Calomel.
Cheeks will grow pale, on beef and ale if maidens dance and romp.
Quinine at hand have, therefore, and Mistura Ferri Comp:

See that our lancets all are sharp; our cupping-glasses sound;
Scarificators springing well, and well, if need be, ground:
Our leeches all right, and inclined to bite: for blood must needs be shed,
In case it should, through too much food, be determined to the head.

See that Unguent: Cantharidis is at thine elbow nigh:
For blisters it may also be our duty to apply;
And since we 're afraid that so many our aid this Christmas will require,
The red-lamp clean—that it may be seen—and look to the night-bell wire!

### "Sleigh—Sleigh—Sleigh!"

THERE is one reason for supporting "COLONEL" SLEIGH for Greenwich, which must weigh with a metropolitan constituency. The "Colonel" will be just the man to return thanks for the Army at public dinners, when ADMIRAL NAPIER returns thanks for the Navy; seeing that the Colonel's name is not in the Army List, and the Admiral's ought not to be in the Navy List.

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## HOMAGE TO HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A GENUINE LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY.

"My Dear Mr. Punch,

"we Hope you are Quite well and i wish you Many Happy returns of Chrismas and i Hope you will Excuse me riting to You but mamma Says you allways are Fond of little peeple so i Hope you will Excuse as me And charley read in the illusterated London [*News*] that Mr. Hans Christian audersen is Coming to spend His Hollidays in England And We shold like to see Him because he as Made us All so Happy with is Betiful storys the ugly duck the Top and the Ball the snow Quen the Red shoes the Storks little ida the Constant tinsoldeir great claws and Little Claws the darning Neddle and All the rest of Them and it says in the ilustat [*several attempts, a smear, and the spelling evaded by*] Paper the children shold Meet him in the Crys-pallace and we shold Like to Go and tell him how much We Love him for his betiful stores do you know the tinder box and tommelise and charley liks the wild Swans best but i Hope you will Excuse bad riting and i Am

"Your affectionate
"Nelly."

"charley says i Have not put in wat We ment if you please Will you put In punch wat everybody is to Do to let Mr. hans Ansen know how Glad we are He is Coming."

## FRANCE TO NAPLES.

WE are enabled by the means of an ubiquitous correspondent to give a copy—the only one in existence—of the letter of congratulation written by LOUIS NAPOLEON to the KING OF NAPLES:—

"MY DEAR COUSIN AND BROTHER,

"In obedience to the wishes of HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, our common spiritual father, no less than to the promptings of my own fraternal heart, I hasten to offer you my congratulations on your escape from an attempt that, had it disastrously succeeded, would have caused universal sorrow to every legitimate sovereign in Europe, and despair and consternation to the Two Sicilies in particular. Having happily escaped, I ought perhaps further to congratulate you that the attempt has been made; and for this reason, as it is the destiny of all Sovereigns and Fathers of their People to excite against them, once or twice, the sacrilegious spirit of impious men, so is it well when the attempt—foiled and defeated—is well over. Has not our dear brother, FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, had *his* little escapade; have not I encountered the like risk? It is the fate of the purple. But I feel a lively conviction that you are now insured for a long and prosperous life.

"Of course the diplomatic relations that have cooled between us could in no way lessen my admiration for you as a sovereign, and the respect I entertain for you as a man. Indeed, I know not whether the removal of my ambassador from your court has not considerably strengthened your position as an absolute monarch. For have I not induced England firmly and resolutely to join with me in doing nothing? England is, at least, in a ridiculous position, and is not that something? And trust me, my faith in your discriminating character always led me to believe that you would think me incapable of seriously breaking with you. For how can I, as the proprietor of Cayenne, presume to meddle with the discipline that you may think best for your royal gaols?

"You will then, I trust, believe me in all affection,

"Your faithful Cousin and Brother,
"LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"P.S. Is it true—I hope not—that an attempt has been made to convey to the relatives of the impious MILANO a certain sum of money, previously offered by some wicked Englishman to the survivors of any one who would attempt MILANO'S work? But this comes of the English press. Oh, my friend and brother, why cannot those English scribblers, one and all, be flung into the consuming bowels of your own Vesuvius?"

## CANDLES AND EXTINGUISHERS.

WHENEVER a foreign journalist is at a loss for a little paragraph to fill up a corner, he instantly announces some new tax as having been imposed upon the Jews or Poles in Russia. We do not know, therefore, whether the statement that a tax has just been levied by the Russian authorities upon the wax-lights used in worship at the Jewish Sabbath be a truth, or only a typographical expedient. But if true, the addition that the tax so raised is to be applied in support of Jewish Schools, is somewhat extenuatory. We think the same process might be applied to our Puseyites. Let them have their church-candles, but under a tolerably heavy tax, to be devoted to the support of schools where children will learn reasons for laughing at mummeries.

### The "Resolute" and the Irresolute.

ENGLAND intends imitating the generous example of America. She intends sending over to the EMPEROR ALEXANDER one of the Russian ships taken in the late war, and to beg his acceptance of it—admiral, crew, and all. The Admiral selected for the appointment has been SIR CHARLES NAPIER, and several of the most sensible electors of Southwark form part of his crew.

SLAVE INSURRECTION.—Great excitement has taken place in the Southern States, from expectation of a revolt of the slaves. The black draught is working.

## MACBETH AT ASTLEY'S.

"And *Duncan's* horses (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience—"

MURMURING those well-remembered lines, we entered the theatre; and over against the immemorial sawdust of our childhood, which was, and is, and we hope will continue to be, ever sweet and fragrant, took our seat in our box, fully prepared to enjoy MR. COOKE'S "equestrian illustrations" of *Macbeth*. The play had begun some little time, and the witches had vanished, which was a disappointment, in that we had no positive means of knowing whether they did so on horseback; but if they did not, they ought to have done. To have seen them careering wildly up a precipitous and well saw-dusted platform with cloud facings, and so "into the air" which the band was then playing, would have been a tremendous "effect;" and with the addition of a spoonful of red fire, altogether weird and terrible—but this by the way. And there we saw *General Macbeth*, looking very

smart, and brave, and warlike in his new ring'd shirt, accompanied by *General Banquo* in a crimson cloak of somewhat faded splendour, which had evidently once belonged to *Count Almaviva*; but he looked bravely too: and it was very pleasant to see them riding over the "blasted heath," and making no more fuss about it than if it had been that of Hampstead. Then followed closely six warriors in waterproof leggings smothered in buttons, mounted upon an equal number of "highly trained steeds"; and then twelve "supers" on foot, with their legs scored all over with red tape—which of course we knew to be the Scottish army—and so the scene closed in.

In the next—and upon the announcement to *Lady Macbeth* of the *King's* proposed visit—we began to speculate as to the probable manner in which "*Duncan's* horses," the "beauteous and swift," would—according to the text—be made to break their stalls, when the proper time should arrive for their doing so. This being the "incident" of all others which we were quite sure *must* be the crowning "illustration" of the play. *Duncan* was coming, that was certain—as certain was it that he would come on horseback, with "all the king's horses and all the king's men," and a gallant cavalcade of Thanes, and knights in gorgeous caparison, and banners, and trumpeters, and all the rest of it. That we should have the horses, therefore, was settled. Any doubt at all about it, however, was soon cleared up—in the very next scene indeed—by the arrival of the royal party, the royal "party" himself being under what we at first took to be a four-post bedstead, but which was in reality a regal canopy, supported by four retainers in crimson gaiters. If MR. CAMPBELL'S portrait of the "gracious *Duncan*" were at all like the kingly original, he must have been a very "gracious" and affable old gentleman indeed. His delivery of the line

"but he *rides* well,"

was capital, combining a graceful compliment to MR. HOLLOWAY'S horsemanship, and an excellent point with reference to the speciality of the theatre.

The next scene was that wherein *Macbeth* and his wife arrange the preliminaries of MR. CAMPBELL'S murder; and our thoughts again wandered to "*Duncan's* horses," as the time was rapidly drawing near when by rights they should be—to use a "hack" and therefore not altogether inappropriate phrase—"out on the loose." We had a perfectly vivid notion of the way in which the late MR. DUCROW would have ridden over the difficulty—a scene would have been interpolated representing, in the first place, the *Interior of the Stables in Macbeth's Castle* (and what a line for the bill!). *Duncan* was at supper, *Lady Macbeth* had just said so, what then more likely, that having finished that cheerful meal, he should express a wish to his noble host to "just go round the stables," a custom perfectly in keeping with the rude fashion of that warlike time; and so, by an ingenious device, we should have seen the "minions of their race" each in his respective stall, "done up" for the night snug and comfortable; but here our reverie was interrupted by the scene changing to

### A COURT WITHIN THE CASTLE.

Ahem!—we mentally ejaculated—no stables. Yes, to be sure—all right! here we have the *outside* of them, opening quite properly into the courtyard—but (shade of DUCROW!) where were the double platforms, down which, having "broke their stalls," the infuriated steeds would stamp and clatter; with grooms and horseboys wildly hanging on in every sort of struggling attitude—now dragging them one way, now backing them another, and in short going through all that vigorous pantomime which everybody who has seen *Mazeppa* knows perfectly well is the proper way of managing wild horses? But where were the *horses?*—the time was fully up—the storm was at its height, the sheet-iron was rumbled, the lightning was flashed, the murder was committed, *Macbeth* had left the stage and was washing his hands, *Macduff* had arrived, and was making noise enough, not only to wake up the house, but to rouse the neighbourhood, and all the while "*Duncan's* horses" were patiently waiting underneath the stage to be mounted by the English cavalry in the last act; and no more thinking about breaking loose than of eating one another.

To speak truly, we were a little disappointed; we felt that MR. COOKE scarcely made the most of his materials; in other words, that he gave us rather too much SHAKSPEARE, and not enough COOKE; and that his new edition of the tragedy would be all the better for less letter-press, and more "equestrian illustrations." For example, in the scene of *Banquo's* murder; at the line—

"His horses go about—"

how good it would have been to have seen them literally going about, and over a bridge at the back of the stage, or zigzagging up the mountains; whilst *Banquo* walks across the front, in *Count Almaviva's* cloak. And why (in the name of all that is hippodramatic) did not the messenger who announces the coming of Birnam Wood, gallop in on horseback? and so give *Macbeth* "the office" to drag him off

bodily—which would have been *something like* a "situation." And again, when *Macbeth* says—

"Send out *more* a-hor-r-ses,"

what a famous opportunity for displaying the "numerous stud," and "stupendous resources of the establishment"—an opportunity worth any amount of posters and advertisements, and nothing to come of it! So following up our previous thought, we, too, say with *Macbeth*—"*more horses.*"

But the last scene of all, was very thrilling, and in every way a

triumph. Dunsinane in a state of siege—terrific encounter of horse and foot—sortie of the garrison—*Macbeth* rushing about without his hat, like a maniac in the front garden—then the cream-coloured horse on the "prompt side" was tapped under the knees till he fell down dead—and then the white horse on the O. P. side was served in the same way, and fell down dead too—then *Macbeth* met *Macduff* in mid career, and a combat ensued, so terrible, that even to think about it takes one's breath away—and then *Macbeth* smeared some rose-pink over his countenance, and was finished off in a grim and ghastly manner—and then MR. W. COOKE, JUN., was hoisted on a shield—the warriors all shouted "Hail, King of Scotland!" and the curtain came down, amid the "deafening plaudits and reiterated acclamations of a crowded and fashionable audience."

Of MR. HOLLOWAY'S performance of the principal character, we cannot speak too highly; most of his scenes being rendered very intelligibly, and with really marvellous power; his style is evidently based upon the severe schools of KEMBLE and CARTLITCH—especially CARTLITCH—with just the least hint in the world of PHELPS and HICKS—especially HICKS.

We reserve our remarks (should we have any to make) upon the other Pantomime of *Paul Pry on Horseback*, until our recovery from the excitement produced by *Macbeth*.

## THE LATEST FROM AMERICA.

*(In Anticipation of the new Submarine Telegraph.)*

NOTICES have been served upon all the magpies in the neighbourhood of New Orleans that, for the future, they must decide whether they will be black or white; for it is morally impossible that they can be allowed to remain any longer on both sides.

In Kentucky a barrister has taken out a patent for cracking jokes. The machine is in the form of a lawyer's head, mounted with a wig made apparently of horsehair, and it is found that if the smallest joke is put into its mouth, it is cracked instantly with the greatest applause.

In New Hampshire a miller has invented a new motive power for turning his mill. The secret consists in throwing every now and then a bottle of Cognac into the stream, and the effect, it is said, is such as to make the wheel, by the aid of this new brandy-and-water power, revolve with almost nearly the same velocity as a woman's tongue!

The voracity of the shark is too well known to need any comment. Last week, a full-sized one was taken in the Bay of New York. For days and nights previously, the persons living on the shores had been charmed with the most delightful music. Upon the shark being opened, the secret was laid bare. Lo, and behold, there was a cottage piano inside its stomach! The instrument was open, and in front of it there was found a copy of "CRAMER'S Exercises."

An Irish Oculist has the theory that the potato-disease arises from too much moisture, the consequence of which, he says, is to give the potato a cataract in its eye. He has devoted a whole lifetime to the special study of this disease, and he now makes the announcement that he has succeeded in inventing a "POTATO EYE SNUFF," which he guarantees will effectually cure the ophthalmic esculent.

It is solemnly asserted by English Jurists that "Wisdom lies in a Wig." But we can record a more wonderful phenomenon than that, for we actually knew an instance of the Wisdom lying in a Tory!—and at election times, it lied pretty soundly too.

Elderly ladies, who have the privilege of proposing to young gentlemen during Leap Year should make a practice of residing at Niagara, for at the Falls every year is a Leap-Year.

BARNUM is about to proceed to London for the purpose of purchasing Vauxhall Gardens exactly as they stand, and bringing them over with the Hermit, the 10,000 Additional Lamps, Sea-Horses, and everything all complete, to NIBLO'S Gardens.

MR. MITCHELL is in the North, trying his best to domesticate the famous breed of Kilkenny Cats in our country.

The reason why the ladies wear such tremendous circumferential dresses, is a very spiteful one. It is only to make it more difficult than ever for their poor weak fools of husbands to get round them.

## COMPARATIVES ARE ODIOUS.

EVERY student of his LINDLEY MURRAY is, or should be, well aware that very many of the comparatives in the English language are in their formation as irregular as the trains upon the Eastern Counties railway. The addition of "er" is the general rule, but to this, as to every rule, there are plenty of exceptions. For instance, it is more correct to use the prefix "more" in this case, than to say "correcter;" and nowhere, we imagine, except perhaps in the examination papers of a candidate for a Civil Service clerkship, could we ever come across such a word as "gooder."

There are, however, several other ways of forming our comparatives than those with which our grammars have as yet made us acquainted. The word "more," for instance, is by no means the only intensifying prefix which is used for the purpose; but of a dozen others we select, for illustration, the familiar one of "jolly." Thus, when we speak of an acquaintance being "jolly drunk," the first of these two adjectives becomes a prefix of intensity, and denotes a something more than merely positive state of tipsiness. In some cases, too, the entire word is merged, and another substituted; as, for example, when we wish to describe a man as being something more than a positive nuisance, we are necessarily driven to write him down a NEWDEGATE. It is however quite impossible to assign any reason or rule for these irregularities. For example, a comparative most closely akin in meaning to that which we last instanced, is one of the most regular and legitimate formation, as may be shown at once by putting it thus:—

*Positive* . . . . SPOON,
*Comparative* . . . . SPOONER!

## CLUB FARE.

THE rate at which officials are paid at our principal Clubs is generally upon the following discriminating scale:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Cook | receives from | £800 | to £1000 | a-year |
| The Librarian | ,, | 100 | ,, 150 | ,, |
| The Secretary | ,, | 250 | ,, 300 | ,, |

The above scale fully proves the superior value of Physical Food over Intellectual!

And in addition to his £800 or £1000 a-year, the Cook (an elegant French or Italian gentleman, in the cleanest of cotton nightcaps) has the privilege of taking pupils, and "finishing" other cooks, to say nothing of innumerable other perquisites and *douceurs*.

Neither the Librarian nor the Secretary enjoys similar privileges. They must be always on the premises, ready at a moment's grumble, to listen to the complaint of any over-pampered member. To take in a pupil would be as much as the eyes of either would be worth. To eke out their income in any respectable way would be voted by the Committee a stain of dishonour such as no fuller's earth, save instant dismissal, could possibly remove!

We wonder that, in their leisure moments, the Secretary and the Librarian do not occasionally descend to the kitchen, and take a few turns at the spit, so that when the Cook has made his fortune and retired to his *château Margaux* or *Lafitte*, they might be duly qualified to take his place and salary?

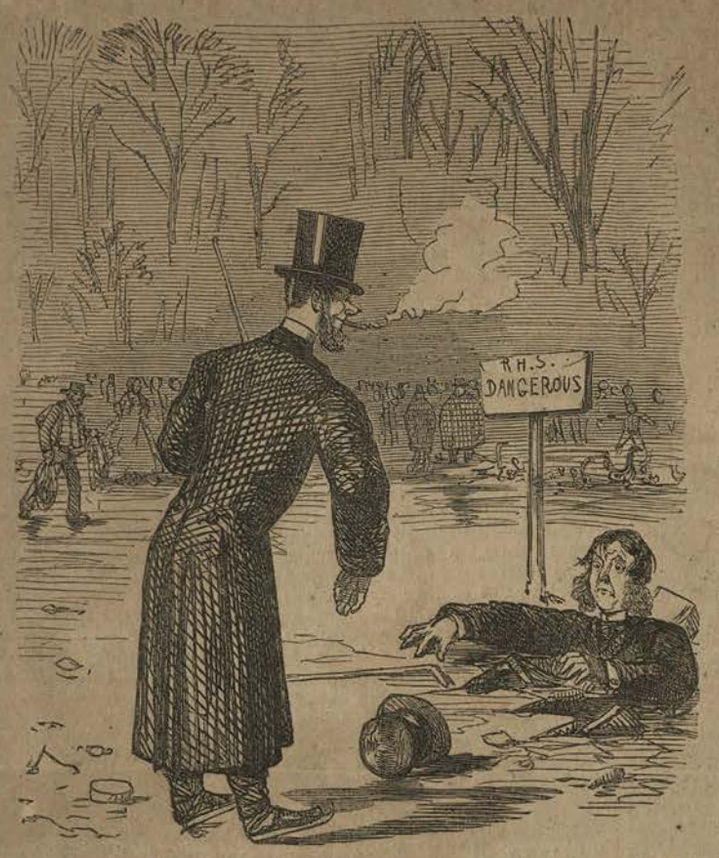
### American Journalism in a new Line.

IT is much to be hoped that the Telegraph wire,
About to be laid down, will not form a lyre
On which to strike discord 'twixt the Old World and New;
Though scarce can we hope all its Messages true,
For then t' other side would have nothing to do.

BIBLES FOR THE DESTITUTE.

A WEALTHY American has ordered a quarto Bible, bound in morocco; with panel covers and rosewood cases, for each and every of the "crowned heads of the world." Should the present, in every case, have the desired effect, how marvellously will the heads of the world be turned!

NAME FOR THE WESTMINSTER NEW BRIDGE.—As it will lead to the Houses of Parliament, may we respectfully suggest that it be called the "PONS ASINORUM?"




OF ALL FOOLISH THINGS, THE MERE PUN IS PERHAPS THE MOST FOOLISH.—NOW, HERE'S A FELLOW (PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE ST—CK EXCH—NGE) WHO, IN SPITE OF HIS REALLY PERILOUS CONDITION, SAYS "THAT HE CAME OUT FOR A (W)HOLE HOLIDAY—AND HAS GOT IT!"

## 'FIFTY-SIX AT THE BAR.

AT his Session of Audit old CHRONOS was seated,
To balance the books of the year 'Fifty-Six;
The ledger he closed, his inquiry completed,
But paused, ere proceeding his seal to affix.
"What certificate"—thus spake COMMISSIONER CHRONOS,
"Shall I give to the year that has just passed the Court?
Shall I brand him with scorn, shall I crown him with honours?
Hand him o'er, foul or whitewashed, to after-report?

"In the old world, what fetters by him have been lightened?
In the new, hath he not rather forged a fresh chain?
I look for the nations, whose hopes he hath brightened,
The truths he hath garnered, the lies he hath slain.
To the plentiful harvest of shams diplomatic,
He hath added, in Naples, but one sham the more;
And the dark cloud that looms o'er the sad Adriatic,
Thanks to him looks more broad and more black than before.

"If I turn to the head of account marked 'Great Britain,'
I but find shameful record of fraud and of crime,
In ink red as blood, each foul entry is written;
Or reeks from the page as with poisonous slime.
How pause on a leaf, where I find DOVE and PALMER,
SADLEIR, ROBSON, and REDPATH, and CAM'RON enroll'd—
Where I read 'England's' protest, while donning its armour
To defend from the spoiler its life and its gold.

"Speak out, 'Fifty-Six, and show cause, if thou hast one,
Why thy name in the Black-book of Time should not stand."
"Please your Honour," quoth old 'Fifty-Six, "ere you cast one
Into limbo, a ref'rence to March I demand.
There your Honour will see, that how scanty soever
My assets of realised good may appear;
In one point at least success crowned my endeavour,
*For that I am the twelvemonths which muzzled the Bear.*

"That achievement, I humbly submit, should o'erbalance
What of wrong in the old world I've borne with, or done;
And as for the new world—this reign of BUCHANAN'S,
I own I'm ashamed of, before 'tis begun.
But here, too, I've got a per contra, as set-off,
In the submarine telegraph *I* have seen planned,
Which from this side and that, peccant humours shall let off,
And link JOHN and JONATHAN, fast, heart and hand."

## "THE RESOLUTE."

WELL, we have been invaded by JONATHAN, and all of us Englishers taken prisoners. CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN and his jovial, gallant crew, have carried away the best parts of the Britishers—their hearts. We have struck to the generosity of the Stars and Stripes, and only pant with a feeling to avenge ourselves by the best and greatest act of gratitude that destiny may yet have in store for us. The *Resolute*, a waif and stray amidst mountainous icebergs, rubbed and barked, and a little, and not a little nipped, was picked up by American hands, carried into an American port, and forthwith docked in an America dock, to be returned by son JONATHAN to daddy JOHN, as spick and span as when she first turned her bows from her English home for Arctic seas. There was fine music going on whilst the *Resolute* lay in that American dock. Every blow of the shipwright's hammer struck a note of lasting peace between the two countries. *Yankee Doodle* and *God Save the Queen* were sounded by that harmonious iron. It would take very many of the brassy tongues of the MITCHELLS and the MEAGHERS—Irishmen melodiously raucous with the wrongs of "the first flower" and "the first gem"—to drown the recollection of those sweet sounds in the memory of Englishmen. CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN, in his manly, sailor-like speech—with the smack of the true salt in it—hoped that the old timbers of the *Resolute* would float for many a day. Sure we are that they will float with a still enduring strength, none the worse but all the better, for the bit of timber grown on the soil of America, that may here and there be found in her English carcase. Sweet, and especially fragrant the pitch that newly caulked her—pitch tapped from American pines.

CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN has departed, and is now on the Atlantic. Our regret is that he could not have been brought face to face with all England; that every Englishman could not have had a grip of his sailor-hand. This was not to be, but—we give the hint to the Lords of the Admiralty—why not, as a further perpetuation of the memory of the gallant fellow's mission, why not christen the next English ship launched —*The Hartstein?* Further, we know not whether we would not lengthen the name of *The Resolute* into *The Resolute Jonathan*; or, we are not particular, to *The Jonathan Resolute*. In these suggestions *Punch* has done his duty: let the Lords of the Admiralty imitate *Punch*.

## AUSTRIA'S EAGLE AND GOOSE.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA proposes to beatify Milan by arriving in that city on the 9th January, and, in order that the enthusiasm of the Milanese towards their foreign monarch may not be wanting in outward expression, a loyal demonstration of a peculiar kind is to be made at the theatre. The *Times'* Paris Correspondent says that:—

"Orders have been given to the performers at the theatre of La Scala to prepare to play VERDI's opera of *Ernani*, and to substitute for the words '*A Carlomagno sia gloria e onor*,' the words '*A Francisco Guiseppe sia gloria e onor*.' The verse will be destroyed by the change, but the Austrian authorities are no strict observers of the rules of Italian poetry."

This violation of prosody will only increase the aversion of Italians to Austrian measures. A more dangerous expression of sham loyalty could hardly have been ventured on in a playhouse; where the audience are privileged to express their disapprobation if they please; that is, are displeased with anything done, said, or sung on the stage. The above-quoted infraction of metre is a certain goosetrap, though a trap set to catch the opposite of goose. The barbarous line will be inevitably hissed, and FRANCISCO GUISEPPE will be placed in the unpleasant predicament of doubt as to whether the hisses are intended for the sentiment, or the solecism, or both, of the clumsy compliment which he will receive from unwilling sycophants, at the dictation of asinine flunkeys.

### A New Year's Gift to Louis Napoleon.

IT is said that a New Year's Gift, of the simplest kind, found its way to the Tuileries on New Year's Day directed to the EMPEROR. It was no other than an apple pierced with an arrow; the arrow inscribed *From the Land of* WILLIAM TELL *to the late exile*, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

# THE PRUSSIAN DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

## LORD PALMERSTON AT SOUTHAMPTON.

LORD PALMERSTON complains that his confidence has been betrayed by Mr. LANKESTER, an outspeaking burgess of Southampton. His lordship in the course of an airy chat ventured to express his doubt of the scholastic fitness of MR. ANDREWS to represent Southampton; but his lordship in no way intended his opinion to be published in the borough. Of course, however, LORD PALMERSTON is not the man to flinch from anything he has uttered: quite otherwise, he stands to it; and further, will display his constitutional courage by a further vindication of his views. To this end it is said that LORD PALMERSTON has resolved to decline the support of any member who improperly drops or exalts his H's when speaking of the Onorable Ouse, or of any Hact or Hacts of Parliament. This rigour will somewhat lessen the noble lord's customary majorities; but this difficulty he is prepared to meet. Further, we understand that, in future, all members of Parliament before being invited to LADY PALMERSTON'S will have to undergo an examination that shall test their knowledge of all the historical arcana of the *beau monde*. We give a few of the questions as they have oozed out from the committee at Almack's—only a few.

State the origin of May Fair, and name the countess who fell in love with the rope-dancer.

How many gold frogs were worn by the Prince Regent on his frock-coat, and what was the value of every frog?

Was BEAU BRUMMELL vaccinated?

At what date did hoops disappear from Ranelagh; and when amongst ladies of distinction did little black footboys go out?

Can you detect paste from diamonds, and by what means, and at what distance?

What are your armorial bearings, and how did you obtain them?

Do you, or do you not, believe that SIR FRANCIS BURDETT was justly sent to the Tower; and do you, or do you not, believe that the interests of really good society would have been greatly benefited if HORNE TOOKE had been hanged?

We believe MR. ANDREWS of Southampton to be a very worthy man, but we much fear that, even if elected for that borough, he will scarcely be able to pass the examination necessary to admit him to LADY PALMERSTON'S parties.

## STARVATION OF LOYAL MINDS.

THE *Court Circular* is very niggardly of the information with which it supplies HER MAJESTY'S subjects respecting the personal and private acts of HER MAJESTY and her illustrious CONSORT. For instance, one day last week, the whole of the intelligence, not merely public, relative to the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, was comprised in the two following scraps—highly interesting and important, to be sure, but still two only:—

"The QUEEN walked in the grounds adjoining the Castle this morning.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, with the PRINCE OF WALES, the PRINCE OF LEININGEN, and PRINCE EDWARD OF LEININGEN, skated on the ice in the Home Park."

Who can doubt that HER MAJESTY did a great many things of full as much, if not more consequence, than walking in the grounds adjoining Windsor Castle on the day in question? The QUEEN drank at breakfast either tea or coffee, or chocolate, or cocoa, or something else—but we are not informed which, or what. HER MAJESTY, of course, exercised her mind as well as her body—why are we not told what books, papers, or periodicals, she honoured with her perusal? The omission is not only most important, but perhaps unjust, for it may have withheld from publicity an enviable distinction very probably conferred upon *Punch*.

Why should the public appetite for knowledge concerning the acts of PRINCE ALBERT be stinted to the information that His Royal Highness skated with certain other Princes on the ice in the Home Park? It is as likely as not that the Prince spent some portion of the day in designing a military frock and trousers, or a new cap for the infantry, or an art-helmet for the cavalry. After skating on the ice he doubtless felt hungry; but a loyal people is not even acquainted whether he returned to the Castle to lunch or to dine, or partook of refreshment on the spot. The illustrious Prince may possibly have indulged in a cigar in the course of the day, but what the fact was, in this momentous particular, is left to conjecture. It is not impossible that the Prince honoured MORPHEUS by taking a nap at some time between breakfast and bed; but then to be sure we cannot expect the *Court Circular* to say that PRINCE ALBERT was caught napping.

## "SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

(*Being some Hints on Prison Discipline, addressed to Mr. Punch by an old Ticket-of-Leaver.*)

"'ONERED SIR,

"I DO think there never was sich times for offendurs, setten 'em up with hevery body a ritin about 'em, and all in a pukker, some adwokatin o the gallus, wich *that* wont do it, you may take your davy, wotever a London scoundrel may say, and some a torkin out for Botny bay agin, wich taint so hesy as it looks to find fokes as will be glad to take our bad uns off our ands and no questshuns axed, and suppose you tries it on with South Hostralia and Carpentaria, well jest you wate some three yeres, wen South Hostralia 'ave took as many convicts as she wants, and Carpentary's grown sich an Ell upon Erth that you've ad to do away with it as you ad with Norfolk Island; well then all the fat 'ill be in the fire and you'll ave to face the facks arter all and fined owt 'ow to dele with yur prigs at 'ome, depend on it. Better face the facks at wunce, *Mr. Punch*, that's wot I say, and insted of callin out for transportashun, see wether we cant fit the best part of our prigs—them as aint too bad for anythink but prisun—for emigrashun, and as for the wust, wy, if they must be shut up, I'll be bound there's islands enuff a deal nearer than Hostralia, and ferther off the diggins, and hesier to keep 'em tight, and cheaper to feed 'em.

"As I've been a sayin' all along, wurk is the wun thing prigs 'ates, and vunce you teche a cove there aint nothink for 'im but wurk, and find wurk for 'im, and cum down on 'im sharp if 'e wont wurk, then you've dun the best you can for the prigs as you *can* do anythink with. The young uns as you can ketch afore they've got it werry bad, you may manage with your skools, and then you've left on 'and the rele 'ardened hout-an-hout jale-birds, and that sort. Wen wunce you've got 'em, you'd better keep 'em, as chepe as you can, and as safe as you can, and git wot wurk you can out on 'em, and at hany rate make 'em kepe thimselves. And this brings me to the pint I promised to tuch upon in my last, about the competishun with free labur. Now wot I say is this 'ere—spose a chap's been tort a trade and sticks to it, he competes I spose with uthers in that ere trade, and nobody says nuffin agin that. But spose he takes to priggin, and you ketches 'im, and shuts 'im up, and sez, 'Now, you've a trade, my man, and you shall wurk at that trade in quod, as you wouldn't wurk at it out o quod," ow does that there man compete more with free labur than he'd a' done if he'd a bin an onest workman, and stuck to 'is trade? Woodn't that a' been the best thing he could a' done? And wy shouldn't guv'ment *make* 'im do the best thing agin 'is own will, if so be he wont do it 'isself? Ow is fifty prigs a wurkin at shoomaking for guv'ment, competin more with free labur than the same fifty shoomakers, turned 'onest, and wurkin' in a East-end 'olesale shoo-facktory, under a guv'ment contract? That's wot I wants to no, *Mr. Punch*, and that's wot I've axed hover and hover agin, wen peple torks to me abowt jale-labur competin with free labur, and it's a pint I never could get no satisfackshun in. Is the navvies wus off, a cos o' the prigs guv'ment kepes at work on the Portland brakewater?

"And, if so be, prigs must be kep out o mischefe, and can be made to pay for their kepe, and guv'ment has its soldiers, and its peelers and its sailers to clothe, and find in shoes, and all that 'ere, and if, for them as aint used to sich work as talorin and shoomakin, there's carpenters' work to do in prisuns, and rivers to imbank and thames marshes to drane and London to sooer, and arbors o' refuge to bild, and sich; well then, I say, *Mr. Punch*, use your prigs to do it, and make 'em pay for their bub and grub and lodgin and washin, and restore the walley o wot they've prigged into the bargin, and dont trete em all alike, mind. And wen there tyme's up don't send a feller naked out o' quod, into the wurld agin, without a rag of karacter to is back, and is old pals a waitin for 'im at the jug-door; but 'ave a sort of a betwix and betwen-term, wen he wouldn't be quite a prisuner, nor yet qwite a free man, but 'nd be tried with a taste o' liberty, and a touch o' temtation now and then, and ave some of his own arnins to do as he liked with, and,

in short, *Mr. Punch*, 'ave a sort o' bridge bilded for 'im out o quod back agin into 'onesty. I've eerd from an Irish friend o' mine, wich he was wunce a prig, but is now as onest a man as I am, as 'ow MISTER CROFTON, the direktor of conwicks in Ireland 'ave tried on somethink like wot I've deskribed, and as 'ow he finds it anser, and so I say it will if anythink hever will, and that you may depend on—

"So no more on this ere "From yur umbel sarvunt

"JAMES DARBY."

## A CHANCE OF AN OLD MASTER.

WILL it be believed, by anybody who does not happen to know, that the following advertisement has actually appeared in the leading journal?

PAOLO VERONESE.—An ORIGINAL PICTURE, by this great Artist. Price 1,000 guineas. Can be seen at the offices of ——, Trafalgar Place East, Hackney Road, London.

Here is positively an alleged PAOLO VERONESE going, as we may say, a-begging—at least, offered for the mere song of a thousand guineas—and the authorities of the National Gallery do not jump at it! Therefore we shall not be astonished if the PAOLO VERONESE, so called, should turn out to be genuine.

### Rather an Expensive Message.

WILL the Submarine Telegraph Company that is about to rule the waves all the way from England to America, charge the President for the transmission of his Message nothing more than the usual rate charged for ordinary messages? or will the bill be made out at so much a line, or so much a column, or so much a story, or so much a sheet? The President will have to be especially careful about what he says for the future, for he will find that there is nothing like a Telegraph Office for testing the value of words!

## TICKETS-OF-LEAVE TO RIDE.

THE new General Omnibus Company are issuing notes of their own, which you are to buy at their office, and with which you may pay the conductor for your ride. The chief utility of this new currency will lie in its baffling the wickedness of the boy whom you send on a message, and who, if you give him sixpence to expedite his journey by riding, of course spends the money in tarts, and tarries twice as long as if you had sent him empty-handed. Several questions of law, however, will arise upon these notes. If the omnibus breaks down, is that to be equivalent to a bank breaking, and must you go to the courts of Bankruptcy and Chancery to recover your threepence, or may you instantly take the conductor in execution? Are you entitled to discount if, irritated beyond bearing at the sluggish pace of some of the Company's omnibuses, you jump out and take a cab? Is there any law to restrain the playfulness of the omnibus officials, and will the driver be forbidden to inquire of the conductor, "What 's inside, BILL, Rags or Browns?" meaning to ascertain whether the travellers pay in notes or coin. Can the conductor insist on your stopping in the mud, and writing your name and address on the back of your note? How will you ever convince old women, inside, that a washing-bill, or a turnpike ticket, or any other bit of paper that they may have in their pockets is not as good as the Note, drat the feller's impereence? But, finally, and this is important, if two passengers wish to get in when there is only room for one, will not the conductor favour the one who proffers coin, the Company having already got the other party's money? Such are the complicated dangers of disturbing the currency; and even in the case of an omnibus, there are wheels within wheels.

### Perfection of Hospitality.

IT is now the custom, in the best circles, when invitations are issued for Juvenile Parties, to enclose, with each note, a pretty little perfumed packet, directed "Mamma." Nothing more is seen of it until the day after the party, when the contents are exhibited in a little syrup or marmalade, and the Family Apothecary is defrauded of a fee. All juvenile-party givers should conform to this practice—evidently a relic of the court of *Pie-Poudre*.

### A Witty Reply of a London Manager.

A BEAUTIFUL lady called upon a certain Manager for some tickets to see his pantomime. "Excuse me, my dear Madam," smilingly replied our second SHERIDAN, "when you reach home, you will find your wishes have been *forestalled*." True enough—on her malachite table there was a managerial letter, and inside it Four Stalls! Nothing could be prettier.

## JOHN CHINAMAN.

THE STUBBORN mule old YEH was born,
The Foreign Devils he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to the plan
Of China for JOHN CHINAMAN.—
Sing YEH, my deep JOHN CHINAMAN;
Sing YEO, my 'cute JOHN CHINAMAN;
Let the outer barbarians get as they can
The silk and the tea of JOHN CHINAMAN.

With his long tail twisted in many a plait,
And his Mandarin's button upon his hat
The heart of BOWRING he did trepan—
My solemn, smug JOHN CHINAMAN!
Sing YEH, my smooth JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my sly JOHN CHINAMAN,
Where such honours are paid to the lit'rary man,
That SIR JOHN wished himself born a Chinaman?

He puffed their language, he puffed their schools,
Their civil-service-promotion rules;
He puffed their proverbs and their swampan;—
Who so witty or so wise as JOHN CHINAMAN?
Sing YEH, my proud JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my prim JOHN CHINAMAN,
Little fancied BOWRING he'd be the man
To bombard his friend, JOHN CHINAMAN!

Though the Government through each place be won
By competitive exam-in-a-ti-on,
Yet in the right place he don't get the right man,
Judging by the results to JOHN CHINAMAN.
Sing YEH, my bullied JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my bombarded Chinaman;
You'd better get rid, as fast as you can,
Of COMMISSIONER YEH, JOHN CHINAMAN!

## SPORTS IN HIGH LIFE.

WE have heard of a wager of six new bonnets, made by LADY CAROLINE B. with the DOWAGER DUCHESS EVANGELINE C., that she would run away with the Dwarf that is at present exhibiting in Regent Street. Accordingly, on Tuesday last, the little fellow was missing from his usual platform for a full half-hour. The greatest consternation prevailed in the neighbourhood. Young ladies went into hysterics, and tore their cambric pocket-handkerchiefs into pieces. It was eventually ascertained that LADY CAROLINE B., attired in the utmost breadth of the fashion, had visited the Exhibition that day, and upon inquiry, it was clearly proved that the Dwarf had been forcibly abducted by Her Ladyship, without any one in the least perceiving the embezzlement, and afterwards shown to her friends in her magnificent drawing-room in Belgrave Square. How the abduction was so quietly managed no one is aware; but it is supposed that Her Ladyship contrived to secrete the Dwarf in one of the folds of her capacious costume, and succeeded in carrying him down to her carriage before his absence was observed.

Precautions have been taken to prevent a similar catastrophe occurring again. A female searcher from the Custom House has been stationed at the door, and all ladies suspected of smuggling the Dwarf will have their dresses rigidly examined before they are allowed to leave the premises.

## A RIVAL TO SPURGEON.

A MR. GUINNESS has been started in Devonshire as a rival to MR. SPURGEON. His admirers say, "he has a voice quite as powerful as MR. SPURGEON'S." What say the combatants in *Bombastes Furioso?*—

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
A horrid lion give a horrid roar!"
"So have *I* heard on Afric's burning shore,
Another lion give another roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

We wonder what MR. SPURGEON thinks of MR. GUINNESS?

### Flippancy in a Tenant.

*Landlord.* Good morning, MR. JONES. Fine day, Sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for the quarter's rent.

*Tenant.* Rent. O, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter-day, MR. BROWN. By the way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?

*Landlord.* New house, you know, Sir. Must have time to settle.

*Tenant.* And so must I, MR. BROWN. Good morning.

[*Exit Landlord, unpaid, but unconvinced.*

### Christmas at Esher.

THE QUEEN as usual sent a magnificent piece of Christmas beef to the ex-royal family at Esher. Is PRINCE JOINVILLE still tarrying there? If so, with a full recollection of his gracious pamphlet in which, upon paper, he had invaded the Thames, and burnt the shipping in the Pool, he might wash down the royal beef with the "Port of London."

## THE EXCLUSIVE OF BICKLEIGH VALE.

THE Bill for the admission of the Jews into Parliament, annually voted by the Commons and rejected by the Upper House, will, this year, at length, in all probability, be agreed to by the Noble Lords. If otherwise, their Lordships' House is not what it is generally taken for.

There is, near Plymouth, a certain pleasant valley which has hitherto been denominated Bickleigh Vale, but the name whereof is now likely to undergo an alteration. Some propose to call it Duke's Place, for a twofold reason; namely, because it has been engrossed and appropriated by a person who, although a mere baronet, has, in that proceeding, assimilated himself to certain Scotch Dukes; and also because the baronet in question may be regarded as one of the Duke's Place aristocracy. Others are of opinion that it might be more correctly termed Houndsditch for a reason of a threefold nature; inasmuch as Houndsditch and Duke's Place in London are localities alike peculiar, whilst the narrowest part of Bickleigh Vale is actually guarded by several ferocious dogs, and, in the opinion of many, the man that would deprive his neighbours of their customary passage through his domain is justly denominated a hound.

Now the baronet who has appropriated and engrossed Bickleigh Vale, may, to render our argument the clearer, be called SIR MOSES LEVI. He is, in fact, SIR MOSES LEVI as regards that argument. SIR MOSES has, according to the *Plymouth Journal*, closed Bickleigh Vale by protecting its entrance with a locked gate and a pugilistic gamekeeper; besides the savage dogs abovementioned, which he has placed within it. SIR MOSES LEVI, by the account of our Plymouth contemporary, has also closed several paths, called church-paths, one of which shortens the footway by two miles.

Whether SIR MOSES LEVI has been won over to bacon, or continues to repudiate ham-sandwich, we do not know. It is pretty clear that he is no Christian. Even if we are to take MOSES, in his case, as a Christian name, his closure of Bickleigh Vale, and the paths through his other property, will plead irresistibly for the Jews in the House of Lords. It will appear to that exclusive assembly a signal example of the kindred exclusiveness which has been supposed to be inherent in the Israelitish character. A fellow feeling will make the majority of the Peers wondrous kind to the descendants of JACOB. The Scotch Dukes, in particular, will be zealous in proclaiming their adhesion to Hebrew Emancipation. Should SIR MOSES LEVI ever be created a Peer of the realm by the title of BARON BICKLEIGH, or EARL OF HOUNDSDITCH, the Dukes and all the rest of the noble Lords will receive him with open arms.

In the meantime the boys are shouting "Old Close!" after SIR MOSES, with obvious reference to his closure of Bickleigh Vale; for which act, a Committee, appointed to consider the encroachments of SIR MOSES on the public rights, has reported that, by the advice of MR. COLLIER, Q.C., an indictment had better be preferred against SIR MOSES LEVI. It is not at all improbable that the inhabitants of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse will subscribe abundant funds for the prosecution of SIR MOSES for a nuisance, if that injury can be called a mere nuisance which consists in depriving the inhabitants of three towns of a large portion of their "lungs."

## THE CANDIDATE VOR EARLY CLOZUN.

WHEN I begun a Workman, I wun't zay in what shire,
Chaps had to work vrom marn to night all week days droo the year,
Till I grow'd up a Master, the truth is what you hear,
And I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

What I and my companions in this here move intends,
Is to make the workun men take whoam what now in drink they spends,
Which leads to poverty and crime, the fruits o' gin and beer.
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

The Early Clozun Movement we also wants to speed,
And if there was but moor on us we should very zoon succeed,
To shut up shops o' Zaturday night the zoonest way's this here,
Zo I thinks it right on a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

I gies em Zaturday evenun their leizure to enjoy,
And moor than that I cood afford to all in my employ,
If moor o' my feller Masters cood to what I zays give ear.
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

Success to Early Clozun, and all enlightun'd views,
And if a representative you be in doubt to choose,
Choose him whose liberal principles does in his acts appear,
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

### The Mistletoe Bough.

TWENTY tons of mistletoe were gathered in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, and sent to various markets. Twenty tons of mistletoe! Let us hope that the supply of lips was fully equal to the demand.

OLD MR. WIGGLES TRIES HIS NEW SEWING MACHINE, AND FINDS HIS GARMENTS THROW OUT BUTTONS IN A VERY INDISCRIMINATE MANNER.

## A BOARD ON ITS BEAM ENDS.

THE local Board of Health at Rotherham, in the West Riding, has been labouring with more zeal than discretion in their sanitary operations, having spent upwards of £40,000, incurred debts, become insolvent, and had their works seized by their creditors, on whose mere will and pleasure now depends the water supply, and nearly all the drainage of the town. The venturous energy of the board, as originally constituted, may be estimated from the following statement:—

"The execution of the works was pressed on with vigour, and the Board required that private property should be simultaneously drained into the public sewers. They were, indeed, so urgent on this latter point, that they undertook to execute the private drainage through their own contractors for a very small per-centage above the actual cost."

This readiness to sacrifice themselves and their own contractors for the public weal redounds greatly to the credit of the Rotherham Board of Health; but how the contractors relished the idea of being made use of as the channels through which the drainage was to be accomplished, may admit of doubt. If the contractors meant were Indian-rubber tubes, that alters the matter, and also the marvel of their application to the specified purpose. To these remarks we would add the suggestion, that if the Rotherham Board of Health has been going too fast with the drainage of their town, the error is less culpable and less common than going too slow.

### A very Ill Weed.

IT seems that if you desire to smoke—who does not?—in a railway carriage in the north of England, the only answer you need make to remonstrance is, "I'm a Bowton Bleacher." Porters, Guards, Station Masters, and all other officials recoil at this announcement. A Bolton Bleacher understands nothing, listens to nothing, and does as he pleases. Could anybody oblige us with a similar pass-word for the South? We think, in compliment especially to LORD HASTINGS, of trying "I'm a Country Justice."

## WHO IS TO STAND IT?

THE *Times* opened the new year with an eloquent sermon on the hollowness of outside show, with a pathetic appeal to the latent love of truth and simplicity lurking, haply, in the British bosom. Let us—cried our monitors—no longer be impostors to one another and to ourselves. Let us appear in our naked truthfulness, and be not ashamed! Let not £500 per annum puff, and strain and swell to seem as big as £1000, and burst in the endeavour. Let us live life as a daily truth, and not dress it up in flaunting fiction. The homily, the exhortation was very noble. Well, will the women begin? Will they reform their milliners' bills—will they collapse to something like the tangible dimensions of "femininitie?" Seriously, they owe us something. Seeing that all future milliners were even in the pips of that apple, seeing that when Adam first put his teeth into that tremendous pippin, he let loose upon futurity clouds of milliners—flocks of tailors, flocks more multitudinous than flocks of northern wild geese—the women ought to begin the work of retrenchment, and further ought to subside into the span of a fair armfull.

Yet how is it with them? How is it with the delicate creatures at this present opening of 1857? A woman is hooped with iron like a beer-butt; being at the same time of thrice the circumference. When she has not outer supplementary ribs of steel, there are the osseous remains of leviathan weltering in many a rood of surrounding whalebone. And then to read the monthly manifesto issued to women—to Englishwomen—from imperial France; and to reflect upon the haste, the ardour with which they hurry to obey the edict! We are invaded by the needles of French milliners, and again we ask, on the part of husbands and fathers,—who *is* to stand it?

Let us glance at the *affiche* posted up in Vanity Fair for January. Even as the Chinamen peruse the imperial edict, we read and tremble. First, we are told that—"The casaque-jupe is still the most fashionable style." That is, the process of inflation still continues; and feminine balloons are still up in the world. We come to shawls, about which the daughters of EVE—think of *Eve at the Fountain*, and EVE, a daughter of EVE, in a casaque-jupe, with circumvallations of steel and whalebone about Paradise—are all of them amiably mad.

"The *furor* of the present season is the long double shawls, *in stripes of bright contrasting colours, with black or gold borders*, and deep fringe the colour of the ground."

Here is a shawl, or pall, to hide a multitude of vanities; a shawl, in fact, crying loud, and fitly heralding a DALILAH; but surely not a shawl for our own gentle, timid MARY ANNE; nevertheless, MARY ANNE will do her best, that she may obey the manifesto, and don the stripes!

The new *sortie de bal* is enough to make even the sixpences shake in the husband's pocket.

"We cite one of white cachmere, entirely covered with embroidery of floss silk, in China rose, blue, and black, *mixed with gold and silver*—the design and mixture of colour displaying great novelty and elegance. A fringe of the same colours, *spotted with gold and silver*, surrounded this graceful cloak, which was made in large plaits, forming sleeves, and descending in points in front. A small high collar, slightly turned back, and fastened at the throat *with two large gold buttons*, from which hung two long tassels of *silk and gold*, completed this elegant pardessus."

Is not this a *sortie de bal* for QUEEN SHEBA, with the mines of Ophir for her pin-money? Nevertheless, MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES, and MRS. ROBINSON will have a good womanly struggle to achieve something like a *sortie*. If the real gold be not obtainable, they must try pinchbeck.

We end with the mantle—a mantle "trimmed with a rich medallion fringe:" a mantle only to be worn by CLEOPATRA, with a regal monopoly of the pearl fisheries.

"Nothing can be more distingué and elegant than this embroidery, which resembles *rivers of pearls* on the rich shades of ruby, purple, sapphire blue, or emerald green. We have seen the same style of embroidery used with great effect on the flounces of moire dresses."

Rivers of pearls! Mines of diamonds will doubtless duly come in for the mantle of February. Again we ask—who *is* to stand it? Are we never again to see a compassable woman in the sweet simplicity of white muslin? A woman whose figure defies steel, and who makes no whalebones of herself?

### Tewkesbury and Glasgow.

MR. HUMPHREY BROWN is about to vacate Tewkesbury. When may Glasgow count upon the same favour at the hands of MR. MACGREGOR? Or is it that Scotland is so fond of the term "British" in preference to "English," that even a dirty tumble on a British Bank makes a Glasgow member all the sweeter for his seat?

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DISMAY OF TOOTLES AT HEARING A STRANGER COMMENCE "THE STANDARD BEARER"—A SONG WHICH HE (TOOTLES) HAS BEEN PRACTISING FOR MONTHS, WITH THE VIEW OF CREATING A SENSATION AT MRS. BLOWER'S MUSICAL EVENING.—UNFORTUNATELY, TOO, FOR TOOTLES, "THE STANDARD BEARER" IS HIS ONLY SONG!

## A TRIUMPH OF ART.

ALL our special Correspondents and Russian travellers inform us that the Neva is frozen over. Now we beg to state that it is no such thing. We have just returned from the Leicester Square Panorama, and, with our impressions of St. Petersburg still fresh upon us, can confidently assert that the Neva is flowing just as limpidly as ever. We appeal to MR. BURFORD if such is not the fact. It is true that JACK FROST, deceived by the natural appearance of the water, did try his hardest to freeze it, but was driven back by so determined a repulse that doubtlessly for the future he will keep his fingers from pinching what is evidently beyond the pale (the ice-pail, of course) of his authority.

## A HINT FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

"MR. PUNCH,—Allow me, Sir, to suggest, through your columns, a great improvement upon babies' caps. When, in our second childhood, we wear wigs, if we want them, why should not the same head-dress be adopted for early infancy? It seems to me that a baby in a wig would exhibit a diverting spectacle, calculated to allay maternal anxiety, and exhilarate the generally serious and often gloomy paterfamilias. But then, to be sure, I am only

"AN OLD FOGY.

"P.S. Powder is used about babies, I rather think—Eh? Wouldn't it be a handy and ornamental addition to the wig?"

A BREAD-AND-BUTTER TRUISM.—A Boarding School Miss is only a Butterfly in a state of Grub.—*Byron.*

## SHOP-HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE sport of shop-hunting is now so extensively pursued by our fair countrywomen, and occupies so large a share of female thought and conversation, that we are annually more and more surprised to find no notice taken of it publicly in print. Year after year, as the season for shop-hunting again approaches, we regularly ransack our sporting contemporaries in the hope of finding promises to devote a weekly corner to the records of the sport. But editors, like men in general, seem strangely selfish creatures; and although we find them furnishing no end of information on all the subjects which have interest to themselves and sportsmen generally, we never see them print a single syllable of news by means of which our sportswomen can anyhow be benefited. Through the medium of his *Bell* every fox-hunter and grouse-shooter may acquaint himself beforehand with the prospects of the season, and know exactly where the best sport is likely to be had. But the shop-hunter has no such easy means of reference, and can only gain her information by her own eyes and ears, and by those of her immediate acquaintances and friends. Indeed, considering the number of ladies who are addicted to the sport, and who would be certain to become constant readers (paying their subscription of course out of the housekeeping, under the unfathomable head of "sundries"), we think if any one would only start a female sporting paper, it would be pretty sure at once to have a fair circulation.

We would suggest for its title either *Belle's Life*, or the *Shera*, in distinction to that print which is sometimes called the *Hera*. In the meantime we shall endeavour, as we always do, to supply the want ourselves; and for the convenience of the shop-hunting sorority, we hereby pledge ourselves, with that benevolence which invariably has characterised us, to devote to them an inch or two of "valuable space" whenever it so happens that we cannot better fill it.

Although the sport is followed with more or less avidity the whole year round, the shop-hunting season may be said in London to commence at the close of the sea-side one. Every materfamilias on her return from Margate, is pretty certain to discover that she wants a hundred things for her wardrobe, and her family's; and until the hundred things are bought her only aim in life is to get them "bargains." For this she arranges a meet at a friend's house (for the shop-hunters usually hunt in couples), and proceeds with her to hunt through half the drapers' shops in London, until she manages to hunt up what she is in want of.

In the ardour of the sport the shop-hunter is rarely affected by fatigue, and after spending half the day in beating down Regent Street, will often "try back" to Bloomsbury or Holborn, unless the cry "So ho!" divert her course in that direction. Nor is she particular in confining her pursuit to any special object: any more than is the Cockney who prepares to go out partridge-shooting, and then bangs away at larks. The chace professedly of a bit of ribbon often leads to an exciting run after a new dress: and it is no uncommon thing, when she goes out on a boa-hunt, for the shop-hunter to come home exceedingly elated, at having succeeded in bagging a "perfect duck" of a new bonnet.

## PUNCH'S POT-POURRI POUR RIRE.

No woman is a beauty to her *femme-de-chambre.*

A Lawyer's carriage is only a legal conveyance—and it is the client, as often as it stops at his door, who pays for the drawing up of it.

Most Golden Calves, when thrown into the crucible of Time, turn out no better than Pigs of Lead!

Life is a Romance, of which a Coquette never tires of turning over a new leaf.

Mock no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

Be kind even in your reproofs, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with a flea in his ear.

The man who is fond of staking his reputation upon the smallest trifle, generally retires from the contest before he is called upon to deposit his stake.

Life is full of contradictions—but Woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it.

It is wrong to judge men by trifles. The man, yesterday, who kept the dinner waiting half-an-hour, keeps his mother-in-law!

### Things that it's Better to Do.

IT's better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitied with a mother-in-law than the small-pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger!!!

### SMITH O'BRIEN ON THE WAR.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has written a long letter on the war. With a full recollection of his own exploits, he should hardly have written on such a subject, unless, indeed, he had written upon cabbage-leaves.

## THE DYSPEPTIC OF THE HOME OFFICE.

MUCH concern and anxiety are felt in many quarters touching the health of SIR GEORGE GREY. Not that the HOME SECRETARY has been understood to complain of anything; but very great complaint is made of the HOME SECRETARY. SIR GEORGE GREY discharges the duties of his office in such a manner as to cause the supposition that his digestive organs are out of order. Some men are marble before dinner; wax afterwards: inexorable with an empty stomach; incapable of saying No when that organ is distended. Such men are dyspeptic subjects, and SIR GEORGE GREY exhibits evident signs of dyspepsia. One day, he turns a confirmed ruffian loose on society, or reprieves an unnatural murderess; on another, he hangs a boy of eighteen: for *qui facit per* CALCRAFT *facit per se*. At one time he is DRACO; at another BECCARIA, or even a mawkish sentimentalist. The HOME SECRETARY'S last exhibition of that eccentricity which no doubt results from derangement of the chylopoietic viscera, consisted in performing a frightfully imperfect act of justice under the ridiculous denomination of an act of mercy. He procures the QUEEN'S pardon for the poor fellow MARKHAM, convicted of forgery, and condemned to penal servitude by reason of mistaken identity.

In the meantime MARKHAM has been ruined and his wife and children have been well nigh starved. SIR GEORGE GREY would seem to think that the QUEEN'S pardon will sufficiently compensate MARKHAM for the horrible misery and affliction to which he and his have been subjected by the blunder of one of the QUEEN'S assize-courts. This is one of those hallucinations which often attend disorder of the liver in particular. It is usually removable by blue-pill: of which preparation SIR GEORGE GREY had better take some. He will then, perhaps, see the case of MARKHAM in its right light, and perceive that it is one of the most atrocious injustice and cruelty. Regarding it in this point of view, the idea will possibly occur to him that it would be desirable to procure for the grievously wronged MARKHAM some amends rather more satisfactory than the QUEEN'S pardon for having done nothing, and having been punished for looking like somebody else. In addition to the QUEEN'S pardon, perhaps he will procure something like an indemnification in the shape of a decent amount of the QUEEN'S coin.

### The Bonnet of the Season.

THE *Follet* for January announces as much in favour—"The Marie Antoinette Bonnet." We presume this is a bonnet to be worn when the lady has entirely lost her head.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN'S TOLERATION.—Let us all learn to respect each other's convictions.

## THE SONG OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN,

*As received with boundless applause by the Harmonic House-breakers, at the Thieves' Kitchen Chaunting Club, Ruffian's Rents.*

AIR—"*O, 'tis I'm a Gipsy King!*"

O, 'TIS I has a ticket o' leave,
And where is the prig more free?
I'm at liberty now to thieve,
And the crushers can't meddle with me.
Tho' my sentence were Fourteen Year,
Scarce a couple in quod I had bin,
When the Chapling ses he, there 's no fear
Of the penitent sinnin' agin.
So they guv me a ticket o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, pals, I 'd a ticket o' leave.

The dodge on it 's simple enough,
If you 've got a good mem-o-ry,
And 'll larn a few collecks and stuff,
Yer 'll be let off as heasy as me.
Jist turn up the whites of your eyes,
Give a sanctified twist to your mug,
And the Parsin vith texts if you plies,
He 'll soon make you free of the jug.
For he 'll git yer a tickit o' leave, ha! ha!
(*Spoken.*) Yes, he 'll say as how for your good conduck,
(*Sings.*) You 're desarvin' a ticket o' leave!

So, pals, here you 'll find as I'm fly,
For the lay as 'll best stand the shot,
Crib-cracking, or faking the cly,
Or tipping a taste o' garotte.
But ere leavin' this here festive scene,
For a toast your attention I 'd claim,
'Ere 's a 'ealth to them Chaplings so green,
And success to our gammonin' game!
Which it wins us our tickets o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, it gits us our tickets o' leave!

## TOBACCO-STOPPERS.

THE fact that nothing so much weakens an argument as exaggeration seems to have been overlooked completely by the speakers at a recent public meeting, where, according to the *Daily News*:—

"The baffled efforts of the various institutions which have for their object the elevation of the masses were traced to the prevalence of the habit of smoking; and it was contended that all the efforts which philanthropists can devise cannot by any possibility stem the current of drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration which everywhere abounds, while the people of this country spend £8,000,000 a-year for tobacco."

"Drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration!" This is rather a whole-hog *sequitur* to the use of pigtail. We should think the orators must have studied the *Rejected Addresses*, and taken their line of argument from the lines—

"Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

According to such reasoners, every social evil is a branch from the pipe stem: and we may next expect to hear that the dirty state of the Thames has been traced to the filthy habit of tobacco-smoking, as well, very likely, as the double Income-Tax.

At the same meeting, too, a letter was produced from a certain DR. HODGKIN, who stated his opinion that:—

"The use of tobacco is a violation of the courtesy of a Christian, and the good manners of a gentleman. Let it be stigmatised as a vice, and placed, as it ought to be, under the observation of the police."

DR. HODGKIN'S blow reminds us of KING JAMES'S *Counterblast*: and indeed we can imagine that had policemen been invented in KING JAMES'S time, that sapient monarch would have used them to put his subjects' pipes out. But we apprehend that now-a-days were a MAYNE law introduced at Scotland Yard to the effect suggested, it would be a puzzle to SIR RICHARD to prevent its being a dead letter. Indeed we doubt if there be any one policeman in the force who would submit to be made a Tobacco-stopper.

We have every wish to commend any attempt that may be made to purify the moral atmosphere of the country, but we do not think that the prevention of Tobacco-smoke would do so much towards it as those who take a merely bird's-eye view of such things may be led to state. There are other clouds which darken more than those from clay or meerschaum; and we regret that DR. HODGKIN, and his co-Tobacco-stoppers, should not show their zeal in clearing these away, instead of wasting it on that which they seem now so smoking hot against.

## THE SERVANT'S WARNING.

I AM married to a wretch who beats and kicks me like a brute,
So that I 'm all over bruises on my skin from head to foot.
Both my eyes is black, you see, my nose is flattened to my face.
Oh, that I was still a servant, and had never left my place!

There I used to have my wittles reg'lar, vegetables, meat,
Bread-and-butter, bread-and-cheese, as much as ever I could eat.
Tea, and toast, and milk, and sugar, plenty; lots of table-beer;
What besides can any woman want? What fools we are, oh dear!

Now I'm that reduced by want my bones is nearly through my skin,
'Cause my drunken husband spends my due maintainance on his gin.
Then, wherein, if I was minded, I might feed until I bust,
Now my meals is many a day a drop of water and a crust.

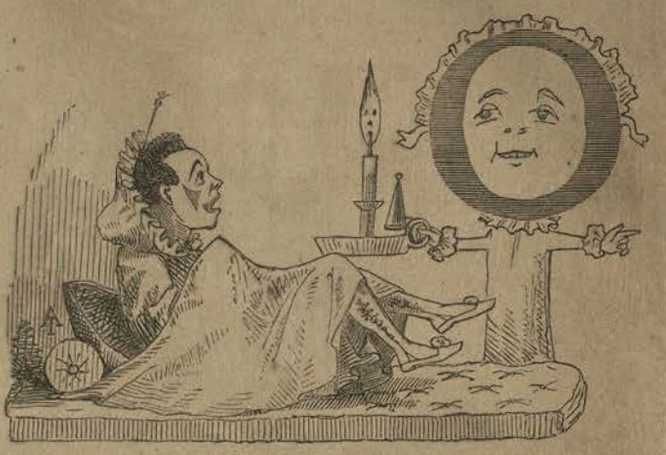
Makin' beds and washin' tea-things, plates, and dishes, then I thought
Overwork and too hard labour; more to do than servants ought.
Which I often of my Missus used to grumble and complain,
Now I sees how much more wiser 'twou'd have been for to remain.

Harder my oncertain livin' now I finds it is to earn
By my washin' and a mangle, often nobody to turn.
Then a little extra cookin' slavery I used to call;
Now I slaves and glad enough of anythink to cook at all.

How much trouble then I thought it sometimes havin' to attend
To the children, such as dress 'em, or put on their things, or mend!
Little did I think to be with half-a-dozen of my own,
Not a mortial soul to help me, doin for 'em all alone.

What a stupe I was to listen to a suitior's flatterin' tales!
Which an appy ome has cost me, ausome wages, keep, and vails;
Missus she was right in sayin', "You 'll repent your bargin, HANN."
Spite of which I went and did it—marryin the baker's man.

By my fate all maids take warnin', which I mean don't warnin' give,
In a hurry for to marry, comfortable where you live,
Far the wust of all bed-makin'—now you mark the words I say—
Is the sort of bed that I made, and on which I've got to lay.



## A MINISTER'S LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I'M sure you 're all bricks, regular bricks, I may say, and I can see it in your good-looking faces. So here goes, without further palaver, or what MR. BOB LOWE tells me they call in Australia, yabber-yabber. You want to know something about Russia? Very good, I 'm the boy to tell it you. But what the deuce do you want to know about Russia? That 's the point. If it 's much, you won't get it from me; for I ask you, in the name of all that 's reasonable, how could I learn much about it? You shall have all I know, and that 's the best I can do for you. Is it a bargain, or will you sky a copper whether I shall go on or shut up? I 'm to go on? Then, on we goes, and OLD NICK take the hindmost.

I went to Russia with LORD GRANVILLE, and a very good fellow he is. I was sent because it was wished that members of the highest classes only should appear at Moscow as the representatives of this country. Well, you know, we spent a lot of tin, and astonished the natives a little, I flatter myself. But, Lord bless you, call Russia a country! That old humbug, NAPIER, ought to have cut her up, root and branch, smashed her tee-totally; yes, I assure you, if he had done his duty, he would utterly have flabberghasted her. Bless my soul, a country! Why, I've seen a good many countries, and ought to know something about foreign affairs, but the likes of Russia I never did see. What do you think? Their language is so ridiculous that all decent people are ashamed of it, and talk French instead. What 's a nation without a language? Ought she to have a voice in the European family? Blow me tight, if she ought. What do you say? Well then, again, look at her capital, St. Petersburg. It may well be called a capital, for there 's precious little interest about it. Ah! you don't see that joke? Never mind, you 'll see the next. St. Petersburg stands on the Neva, and I *nee*ver did see such a place. Is that better? Bravo! On we goes again.

I am bound to say that I have seldom beheld such a lot of Guys as came to the coronation with us. Guys of all nations. From France, now, came COUNT DE MORNY; you know what they say about him, and whose relative he is, but that 's neither here nor there. A downy old bird, I can tell you, and knows how to feather his nest. He brought a lot of pictures with him, and as the Russians like the reputation of *vertu*, and know as much of art as a cow knows of a pair of candle-snuffers, I 'll take odds that our friend DE MORNY drove his pigments to a fine market. Then there was ESTERHAZY, but he 's a good chap—my Ministry is on good terms with his government just now—which fully accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut. The Sardinian cove was also all right, for the same reason. But as for the fellow from Belgium, you never in all your blessed life saw such a perverted hippopotamus. He was too proud to look down when he sneezed, for fear of seeing his shoes. And a lot of others, all highly ridiculous. There was a Turk, too, and though he was a very picturesque looking individual, it was impossible for a profound thinker to look at that man's toggery, and not feel that the nation he represented must have lost her place in the scale of nations and be on the high-road to tarnation smash.

As for Russian living, my dearly beloved bricks, I don't know what I can say to you. We had French cookery, of course, and all I know about what the common Russians eat is, that it is very beastly. Travelling is great fun in Russia, because they take anybody's horses, stick anybody on for a postilion, and kill him if he don't go fast enough for your liking. I never enjoyed travelling so much in all my life. You may like to know something about the constitution of Russia—well, she hasn't got one. The Emperor makes the laws, and the people are well licked if they don't obey them. What the laws are, I don't pretend to know, but I should say they were rum ones, judging from the look of the people. As for their religion, I fear they have none in the sense in which you and I have it, but they are always knocking their nobs on the pavement in honour of some saint or another, and they burn lamps before the images, and some sacrilegious rascals are wicked enough to drink the oil when no one is looking. Those are the principal doctrines of their faith, into which, of course, I made it my business to inquire very closely, for I think that unless a chap is religious it is all dickey with him.

Well, I don't know that I have much more to say. I bought a lot of turquoises over there. Don 't think I 'm touting to sell any of them to you; quite the reverse; I 've left them in London. As for taking out articles to Russia to sell, like DE MORNY, I wouldn't be guilty of such a meanness, making myself a mere commercial gent. By the way, that thundering old humbug NAPIER called GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE a frank and open-hearted sailor. Soft sawder. The DUKE 'S as artful a card as you 'll meet, and thinks more of francs than frankness. But NAPIER is an awful old humbug. I assure you, once more, that if he had chosen, he could have taken Cronstadt as easily as I take this pinch of snuff. He wanted no gun-boats, nor men, nor nothing, except one thing, and that was pluck. I looked at the place myself, and I know all about it. He might have taken it with six ships only, as ADMIRAL VERNON took Portobello, near Edinburgh.

I suppose I had better shut up, and I am much obliged for your attention, and I hope I have entertained as well as instructed you. It is the wish of my Ministry, I mean LORD PALMERSTON'S, that we should be as affable as possible, and that we should do all in our power to remove the conviction that he is the only Minister, and we are all puppets. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are nothing of the kind, and I trust that the moral effect of my lecture to-night will be considerable. I will now, with your polite permission, hook it. *Au reservoir!*

### Fun at St. Barnabas'.

A TERRIBLE wag of a Puseyite indulges in the following mild bit of Christmas facetiousness. He says that "The foot of St. Peter's at Rome, is the most perfect illustration of mistletoe in the world, for one of the saintly toes has been so regularly kissed away that it has mizzled *in toto*."

## A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

*Elder Sister.* "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?

*George.* "H'M!—I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE *I* GO—I DINE!"

## THE SIEGE OF GREENWICH.

THE subjoined despatches have been received from LIEUT.-GENERAL TOMNODDINGTON. They will, no doubt, be read with considerable interest.

"MY LORD, "*Greenwich, Lecture Hall, Jan. 7.*

"I TOOK up my position here last night, having made very easy approaches to the town, in no way harassed by the enemy, who, I am bound to say, has hitherto behaved with the greatest courtesy, inasmuch as he has scarcely shown himself. His position does not appear very strong. He has worked at certain zig-zags, but hitherto has made no attempt to shell-out. It is my conviction that his total inability to effect this operation will cause him very soon to evacuate the place with his cab behind him.

"My position commands the Hospital, which I can attack either by a flank-movement or by scaling the principal staircase. I have made a reconnaissance at QUATREMAIN'S (the striking similarity to Quatrebras would be thought of goodly omen by a Roman soldier), and found the position excellent. I held it with my staff for more than four hours, and then retired under rather a heavy fire of grape, in excellent order. The Whitebait Battery will be unmasked to-morrow, and I expect when duly served, will play with considerable effect upon the wavering disposition of the burgesses.

"In the course of another week, I trust to be able to have at least one other movement to report to you. For it is my unalterable resolution, in admiring imitation of a siege so recently brought to so glorious a termination, to do nothing in a hurry. As the parliamentary forces will not be disbanded before July, I have all the Spring and the Summer before me to conduct the siege, with the mingled leisure of an officer and a gentleman.

"I regret to say, that I have been compelled to put the young EARL OF BULLSEYES under arrest, for having withdrawn himself aboard his yacht, the *Saucy Sue*, during a very heavy canvas. He originally pleaded a sore throat, but there is evidence of his having sung '*Villikins and his Dinah*' in the fullest possession, such as they are, of all his faculties.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Your obedient servant,
"TOMNODDINGTON, Lieut.-Gen.

"P.S. Do you think you could enlist any of the *Punch* fellows? We are much in want of material for a few telling broadsides. Those chaps will do anything for money. Pick us up a few."

## PRO-SLAVERY POSTULATES.

AT a numerously attended meeting of Slave-owners lately held at Cowhideville, South Carolina, the following resolution was proposed by BISHOP DOLLARS, and having been seconded by the REV. EBENEZER B. STUMP, was carried unanimously:—

"Resolved, that, in the opinion of this meeting, all religion is all nonsense."

JUDGE SIXSHOT, seconded by PROFESSOR BOGUS, then proposed the further resolution:—

"Resolved, that this meeting is of opinion, that all morality is all humbug."

This resolution having also been carried by acclamation, COLONEL STRIPES proposed the ensuing:—

"Resolved, that it is the conviction of this meeting that slavery is the one thing needful."

It was seconded by MR. BUNCOMBE, and voted *nem con.*

### A Pretty Dish to Set before a King.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has been disappointed in his expectations of Italian diet. Instead of eating humble pie, the inhabitants of the districts he has lately visited have but shown him the cold shoulder.

CRIMINAL INDULGENCE.—A HINT TO THE HOME SECRETARY.

## SPIRITS BY RETAIL.

E subjoin an advertisement which is no invention of ours :—

COMMUNICATIONS with the SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON for Oracular Revelation of public fact and duty; responses tendered relative to Executive or Governmental, State or Diplomatic, National or Personal questions on affairs of moment for their more ready and appropriate solution, and the special use of official, Congressional, and editorial intelligence. Address "Washington Medium," Post Office, box 628, Washington, D.C. No letter (except for an interview) will be answered unless it encloses one dollar, and only the first five questions of any letter with but one dollar will have a reply. Number your questions and preserve copies of them.

This, *Mr. Punch* begs to repeat, is no hoax devised by any gentleman connected with him. The *Times* quotes it from an American local journal, not specifying the locality. We would suggest Gotham, U.S. The spirits who are in the habit of communicating with the Washington Medium, apparently inspire him with information on all manner of important subjects but one. They do not tell him how to make money quickly, or he would not be under the necessity of selling their supernatural wisdom by retail so petty as that of a dollar's worth at a time. It must take him a long while to extract many dollars from the pockets of even the Executive, Governmental, Diplomatic persons, statesmen, and private simpletons, who constitute the population of that Yankee Gotham, of which he appears to be one of the Wizards, or Wise Men.

## SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DESCENT ON MOSCOW!

SIR CHARLES NAPIER (friend and, as he hopes, fellow-exhibitor of SIR ROBERT PEEL) presents his compliments to all Committees, Principals, Secretaries, and that Sort of Thing, of all Saloons, Music-halls, Institutions, and So Forth, and begs to inform 'em that he is about to offer an Engagement to SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart., to join him in a Course of Entertainments, for a manly set-to atween 'em in the Metropolis of London and the Provinces generally. As difference of opinion should never separate friends, for that very reason the old sailor thinks that SIR CHARLES and SIR ROBERT should go together. Their ages may differ, but so do their abilities, and their claims upon the patronage of an Enlightened British Public. Whilst SIR ROBERT can do the tumbling, SIR CHARLES won't turn his back upon nothing rough. As in the good old times of our grandmothers there was nothing like the show of the monkey and the dromedary, so in this Card it is the humble but hearty desire of SIR C. N. to bring back the good old days of his ancestors with the helping-hand of SIR R. P. With this view as an object, SIR CHARLES NAPIER will give at once a short notice of the entertainment which himself and his gallant junior friend of the Admiralty (if he will allow him so to call him, and if he won't, it doesn't much matter) will be ready at the shortest notice, in any place, to project before the public.

### PART I.

Will open with SIR C. N. and SIR R. P. on the deck of "one of those magnificent vessels which," as SIR R. P. observes, "ploughs the ocean like Queens:" not that SIR C. N.—although a bit of a farmer—ever saw a queen at the plough in all his life. Passing Cronstadt, there will ensue a little lively patter between the parties, a song then to be sung by SIR ROBERT in the character of *Cronstadt* to the old words of—"*Take me while I'm in the humour;*" to conclude with a cutlass combat which will be supposed to land the exhibitors at St. Petersburg.

A street in St. Petersburg will introduce my gifted friend SIR ROBERT with a weather-glass under his arm. He will sit down upon the monolith—which he says is "the biggest stone in the world,"—and to show the variety of the temperature will be *friz* to it in five minutes. This accident will bring out the real friendliness of the Ruskys in the shape of an old woman with a boiling tea-kettle which will thaw SIR ROBERT afore you can cry *scaldings*.

We shall then be invited into the Winter Palace to see the Crown jewels; faithful models of which have been taken and will be carried round by SIR ROBERT on a gilt dish for the inspection of the ladies. SIR ROBERT will be prepared for any question that may or may not be put. Returning to the stage, SIR ROBERT will sing a song, in which the admiral will be playfully badgered for not having brought home the emerald from the sceptre for the sword-handle of PRINCE ALBERT. We shall then exhibit two portraits of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, on the truly British principle of hearing both sides. There will be *my* Duke, and SIR ROBERT'S Duke. Ladies may choose atween 'em. This part will conclude with a grand dinner, SIR ROBERT—like *Leporello* in *Don Giovanni*—showing how he dined at £60 a-head, and even then hadn't a belly-full. The total amount of the bill will be given in fireworks, which will conclude PART I.

### PART II.

Arrival at Moscow, we are drawn by Four Grey Horses at five-and-twenty pounds a leg to our destination. SIR ROBERT, puffing a cigar in his lively way, in the face of a policeman is all but speared like a grampus by the Peeler's three-pronged fork. Off for the fair at Nishnei, SIR ROBERT singing an entirely new song, "*If I had an Arab what wouldn't go.*" Frightful state of postilions; no saddle—no nothing. SIR ROBERT asks 'em "If they didn't wish themselves cherubims," when the coachman knocks 'em off their perch for not giving a civil answer. True British Humanity! SIR ROBERT lets fall a tear on the unfortunate, and drops 'em a rouble. SIR ROBERT shows to a discerning public "how he never enjoyed anything so much." Great discovery at Nishnei. SIR ROBERT finds "a brick" in the shape of a Governor; which he will make the subject of a lecture, a comic song, and a hornpipe. Portraits of lovely Circassians, and imminent danger of SIR ROBERT, when his friend and companion, SIR CHARLES comes to his rescue, and carries him safely off. SIR ROBERT in the character of a Tea-totaller. He buys 3,000lbs. of tea for home consumption, a general election being expected in the summer. At the grand fair of Nishnei, SIR ROBERT meets a Scotch lassie, and to the delight of the "brick" of a Governor, dances a Highland-fling with her. Splendid view of the Coronation at Moscow; with portraits, painted by SIR ROBERT. COUNT MORNY, as a picture-cleaner, and the Belgian Ambassador as a cheesemonger. The EMPRESS OF RUSSIA dishevelled, and the grand smash of her crown! The whole to conclude with fireworks that, duly going out, and succeeded by a steady electric light, will show "SIR ROBERT PEEL reposing in the lap of BRITANNIA," SIR CHARLES NAPIER, his friend and companion, on this occasion only, feeding him with spoon victuals.

Full particulars will be described in future bills. In the meantime all parties desiring to treat, will address either to SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart., Drayton; or to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Reform Club; or both.

### "Beds of Justice" at Berlin.

THE Scythians, as STERNE informs us in *Tristram Shandy*, used to hold their discussions under two opposite conditions; the state of sobriety and that of intoxication. They debated their affairs, first drunk, that their counsels might not lack vigour; and then sober, in order that their resolutions might not be wanting in discretion. KING CLICQUOT is evidently a descendant of the ancient Scythians, but as yet he seems to have acted, in the business of Neufchâtel, after the manner of his ancestors in part only. He meditates vigorous measures against Switzerland; but he has not yet revolved these under the circumstances which are necessary to render them discreet.

### TO PALESTINE FROM GAOL.

WHITHER to transport our convicts is now the anxious question of every social politician. The Hebrides have been proposed for the site of a penal settlement—but would it not be better if we could send all our rogues to Jericho?

THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF ALL.—To Square the Circle of a Lady's dress. N.B. A poor husband says, he has been trying the experiment on his wife's milliners' bills, and for the life of him he cannot make them square at all.

## THE WEATHER AND THE CROPPERS.*

BY A VERY OLD GENTLEMAN.

I'M frozen in;
I couldn't stir out of my room for pounds;
Last night I tumbled down and broke my shin,
My boots were "listed" carefully, but, Zounds!
'Twas on a slide (I wonder why they suffer
Such things to be), and no Policeman near—
And one young villain bawled out in my ear—
"Why don't you go and get rough-shod, Old Buffer?"

Oh, dear! what weather—
I sit and watch the snow fall shower by shower;
I've seen the snow and men go down together;
I've seen five cabs go down in half-an-hour;
I've seen two Chimney-sweeps in *white* pass by—
I've seen the pot-boy over at the "Grapes,"
With his big shovel in no end of scrapes;
I've seen a snow-ball through a window fly.

I'm out of Coal—
Two sacks this week already, and they're gone,
And MRS. FINCH, my landlady, good soul,
Came up to me and said in mildest tone,
"I've sent my JIMMY and it ain't no go—
Of course he went a slidin', the young rip he
Always do—and it's so cus-sed slippy,
That your 'arf-underd's buried in the snow!"

We're out of water—
And so of course on No. 2 we call;
And No. 2, or else her pretty daughter,
Stands on a chair and hands it o'er the wall;
She hands it to our charwoman, old SWITCHER—
And yesterday, in manner most improper—
The poor old creature went a dreadful "cropper,"
And broke her nose—it might have been the pitcher!

I sent young JIM—
To get some Brandy in a bottle, well
He met the "*Times*," and had a slide with him;
"*Times*" tripped up JIMMY, and of course he fell,
And broke the bottle—five young imps stood around him,
And one, when from young JIM the spirit trickled,
Cried "Want yer door swep?" seeming greatly tickled,
I could have punched his little head, confound him!

I'll go to bed—
And there shut out the fog and sleet and snow—
I'll wrap my blankets tightly round my head,
And thus get warm—"Who's knocking there? Hollo!
"It's me Sir, MRS. FINCH, cheer up, Sir, lor!
Our student gent down-stairs, he says to me,
'The frost's all over, MRS. F.,' says he,
'To-morrow's Thursday—it's the day of *Thor!*'".

* We beg to inform our polite readers that this word is synonymous with "tumbles."

## MAJOR SCOTT OF GALA AND "A VILE VAGABOND."

MAJOR SCOTT, of Gala, has been lecturing to the forlorn folks of Galashiels, whom he has not enlightened. Unhappily for them, quite otherwise. Even as Orpheus, first lyre as he was considered, was at length torn to pieces by his audience, even so did MAJOR SCOTT by too bold an experiment on the ears of his listeners, run a like danger of dissolution. Fortunately, however, for MAJOR SCOTT he possessed a personal privilege, an immunity not enjoyed by the Orpheus aforesaid. MAJOR SCOTT is Lord of the Manor of Galashiels, and we hope, exclusive proprietor of the manners of MAJOR SCOTT. The Major began his lecture in all the easy confidence inspired by genius with the fullest confidence in itself and in the credibility of its hearers. He gave a history of the condition of Ireland in 1848-9; then, passing quickly from the first gem of the sea, he landed on the continent of Europe, and immediately put his foot in it. For the Major observed that—"At that time, Hungary was under the leadership of that *vile vagabond*, LOUIS KOSSUTH!" The audience gasped a moment for breath, and then, collecting it, sent forth so deep, so piercing a hiss that it searched the very button-holes of the Major, going clean through his shirt to his skin, thence to his marrow—his martial marrow. For it so happens that KOSSUTH has just finished a triumphant progress throughout Scotland, sowing memories of his genius, memories of the wrongs of his country, thick as gowans. Therefore was the time especially ill-chosen for the Major to air his opinions on the character and properties of Hungarian scoundrelism; and therefore, warned and shivering by the result, it is said by those in his confidence that the Major, upon reaching a place of security, thought himself particularly fortunate that he had been only well hissed. After all, we dare say the Major meant no harm. And for hissing, there *is* an animal upon which any amount of hissing is only so much breath thrown away, seeing that in the matter of hisses it is fully capable of supplying itself. By the way, the editor of the *Kelso Chronicle* has made up a portentous rod of native thistles, wherewith he has so scourged the Major that, however willing he may be to pocket the chastisement, he must feel it rather difficult to sit down upon it.

### The Swiss Holydays.

ACCOUNTS from Switzerland state that:—

"On the 24th, all the higher public schools in Switzerland were closed, and it was settled that they should not be re-opened until the storm had blown over."

"Don't I just wish that old CLICQUOT was going to pitch into England!" will probably be the exclamation of many of our juvenile readers on perusing the above announcement.

OUR POLITENESS EXCEEDS HIS BEAUTY.

MR. SPURGEON has just published a sermon-pamphlet, called *Turn or Burn*. Wishing to meet the reverend gentleman more than half-way, *Mr. Punch* did both. He turned the second page, and then burnt the whole.

### The Experience of a Borrower.

"How very provoking, my dear fellow? If you had but come yesterday, you might have had the money!" How true this is through life! Whenever we ask for anything, the only Yes we receive is in "Yesterday!" In begging favours, To-day always means a Day-too-late!

APING THE FASHION.

THE French proverb informs us that "*L'habit ne fait pas le Moine.*" We can only say that if "the dress does not make the Monk," it frequently makes the Monkey—as may be seen any day by walking down Regent Street at three o'clock.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"SOME of your remarks upon my last letter are sensible,[1] some are funny,[2] and the rest are very stupid.[3] But I am not at all offended with you,[4] because I know that in your heart you agree with everything I say, and only add those grumbling growls to keep up the precious dignity of your sex.[5]

"You told me in a note you sent me, that what I said in a former letter about the ridiculous way young men talk has been considered as 'too severe' by some of them, and that they have been writing to you about it. I wish you had sent me their notes.[6] They must be dreadful gabies to feel hurt by a girl's observations; but if the cap fits let them wear it by all means. The fact is, my dear creature, I have not said half enough about them. We have been to a good many parties this Christmas (and, by the way, I send you a box of *bonbon* crackers for that dear darling little thing that wrote to you last week about HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, who is a great pet of mine, so be sure that you have them forwarded, and do not let any of your great stupid he-contributors get hold of them, or not a cracker will the poor child ever see; for men are the greatest babies of all[7]) and I have of course had plenty of opportunity of listening to the sort of talk that I am too severe about. I made memorandums of what I could remember when we got home, on several mornings,[8] and I have put it together, as a specimen of a gentleman's polite conversation in 1857. I have not put in my answers because they were only nods, or indeeds, or O yeses, or little laughs.[9] Listen to him, now.

"'Children's parties very delightful, ain't they, charming and fresh and all that? I don't care much about children myself, but I know a good many persons that do. (*This was meant for facetiousness*). If they're little I'm always afraid of breaking 'em, and if they're big *they* break everything. My sister's got a lot, I think they're the best children I ever saw, but I don't often see 'em, because she knows I don't exactly hanker after 'em, as MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS says. Seen MRS. BARNEY? No? You should, she's very great fun. They say PICCOLOMINI has made a fiasco in Paris, the French people won't have her at any price, say she can't sing, and laugh at us for going wild about her—you liked her? Yes, all the ladies liked her, because she was a lady herself, by birth, SONTAG the same, you know, though it was before your time. What a noise the wind makes, awful gales everywhere. I know a fellah in the Waifs and Strays, government office, you know,—and his time of leave is up, and as he's rather down in the black books he ought to be coming over to-night, wonder if he will. He'll be a waif and stray himself if he does. (*More facetiousness.*) Well, no, not a friend, but I should be sorry to hear that old PIGGY CARTER had come to grief. PIGGY—yes, we call him so, chiefly because he hates it, I believe, his name's PIGGOTT. His mother's so proud of him that she used to call him her PIGGOTT diamond; there's a big stone of that name, you know. ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, yes, very shocking, very funny the assassin's name should be VERGES; same name as in the play, you know, where *Dogberry* comes. Do you like the theatre? I like to be amused, but there's nothing to amuse one now, unless one takes a Hansom, and goes away into the wilds at the east-end, places you never heard of, there's fun there, but it's a bore to go so far. Any friends in China? I only ask, because as you may have heard, we've been breaking the crockery, and one likes one's friends to be out of the way of the pieces. How those young ones are pitching into the cake. I got two things off the Tree, a baby in a cradle, and a gridiron, here's the gridiron on my watch, but I gave the baby to MRS. MELLINGTON, over there. They've no children, and it's a great grief to them, because his brother, whom he hates like fun, will come into the property, and it's a tender place with them, so I gave her my baby, as one likes to be charitable, you know, but she did not look very grateful. Seen any of the pantomimes? Well, I don't know which *is* the best; they're all more or less stupid; besides, there's no fun; they go in for a great show, and clown don't burn pantaloon with hot pokers, and wop him, and all that. That makes me scream, but I don't care about revolving stars and glittering abodes. O yes, I know all that, they *are* wonderfully clever, and the other's only like big schoolboys, but I hanker after the hot poker. BROWNING, no, I can't say I have. Is she an English person? Very clever, I suppose. There are such lots of clever persons now, that if one tries to read up to the time of day, one would have no time for anything else, so I wait till somebody tells me. But if you say BROWNING, I shall send for it. I must remember her name—BROWNING—a brown—done brown—I know—we had a row at the club about maccaroni, and the cook stuck out it wanted no Browning, I shall remember. Now the young ones are pretty well cleared out, I suppose we might stand up. May I have—' &c., &c.

"There, my dear *Mr. Punch*, there is a little bit, and I believe I have made it a great deal better than it was. Am I 'too severe?' They ought to be ashamed of themselves, great ridiculous idiots.[10]

"Yours, affectionately,

"*Tuesday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] Much obliged.
[2] Not one of them, Miss.
[3] Encouragement makes some people presumptuous. We indulge you too much.
[4] That is a consolation.
[5] How many more times are you to be told to speak of us otherwise than as part of the aggregate multitude. Our soul is like a star, and dwells apart, young woman.
[6] We never give up the letters of stupid correspondents, or we could make three fortunes a year by our waste paper basket.
[7] We merely put in an exhausted protest against this style of writing. It defies criticism.
[8] Mornings. If you mean that you sat up after a party to write, you are a foolish little goose.
[9] Which last you do very prettily, MARIA ANNA.
[10] It seems to us that as partners go, you got a very lively and clever one.

## ULTRA-PROTESTANT PRECAUTION.

THOUGH every man is supposed to be a fool or a physician at forty, it appears that the science of spiritual medicine is not necessarily acquired in the course of many more than that number of years, even by those who have been studying it all their lives. The following epistle, from a clerical pen, betrays the apprehension that a doctor of divinity may possibly abjure sound doctrine in his old age, and turn quack:—

*To the Editor of the "Morning Herald."*

"SIR,—As it is quite expected that a more general measure will be introduced into Parliament for the pensioning of retiring *Bishops*, permit me to suggest that a clause ought to be inserted in the Bill to the effect that any Bishop who shall, *after* his retirement, secede to Rome, shall *forfeit* his pension granted by such a Bill. Such a clause is evidently desirable, considering the *Romanising* tendencies of some of the Episcopacy.

"*Jan. 3rd.*" "I am, Sir, yours, CLERICUS."

But, if it is fair to deprive a poor old prelate of his superannuation allowance for turning Papist, why propose to limit the deprivation to a particular case of perversion? Why should not an ex-bishop be equally liable to lose his income for turning Methodist or Quaker, or, at the imminent peril of his old body (at least), submitting to be ducked as a particular Baptist? By the time a bishop has qualified himself for the episcopal pension-list, he may be presumed to have made up his mind pretty well upon the subject of theology, and any change of mind, at that time of life, on such a subject can only be that species of change which involves irresponsibility. He would be about as likely to go over to Rome as to go over to Utah, and to join a confraternity of friars as to enter the Agapemone; and in the event of his doing either of these things, why punish the poor old bishop for indulging in a mere vagary of dotage.

### How History is Written.

WE all know that History is but another form of Romance, especially in the hands of a Frenchman. For instance, the "History of the Empire," by THIERS, is only His-Story (and we need not say what kind of a Story that is) of the different wars that took place with the English in the Peninsula, and elsewhere.

### HOMŒOPATHIC COMFORT.

THERE are some persons who are contented with very little. Look at LORD ERNEST. He is indifferent to public opinion—he is perfectly satisfied, he says, with the esteem he has for himself.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Get your money ready before getting out of an Omnibus, and before going into Chancery.

Emily. "*Madame Bonton says 'the Circumference of the Crinoline should be Thirty-Six Feet!'*"
Caroline. "*Dear me!—I'm only Thirty-Two—I must Inflate a little!*"

## THE EVER-PERSECUTED SAINTS.

BY OUR ULTRAMONTANE CONTRIBUTOR.

In a spirit of violent bigotry, intolerance, and hostility to the mild and liberal Church of Rome, the *Times* has published the substance of an allocution lately delivered by the holy POPE in a sacro-sanct and secret consistory. The intolerance, animosity, and prejudice of the *Times* are not indeed evinced in any particular comments upon the apostolic address, but are manifested in wicked inverted commas, in which certain passages of that venerable document are maliciously printed. For example, from that portion of it wherein the Government of Mexico is affectionately reproved for its horrid and execrable contumacy of the authority, and interference with the property, of the Church, is culled the following extract:—

"The permission given by the Government to all sects publicly to practise their religious rites is denounced as 'an abominable measure which is calculated to undermine the most holy Roman Catholic religion.'"

This other passage, on the subject of Switzerland, is, in like invidious manner, selected from the allocution:—

"The state of Switzerland makes PIUS THE NINTH quite disconsolate, 'so numerous are the encroachments of the civil authorities on the rights of the Church, and of her Bishops and servants.' After hurling his thunders at those Priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live rather than the instructions forwarded to them from Rome, the Holy Father entreats the Most High to enlighten the minds of men, and to bring back those who have gone astray into the right path."

The impious inference which the above passages are published to insinuate evidently is, that the Roman Church would forbid all toleration if she could, and desires to set herself above the law. The writer ignores the indisputable truth that true toleration is simply the toleration of Catholicism, and the equally undeniable verity that the Church cannot wish to be superior to the law, because she actually is so. How much longer are Catholics to groan under such bitter persecution as that which they suffer in beholding the words of their venerable pontiff exposed to obloquy and derision in the pillory of inverted commas?

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COLT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—An analogy has lately been established to exist between planets and shooting-stars. It mainly rests on the astronomical fact that the former class of luminaries are all revolvers.

## A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

Of all riddles and puzzles that are generally handed round at this puzzling time of the year, we think the following (which curiously appeared, though not in the form of a "Conundrum," in the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* of Dec. 31) is about the very hardest to crack:—

"A DARK-COMPLEXIONED GENTLEMAN will be happy to "LET IN" the NEW YEAR for a few respectable families. Address, &c.

We are curious to know the nature of the above "Let in"—and whether many respectable families were accordingly "let in" in the mysterious manner indicated? And why a "Dark-complexioned" Gentleman? Would not a fair-complexioned gentleman have had the face to do it equally as well? Or, if it comes to that, would not a sanguine Gent, of a good rich Rufus complexion, have been endowed with the same liberal proportion of "cheek" for letting in families as a dark-visaged *Monsieur* of a deep Spanish-liquorice hue? These mysteries weigh heavily upon us, like a pork-chop supper. We hope that the family so favoured did not find its stock of silver spoons reduced after the "let in," and that there was sufficient left in its larder to provide a decent breakfast the next morning? As for ourselves, we were singularly "let in" on New Year's Eve, for we played at Whist, and lost a small carpet-bag-full of sovereigns to two or three dark-complexioned old maids! In the meantime, we recommend to all such jovial societies as still love to play a good round game of Forfeits to adopt that mysterious paragraph as one of the punishments, viz.:—Let the lady or gentleman *en pénitence* be condemned to read *Bradshaw's Time Tables* until the meaning of the above hieroglyphic is satisfactorily explained; or the penitential party, failing of success, to go without supper.

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### Clicquot's Last.

OUR own Correspondent at Berlin informs us that the following remark was yesterday made, in English, to the British Ambassador after dinner by his Majesty, KING CLICQUOT:—"How ish't anyboy's 'stonisht 'cause I 'shert my rightantile t' Neufch'el? Ought to shink emshelves presh's lucky I don't 'shert my claim to sh' whole o' Swizzle-(*hic*)-Swizzleland."

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## PUNCH AMONG THE POULTRY.

THE Poultry have been gathered beneath the wing of the Crystal Palace, and the crowds who flocked to see them have been such as one expects to encounter in the Poultry. "Among the distinguished visitors who were present," the reporters have omitted to announce the name of *Mr. Punch*, a slight which *Mr. Punch*, whose distinction is in need of no such advertisement, is willing to forgive.

The show consisting of more than a thousand pens, *Punch* will not attempt with his single one to make individual mention of them all; but for further information he would refer the curious to the Catalogue.

To have added to the musical attractions of the Palace, the show might not inaptly have been advertised as a concert, the pieces for performance being principally by COCKS AND CO. There were indeed so many bright chanticleers assembled to proclaim the morn, that it would have somewhat puzzled the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father* to have known which particular cockcrow to select as his signal for departure. The voices of the game cocks were especially triumphant, as though crowing over the downfall (in price that is, for on their legs they stand as high as ever) of their late antagonists the Cochins, whose melancholy notes seemed sounding a lament that the good old Cochin days are over, and that they are now quite off the road to fame. *Punch* noticed several attempts to bring their disputes to the decision of the beak, and the struggles which they made to do so, stretching out their necks and pecking round the corner at their next door neighbours, induced the reflection that to "live like fighting cocks" can hardly be as enviable as the saying seems to hint.

Stepping rather quickly past the long-legged Malays, and not being judge enough to know for what good point such skinny creatures could be "highly commended," *Punch* lingered with reflective fondness by the edible-looking, plump, and appetising Dorkings, and thought how much their appearance would improve with oyster-sauce and parsley. Some of them being marked for sale at the "reduced price" of ten and even twenty guineas, *Mr. Punch* was strongly tempted to smack his mental lips at them, and estimate the value of their liver wings, and wonder if the eggs they laid were really golden ones.

*Mr. Punch* next honoured the rabbits with a visit, and finding that the prizes were awarded chiefly for their length of ears, thought of certain ears which shortly he expects to see in the St. Stephen's Show, and which he considers might have fittingly competed. Among the pigeons, the least formidable looking were the "dragons," and as a descendant of ST. GEORGE, *Mr. Punch* would back himself to demolish any number of them—due attention being paid to their being nicely baked. The fantails and pouters seemed the swells of the assemblage, and strutted up and down like beadle-birds, swelling with importance. Ladies who wear Crinoline—and who of them does not?—combine the characteristics of both pouter and fantail; puffing themselves out as well in front as in the opposite direction.

Returning to the poultry, *Mr. Punch* last inspected a prize pen of Polish; which proved to be inducive of the thought that had he himself condescended to have been an exhibitor, the prize in this case would have been awarded differently; it being, he believes, universally acknowledged that in the matter of polish, there has never been a pen to equal that of *Punch*.

## THE REVERSE OF PRUDENCE.

AT a late Meeting of Middlesex Magistrates, MR. W. PAYNE brought up a report from the Committee in relation to criminal jurisprudence. One would think the report in question must be brief, as the Committee can hardly have had much to say on that which does not exist in England. Criminal jurisprudence is a science which we have yet to learn: there is no such thing at present in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. On the contrary, the outrages committed, daily, by ruffians who have been turned loose on society, clearly prove that our arrangements for the disposal and discipline of our convicts have been dictated by the very grossest jurisimprudence.

## A MILLINER'S SHOP IS ONLY A DUCK-POND.

A MISERABLE grumbling victim of a husband anathematises those seductively pretty bonnets that milliners will exhibit in their shop-windows to tempt poor frail women to step inside and purchase. He informs us that they are generally "show-bonnets," bought at a large price in Paris, and kept purposely before the public female eye as an alluring bait to catch customers. But few can resist the temptation. A wife looks—sails round it—admires and admires—ventures closer and closer—opens her mouth—and with one bold gulp she and her purse are fairly hooked and taken in. Therefore, our above-mentioned victim declares that whenever, to his sorrow and cost, he overhears his wife, in an ecstacy of uncontrollable admiration, exclaim, "There's a Duck of a Bonnet!" he always says, as tenderly as he can, "No, my dear, not a Duck, but a Decoy-Duck of a Bonnet. It is only placed there just to induce a pretty little Duck, like yourself, my dear, to rush in after another!" The first time he tried this tender remonstrance, it had the effect, he says, of saving his wife from plunging into the inevitable vortex of extravagance, but he regrets to add that it has never succeeded since! He characterises a milliner's shop as a Duck-Pond, full of nothing but Decoy-Ducks.

## HORRID SPLENDOUR.

LORD CAMPBELL, in his lately published *Lives of the Chancellors*, indulges in the following jocose remark:—

"I am grieved to say that since the year 1845, when the above sketch of the office of LORD CHANCELLOR was composed, it has been sadly shorn of its splendour."

In stating that the Lord Chancellorship has been shorn of its splendour, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of course means to say that the abuses and iniquities of Chancery have been rendered somewhat less glaring. They are still, however, sufficiently so to render the Court of Chancery much too splendid.

### The Hero of the Nil(e).

THE papers speak highly of CLIFFORD'S plan of lowering boats. We wonder if the plan is at all equal to the one that SIR CHARLES NAPIER tried before Cronstadt of lowering English men-of-war, for without making a single move, or striking as much as a blow, he contrived to let down, in the estimation of foreigners, an entire British Fleet.

## ABOUT THE ENGLISH OF IT.

WE are enabled to publish the real English of the Chinese Despatches relative to the bombardment of Canton, of which flowery translations have lately appeared in the Newspapers, as well as the private communications of our Consul, Admiral, and Plenipotentiary, of which their published letters are an expansion by the diplomatic theorem:

"*To* COMMISSIONER YEH.

"*British Consulate.*

"Sir,—One of your war-boats has boarded an English lorcha, the *Arrow*, lying near the Dutch Folly, has carried off twelve of her Chinese crew, and hauled down the English flag.

"I went to the war-boat, and explained to the Officer in command that I wouldn't stand it, and that he must send the men up to the British Consulate. The Officer refused, and told me to be hanged, and said if I didn't get out of that, he would make me.

"Not wishing to be ducked, I left the boat, and now write to request that you will at once give orders to CAPTAIN LEANG-QWO-TING, to send the men back to the *Arrow*. *I may as well mention that I have written to our Plenipotentiary and our Commodore.* You know neither will stand any nonsense, and if you don't send the men back at once, and with a proper apology, I won't be answerable for the consequences. So look out for squalls.

"Yours, indignantly, H. S. PARKES."

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(MR. CONSUL PARKES *to* COMMODORE ELLIOT, *H.M.S. Sibylle.*)

(Private.)

"My dear ELLIOT, "*British Consulate, Oct.* 8.

"Here's a chance for you. These fellows have seized some men aboard a lorcha flying English colours. I have written to desire YEH to send them back. I haven't got his answer, but of course he won't.

"You know what a pig-headed brute it is, and besides, there is no doubt the lorcha's colonial registry was not renewed when it last expired. This will give him a legal ground for refusal, but of course I shall not condescend to discuss the point of law with him. I fully anticipate your thirty-two pounders will be required to reduce him to reason; so bring up *Sibylle* without delay, there's a good fellow.

"Ever yours, H. S. PARKES."

(MR. PARKES *to* SIR JOHN BOWRING, *enclosing* YEH'S *answer.*)

"*To* HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN BOWRING, &c. &c. &c.

(Private.)

"My dear Sir, "*British Consulate, Oct.* 10.

"I enclose YEH'S answer to my letter. As I expected, he offers no apology, but takes advantage of the legal quibble, as to the *Arrow's* right to fly our colours; but he luckily misses the strong point that her registry was not renewed on the 27th of September last, as it ought to have been. The story of the pirate on board is new to me. It may or may not be true, but at all events we may fairly contend there is no reliance on the evidence of natives given under duresse. I hope you will not see any objection to my having written to ELLIOT to bring up *Sibylle*. I think the sooner we come to great guns the better. These Quihis will discuss law points with us for an eternity.

"Yours, sincerely, H. S. PARKES.

"P.S. I forgot to mention that YEH sent back nine of the men. Of course, I refused to receive them. His pretext for keeping back the others, that they are under legal examination, is ridiculous. What business has he to set up Chinese law against the demands of a British Consul?"

(YEH'S answer enclosed in the above.)

"YEH, *Imperial High Commissioner, &c. &c. &c., addresses this declaration to* MR. PARKES, *the British Consul at Canton.*

"I have received your letter of yesterday, and have well weighed the contents. The men of the *Arrow* were seized on the information of HWANG-LEEN-KAE, a merchant of LIN-HIN, whose vessel was plundered in September last, by pirates, among whom he swears was LE-MING-TAE, one of the crew of the *Arrow*. This man, HWANG-LEEN-KAE recognised on board the lorcha as he sailed past her yesterday on his arrival in the river. I send back nine of the men against whom there seems no legal cause of complaint. I keep back the alleged pirate, LEANG-KEEN-FOO, another of the crew who was engaged by the helmsman at the same time with him (and who is also stated on the evidence of WOO-AJIN, to have been concerned in the piratical attack on the ship of HWANG-LEEN-KAE) and WOO-AJIN, who has given evidence both as to the ownership and registration of the *Arrow*,—showing that the *Arrow* is a Chinese and not a British vessel—and as to a confession of the alleged piracy by LE-MING-TAE, and the other man whom I have detained.

"I trust that this answer will satisfy you that the taking of the men is not intended as an insult to the British flag, but that they were seized on legal grounds, for a serious offence, in due form of Chinese law, and on board a Chinese vessel. I hope that the promptness with which I have given this explanation, and sent back all the men not under actual examination, will satisfy you that I have done nothing for which any apology is required, and still less for which I and this City need fear any of the consequences to which you refer in your letter.

"*Hieng-Fung, 6th year, 9th month, 12th day.*"

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(*With* SIR JOHN BOWRING'S *Despatch to* MR. PARKES *in answer to his letter of the 9th.*)

(Private.)

"Dear PARKES, "*Hong Kong, Oct.* 11.

"I'm afraid you have been *in* rather too great a hurry to punch YEH'S head; but as you have got me into the mess, I suppose I must see you through it. Why the mischief didn't you satisfy yourself before making any row in the case, that the *Arrow* had a right to fly the British flag? Then we should have been all right. But, as it is, it is as clear as that two and two make four, that she had no such right whatever; her registry, by virtue of which alone she hoists our colours, having expired on the 27*th* ult.

"Luckily—as you say—YEH doesn't take this point, so that we have a loophole left to creep out of. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*, as NOY puts it in his maxims,—a work which I dare say you never read. By the bye, it would be just as well if you *would* read a little international law. You see the Chinese are a remarkable people. Their system of competitive examinations secures great administrative ability. YEH is a highly educated, and very superior man, somewhat obdurate, especially when he is in the right, but quite able to chop logic, or hold a diplomatic argument with you, or, indeed, with myself. I am daily more and more sensible how lucky it is for England that I am in my present position. As one of the few men of letters who have attained eminent success, and high official position in the British service, I am fitted, perhaps, better than most of my diplomatic brethren, to cope with the literary ability of Chinese officialism.

"But, really, if you get us into many rows of this kind, I cannot answer for bringing either you or myself creditably out of the scrape. The plain English of it is, that we haven't a legal leg to stand upon, so I have ordered up SEYMOUR and the big guns. You will see I have only given YEH forty-eight hours to make his apology in. Literary men as a class are not easily led to abandon their view of a case, especially when they stand on such really strong ground as YEH does. And as to consequences, I am afraid I must own to a little sympathy with him in his disregard of them.

"Ever yours, JOHN BOWRING."

(*H.B.M. Consul to H.B.M. Plenipotentiary.*)

(Private.)

"*H.B.M. Consulate, Canton, Oct.* 15.

"My dear SIR JOHN,

"I feel the full force of your letter. We are in a hobble. It is a great comfort YEH does not take the point of the expiration of registry. He still refuses all apology, but reiterates his assertion of this lorcha being a Chinese and not a British vessel. Though this is quite true, he does not put it on a legal ground, and I have therefore directed ELLIOT to seize an imperial junk.

"Yours faithfully, H. S. PARKES."

(*H.B.M. Consul to* COMMISSIONER YEH.)

"*Oct.* 21.

"If you don't apologise in twenty-four hours I'll batter your house about your ears. It 's all nonsense arguing the point about the ownership of the lorcha and the law of the case. Apologise, or it will be the worse for you.

"H. S. PARKES."

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(*H.B.M. Consul to* SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR.)

(Private.)

"My dear SIR MICHAEL, "*Oct.* 22.

"Old YEH sticks to his case. If you can take the Bogue forts it may convince him he 's in the wrong.

"Ever yours, H. S. PARKES."

"COMMISSIONER YEH, *&c. &c. &c., addresses this declaration to* MR. PARKES, *&c. &c.*

"You tell me your Admiral has taken the Bogue forts. I know it—and I am sorry for it—but taking twenty forts will not make black white, nor force me to make an apology when I am conscious of having done no wrong. You English profess to reverence Heaven, to pray in your churches on Sundays, and to esteem justice. How do you reconcile all these with your taking the Bogue forts in this case?

"*Hieng-Fung, 6th year, 9th month, 27th day.*"

(True Translation. PUNCH.)

(*Oct.* 25. SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR *reports to* SIR JOHN BOWRING *the taking of the Blenheim and Macao forts. Still no apology.*

*The 26th, being Sunday, was observed as a day of rest. It is clear that Britons* DO *respect the Sunday, for all the* COMMISSIONER YEH'S *offensive insinuations.*)

(SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR *to* H.B.M. CONSUL PARKES.)

(Private.)

"My dear PARKES, "*Oct.* 27.

"I am really ashamed to go on pitching into these helpless Chinamen in this style, especially while they are in the right and we in the wrong.

"But, if I must give them more powder and shot, can't you manage to find me a decent excuse? Suppose you insisted on YEH'S receiving my call? If he don't, I shall have no objection to blow him and his Yamun into the middle of next week. Couldn't you put our right on the old Treaties of 1842—46?

"Ever yours, M. SEYMOUR."

(*H.B.M. Consul to* ADMIRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR.)

"My dear SEYMOUR, "*Oct.* 27.

"You are our preserver. I shall at once insist on YEH'S receiving you. I am afraid the Treaties are rather stale to revive very effectively, but I will try it on.

"Yours sincerely, H. S. PARKES."

"*Oct.* 27.

"The Imperial Commissioner makes this declaration to H. S. PARKES, British Consul at Canton. 'You insist on YEH'S receiving your Admiral. YEH says nay.'"

(True Translation. PUNCH.)

(*H.B.M. Consul to H.B.M. Plenipotentiary.*)

"My dear SIR JOHN, "*Canton, Oct.* 28.

"It 's all right at last. I am sure you will be relieved to hear that YEH refuses to receive SEYMOUR. We have a clear right under the Treaties to insist on his doing so. The consequences of the refusal be on his own head.

"Faithfully yours, H. S. PARKES."

(*H.B.M. Plenipotentiary to H.B.M. Consul.*)

"My dear PARKES, "*Hong Kong, Oct.* 29.

"I am delighted that you and SEYMOUR have got on legal ground at last, though I wish we had insisted on the Treaties a little sooner. I 'm afraid we may be told at home that the Statute of Limitations applies to the case.

"But we have gone too far to recede. Tell SEYMOUR to blaze away, but to kill as few people as possible, and not to destroy more private property than is absolutely necessary. My heart bleeds for these infatuated Chinese. I can't understand YEH'S holding out against SEYMOUR'S guns, though I admit he had the best of it against your arguments. I know that under similar circumstances I should have thought twice before refusing an apology. In an ancient Spartan or a modern Swiss, YEH'S conduct might be called heroic. In a Chinaman it is culpably obstinate, and cannot be submitted to for a moment.

"Yours, in haste, JOHN BOWRING."

(And so for the next fortnight the Admiral blazed away with a comfortable conscience. YEH will know another time what it is to refuse to receive a British Admiral when he does him the honour to volunteer a call.)

## CLICQUOT TRANSLATED.

FOR the freedom of Europe, assailed by a CZAR,
I could not think of plunging my country in war,
And I was, as before his lamented decease,
Mighty NICHOLAS named me, the Angel of Peace.

Do you note what a change has come over my wings?
(As an Angel, you know, I of course have such things.)
Do you see they have grown like to those of a bat?
Do you mark that my face is as black as your hat?

How queer, too, my feet have got, don't you remark?
Why have they become cloven; why look I thus dark,
With my pinions, once white, turned to what they now are,
And the Angel of Peace to the Demon of War?

What has made me, so chary of bloodshed before,
Now ready to deluge the fair Earth with gore,
To send forth my subjects to slay and be slain,
Leaving me o'er their widows and orphans to reign?

Why, I, blind to honour, and justice, and right,
For my Fatherland who had no stomach to fight,
By hurt pride and conceit am transformed as you see,
And wish Fatherland's children to battle for me.

## WAYS AND MEANS.

THE question which, just at present, chiefly occupies attention, is how to provide for the abolition of the Income-Tax by just as well as necessary taxation. To this end we have received various suggestions.

A young lady proposes the imposition of an additional tax upon cigars; on all dogs except King Charles's spaniels, Skye terriers, and Italian greyhounds; on guns; on yachts and wager-boats; on canes and walking-sticks.

Several young gentlemen recommend a tax on Crinoline; on bandoline; on eau-de-Cologne; patchouli, and all other perfumes; on buns; on ices; on bouquets, pianos, and white satin shoes.

Various individuals connected with Exeter Hall urge the enactment of a tax upon theatrical performances; all concerts of a secular nature; casinos; masquerades, whether public or private; races; dog-fights; and evening parties.

By sundry adherents of the Band of Hope, an increase in the taxation of malt and hops, and all fermented or spirituous liquors, is advocated. Divers publicans, on the other hand, desire an augmentation of the duty on tea and coffee, and the addition of a Government per-centage to the water rate.

The Vegetarians generally contend for a tax on butchers' meat; the homœopathists for an increase of duty on all articles of the *Materia Medica*, and a special tax on allopathic prescriptions.

"Paterfamilias" is in favour of a tax upon lodging-houses.

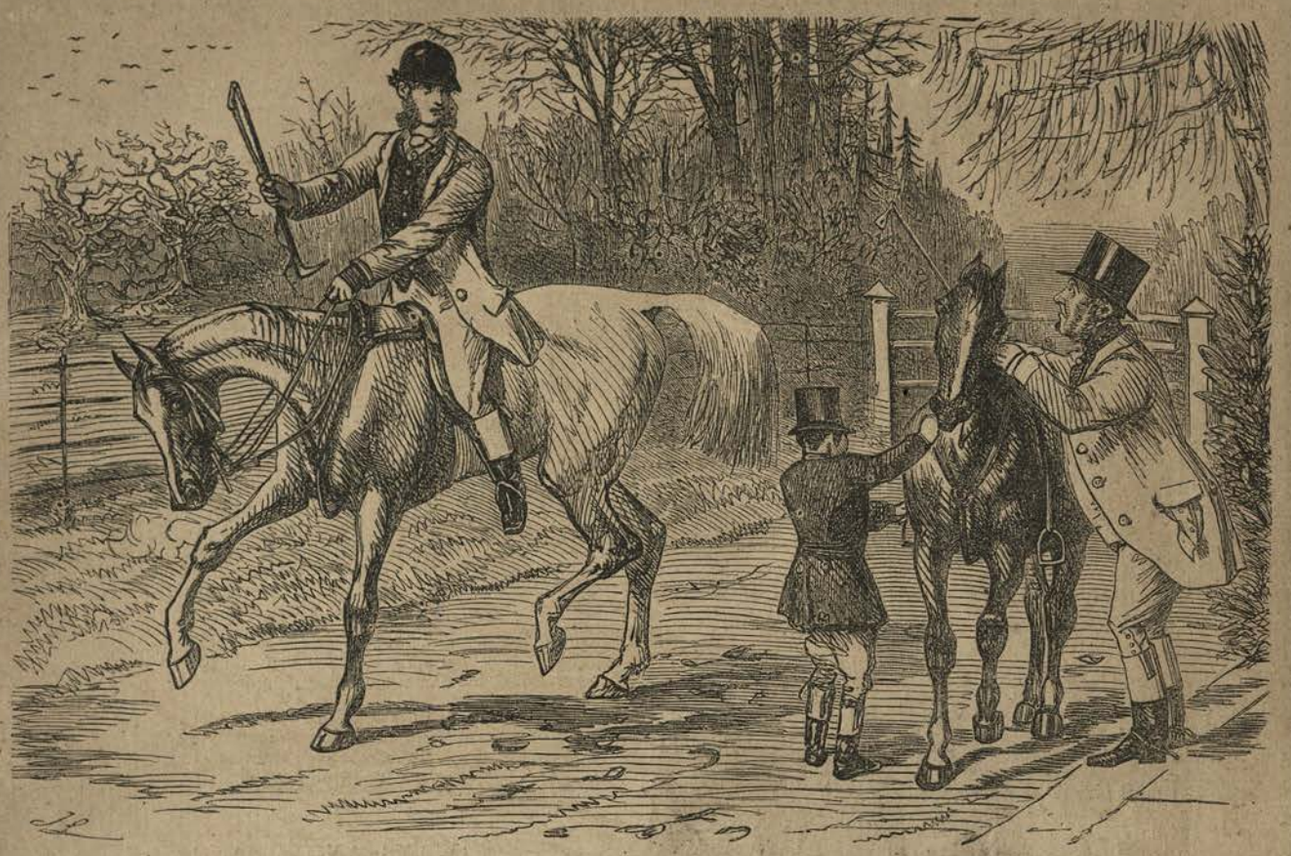
"An Old Bachelor" wishes for a tax on the following articles:—Hard-bake, lollipops, toffee; toys; rusks, tops-and-bottoms; wet-nurses; cats; perambulators; violet-powder; and babies.

### Financial Hocus Pocus.

WITH a view to disarm, in some measure, the growing opposition to the Income-Tax, it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to direct the various collectors, in all possible cases, to extract the amount due under Schedule D from the payer under the influence of chloroform.

SATURNALIA IN THE BOUDOIR.

THE fashion of inflating ladies' dresses has so far reversed the relative positions of mistress and servant, that it is now usually the lady's maid who has to blow the lady up.



## A FRIENDLY MOUNT.

*Party* (*whose nerve is not what it used to be*). "YOU ARE QUITE SURE, CHARLES, THAT HE'S TEMPERATE?"

*Charles.* "OH, YES! COME ALONG! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LET YOU RIDE HIM IF HE WASN'T? WHY YOU MIGHT *KILL THE HORSE!*"

[*Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.*

## THE ORGANIZATION OF PLUNDER.

THE rapidly increasing respectability of the profession of theft and roguery, attested not only by the names of the several eminent parties who have of late adopted that profession, but also by the opulence which has been acquired by many of its practitioners, suggests the expediency of organizing the predatory and fraudulent community in a similar manner to that of the organization of other professional bodies.

When a gentleman such as MR. AGAR, celebrated in connection with bullion, is found to have been in possession of as much as £3,000, amassed by perseverance in dishonest industry; when we find such gentlemen with balances at their bankers, and operating on the Stock Exchange, as well as in some more public places, besides private residences and pockets; we clearly perceive that the time for moral and social combination among those gentlemen has arrived.

The particular gentleman whose name we take the liberty of mentioning, MR. AGAR, is, as is well known, under sentence of transportation for life. To an individual of that respectability which is implied in £3,000, this position must be peculiarly distressing. If rogues and thieves would constitute themselves a corporate body, misfortunes of the kind alluded to, might, by various means, be averted from the sort of gentleman indicated. A Charter might be eventually obtained, empowering the Corporation of Thieves, like some other Corporations, to rob the public with impunity.

It is in the first place proposed to found a College of Thieves, at which lectures shall be delivered, with practical demonstrations, on the various branches of swindling and stealing. The importance of education to the thief is now fully recognised; and it is earnestly to be hoped that sectarian prejudices will not interfere to deprive him of that inestimable blessing. Little difference may be expected to prevail among the predatory classes, either as to the propriety, or the method, of combining religious with secular instruction.

The College of Thieves will grant diplomas in the various branches of the profession, and these distinctions will give the gentlemen on whom they are conferred a social *status* superior to that of unlicensed practitioners.

A Thieves' Mutual Assurance Society will also be established in connection with the College, to the end of securing a decent maintenance for the widows and orphans of such of the members as may come to be hanged, or for the wives and children from whom others may be separated by transportation. It is not anticipated that there will be felt any great want of confidence in the projected institution. The Bullion Case has, indeed, cast some little doubt on the hitherto received maxim of "Honour among Thieves;" but other cases have thrown as much doubt on the presumption of the existence of honour among commercial gentlemen; and if, as has been said, a Board has no conscience, there can be little difference, except in name, between a Company and a Gang. In fact, the distinction between a rogue and an honest man so called, is now very generally felt to exist merely in name; and censure, as in a nation of antiquity, regards not crime but detection. Education, therefore, will tend to preserve the character of the thief, by developing those talents which will enable him not to get found out: and the maintenance of respectability will be further insured by a system of co-operation calculated to frustrate those objects which are vulgarly termed the ends of justice.

## FISCAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SING a song of Income,
Taxed, under Schedule D,
As high as rent, or interest
Of funded property.
When the wrong is pondered,
Its infamy is seen.
Isn't this a pretty tax
To levy for the QUEEN?

The QUEEN is in her counting house,
Shocked to count the money.
PRINCE ALBERT's at his pastime,
Shooting hare and cony.
Poor TOMKINS to the workhouse,
His savings robbed of, goes:
For down came the Income-Tax,
And stripped him of those.

# PAL—ER—TON'S NEW GAME.

CH—N—LLOR OF EX——R (*aside*). "O YES! HE MAY FLOOR 'EM—BUT I'LL SOON PUT 'EM UP AGAIN."

## THE LAUREATE ON THE NEW YEAR.

On the 19th January, 1807, exactly fifty years ago, our *Times* was late, and we had nearly finished breakfast before it arrived. Consequently, when it did come (having an engagement with the DUKE OF YORK, who was just about to be impeached by COLONEL WARDLE) we put the paper into our pocket, instead of leaving it on the mahogany slab in the hall for the then news-boy (now the Venerable ARCHDEACON * * * * *), and it is still in our possession.

Happening to look into it, we observe an Ode for the New Year, by the Poet Laureate. This official's name, at that time, was PYE. Now it is TENNYSON.

Had the present Poet Laureate seen fit to announce an Ode on the present new year, we should not have felt it our duty to look for one elsewhere, because we have a good deal of confidence in MR. T., and we think that what it was desirable to say he would have said delectably. But as MR. MOXON gives no sign that he is in possession of "copy"—advertises no Ode for the New Year—we are thrown upon our own resources. And as nobody in the world can possibly have heard of MR. PYE'S Ode for forty-nine years and three hundred and sixty-four days, we cannot see why it should not do over again, with a few notes, showing its adaptation to existing circumstances. For one year is very like another.

The first verse contains eighteen lines, in which the question is asked whether a sailor in a storm yields himself to inaction, and the answer is given "No"—that he says his prayers and mans the mainsail-top-gallant-brace, or performs whatever other nautical manœuvre may be shipshape. This proposition may be admitted. Now for the application. What was true in 1807 is true in 1857.

"So, though around our sea-encircled reign,
The dreadful tempest seem to lower,
Dismayed do Britain's hardy train
Await in doubt the threat'ning hour?[1]
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,
Albion's bold Genius[2] calls aloud;
Around him valiant myriads crowd,
Or death or victory their choice;[3]
From ev'ry port astonish'd Europe sees
Britannia's white sails[4] swelling with the breeze;
Not her imperial barks alone
Awe the proud foe on every side,[5]
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,
And her indignant sons awhile
Seceding from their wonted toil,[6]
Turn from the arts of peace their care,
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,
To sweep th' injurious boasters from the Main,[7]
Who dare to circumscribe Britannia's naval reign."

1. We should think not. 2. *Mr. Punch.* 3. Preferably the latter, of course. 4. For "white sails swelling with" read "funnels smoking in." 5. This is Ode slang, but it means that the General Screw and P. and O. boats carry guns. 6. Pronounced *tile*, in poetry. 7. Or read

"To smash the injurious Pig-tails, who again
Have dared to treat SIR J. D. BOWRING with disdain."

The next verse is excessively noble and retrospective.

"And see with emulative zeal
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;
The ardent spirit, that of yore
Flam'd high on Gallia's[1] vanquish'd shore;
Or burn'd by Danube's[2] distant flood,
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gallic[3] blood;
Or shone on Lincelles'[4] later fight:
Or fir'd by Acre's tow'rs the Christian's Knight;
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to feel,
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British steel;
Now in our breasts with heat redoubled glows,
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's ruthless foes.[5]"

1. Gallia means France. 2. A large river of Europe. 3. French. 4. Ha! we have you. You have laughed, in your geographical *hauteur*, at the three preceding annotations—now tell us what Lincelles is, and who fought the later fight, and when? A copy of *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book* shall be given to any lady or gentleman who will solemnly assure us, on honour, that, without looking into a single book, he or she answered that the battle was fought between France and Austria, England siding with the latter, on the 18th of August, 1793. 5. The verse will do, but we propose to read, for the last couplet,

"Now bids us force JOHN CHINAMAN to blows,
His teacups break, and further flatten his flat nose."

The fourth and last verse of the Poet Laureate's Ode runs thus:—

"Not to Ambition's specious charm,
Not to th' ensanguin'd Despot's hand,
Is conquest bound—a mightier Arm
Than Earth's proud tyrants can withstand,
The balance holds of human fate,
Raises the low and sinks the great,
Exerting then in Europe's cause
Each energy of arm and mind,
All that from force or skill the warrior draws,
Yet to Superior Power resign'd,
Whose high behest all Nature's movements guides,
Controls the battle's and the ocean's tides;
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will hear,
While Mercy rears her shield and Justice points her spear."

By reading this verse carefully about eleven times, and not allowing yourself to be confused by the pertinacious inversions thereof, you may gradually discover the meaning, which we take to be nearly unobjectionable. It is not in mortals to command success, but if we do all we can, we may take our chance, provided we are humane to the vanquished, and never go to war except for just cause. This latter proviso, the poet, after the fashion of his school, puts at the end of all things; and indeed, as it is usually the last thing thought of, it may be said to be in the right place. Well, the verse answers the purpose of the campaign of 1857, and

"Britain still hopes Tea will not be more dear
Along of ADMIRAL S., both cruel and sewere."

And even if the moral of the poem should not at once strike conviction, there is another moral which must go home to every careful heart. We have been taking care of this Ode for exactly fifty years, and behold we find—what we never expected—a use for it at last. To adapt a celebrated maxim, "Burn no man's poems; some day you may want a poet of your own."

## "FROM THE DON TO THE GANGES."

"AMONG all the studies to which human attention can be directed, none is more pleasing and profitable than Geography." This touching passage in an essay of *Mr. Punch's*, written long anterior to his being invested with the *toga virilis*, has been suggested to his memory by the following extract from the *Calcutta Englishman*. This journal, in criticising an article by our respected contemporary the *Examiner*, upon the Persian war, and the possible advance of Russia upon India, observes:—

"The *Examiner* is a very poor authority upon Indian military matters, for he says that a Russian army, after beating us on the Indus, 'would have a march of 1,500 miles to make in order to reach the *powerfully fortified British Capital* in the marshes of Bengal.' Think of that, GENERAL TODTLEBEN. Sevastopol is nothing to Calcutta. All your skill would be unavailing to cross the Chitpore Canal, for that is the only fortification we know of. Fort William, it is true, is at the opposite end of Calcutta, and if its ramparts were not shaken down by its own fire, might demolish the town in a short time, but, as for defending it, that is totally out of the question."

Now, a geographical dictionary, of respectable proportions, would have contained such a description of Calcutta as might have prevented our friend the *Examiner* from falling into the Chitpore Canal, and—

Stop! A dark thought crosses us. Is treachery afoot? Did the *Examiner*—bribed with Russian gold—desire to mystify our military authorities, and to delude them into permitting a Russian army to advance upon Calcutta? That those authorities should, of themselves, know anything of the subject, is out of the question—that they rely upon the English press for information and guidance is notorious. And the *Examiner* has betrayed them!

Tower-Hill! Are there no Axes left, save what serve for the moon's rotation—no Blocks, save Metropolitan central boarders? Well, Parliament meets in a few days, and we counsel the *Examiner* to obtain passports for some region where ex-tradition is unknown. "A manifest traitor!"

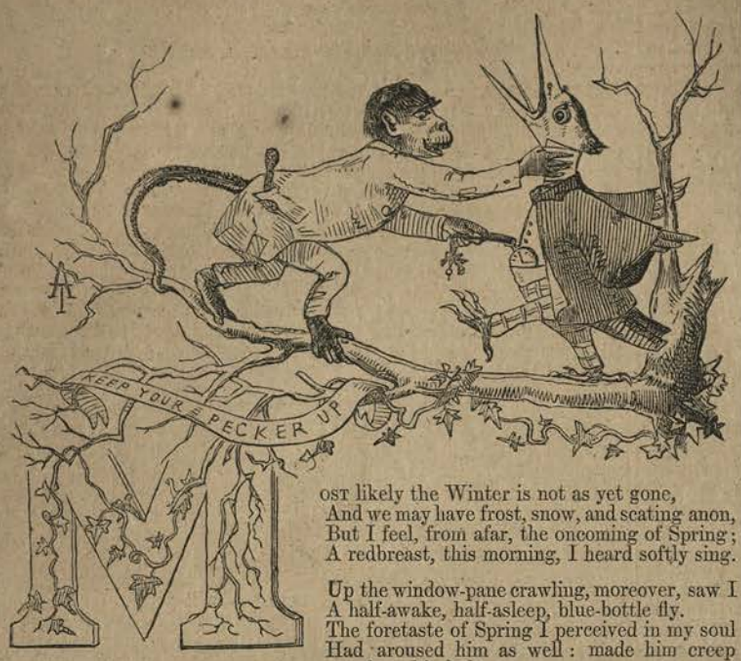
### Height of Liberality.

AN unselfish Manager, inspired by the generosity of the season, exhibits the bills of other Managers' pantomimes, by the side of his own, in front of his theatre.

A PASSAGE THROUGH LIFE TO BE AVOIDED.

THE heart of a Coquette may be compared to the Exeter Change Arcade, where there is always a shop to be let, or in which the tenant rarely stops long!

## THE SPRING ASSIZES.




MOST likely the Winter is not as yet gone,
And we may have frost, snow, and scating anon,
But I feel, from afar, the oncoming of Spring;
A redbreast, this morning, I heard softly sing.

Up the window-pane crawling, moreover, saw I
A half-awake, half-asleep, blue-bottle fly.
The foretaste of Spring I perceived in my soul
Had aroused him as well: made him creep from his hole.

Next, casting my eyes on the paper, I saw
That in Westminster Hall met, the Sages of Law,
The Judges, inspired by that influence bland,
The Spring Circuit, likewise, had yesterday planned.

The season of Oyer and Terminer's near,
The crocus and snowdrop will shortly appear,
Of gaols the delivery general is nigh,
And the primrose and cowslip will blow by-and-by.

With the Spring the Assizes the first of all come,
Ere opens a flower whereupon bee can hum;
The judges of wig and robe break out in bloom,
Before opened violets shed their perfume.

The Courts will soon sit, all in legal array,
Besides other courtship on VALENTINE'S Day.
In whose Court, unlike Nisi Prius and Crown,
The most of the pleaders will *not* wear the gown.

Their lordships, the judges, will try all the thieves,
And then trees and hedges put forth their young leaves,
My lords will doom convicts to punishment meet,
Whilst newly-born lambs in their innocence bleat.

Majestic in robes, and tremendous in wigs,
On stealers of horses, sheep, oxen, and pigs,
They will sentence pronounce; and correct evil swains,
With plunder and rapine infesting the plains.

I hail the Assizes of Spring, which precede
The hawthorn in blossom, and fresh verdant mead,
So smiling, so brilliant, so gay to behold,
With cuckoo-flowers spangled, and marsh-marigold.

The judge on the bench as the herald I view
Of the daisies and buttercups, speedily due,
Of the nightingale too, and all small birds of song,
Which perhaps we may mention the "Black Cap" among.

### An Airy Nothing.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE is requested to state whether he does not think that if certain gentlemen deserve the name of Wind-bag, a lady whose petticoats are distended with air might not be correctly denominated a Wind-baggage?

## A SAVAGE CUSTOM.

BY DR. LIVINGSTON'S accounts, which we rejoice in having lately had the opportunity to audit, we are informed that the natives of the Central parts of Africa bear, in many points, by no means an unfavourable comparison with nations far more highly civilised: indeed, that several of their manners and customs might with advantage be adopted by ourselves. Their marriage laws, however, it would seem from what the Doctor says, are still in a sadly savage state; and had we any notion of committing matrimony, we should be among the last to wish to see them added to our Statute book. Only fancy what a falling off there would be in the Doctors' Commons licence business, and what a mania for emigration all our British bachelors—except, of course, the old ones—would suddenly be seized with, were the legislature to give sanction to such notions as the following:—

"If a young man married a woman of a neighbouring village, he left his own village and went to live with his mother-in-law. It was his duty to pay her the greatest respect, and to supply her with firewood. Near the Zambese the young men had to make long journeys into the country in order to procure firewood for their mothers-in-law."

Just imagine the effect upon the marriageable members, were a measure framed upon this passage to be introduced next Session, entitled (say) "A Bill for the better protection of Mothers-in-law and for more effectually providing them with firewood." Certainly, if anything were wanted to confirm our previous impression of the hopeless state of barbarism in which the Central Africans are sunk, their laws as to their mothers-in-law have abundantly supplied it. Can anything be conceived more truly barbarous than this sentencing a married man to the hard labour of procuring fuel for his mother-in-law. The more we think of it, the more we feel assured that no civilised being would ever dream of a consent to it. At the same time, however, we cannot help admitting that although with us a mother-in-law has not as yet been legally invested with the power of making her daughter's husband go and cut her firewood, still her influence has not infrequently proved strong enough to induce him, for a time at least, to cut his stick.

A PRECOCIOUS NATION.—It is our belief that every French literary man, from the age of five, begins to think of writing his *Mémoires*, and accumulates tittle-tattle and scandal accordingly.

## THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG GENTLEMAN WILL EVER DO IF HE CAN HELP IT.

TAKE a tour on the Continent without letting his moustache grow.

Allow that he can possibly exist for four-and-twenty hours without his smoke.

Betray a *penchant* for pastry otherwise than secretly in private trips to the confectioner's, alleging in public that "it spoils one's taste for wine so."

Wear boots of any other than the most excruciating polish and proportions.

Be ever caught in the confession that he thinks his elder brother is in any way his superior—age alone excepted.

Attend an evening party without consuming all the ices he can lay his hands on.

Suffer the servant to sit up for him, when he thinks he has a chance of being trusted with the latch-key.

Refuse a full-flavoured cigar if it be offered, although he more than half anticipates that it will make him sick.

Escort his sisters to a dance, and not make himself intensely disagreeable by interrupting their flirtations.

Lose an opportunity of impressing it on his hearers that he "knows a thing or two."

And lastly, Ever hear the word "young" in any way applied to him without facially expressing his extreme disgust at it.

### Perfidious Albion again!

OF course, we must have reparation from China for the expence to which the Chinese Government has obliged us to go, in placing us under the necessity of bombarding Canton. This will probably come in the shape of another lot of Sycee silver, which of course will give occasion to the *Assemblée Nationale* to say that our motive for going to war with the Celestial Empire was simply a desire for change.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE not said anything about Politics in any of my letters,[1] but I beg you to recollect that I made a condition when I began to write to you, that no subject was to be considered out of my sphere,[2] and as to a woman's not understanding politics, that is all fiddle faddle when you look at the ridiculous idiots[3] who profess to be politicians, and a great deal of good they do to the nation that a woman could not do! But my particular reason for letting the matter alone was, because I knew that as soon as February came you would all be at it 'ding dong, hammer and tongs,' as AUGUSTUS sings,[4] and I thought that in the mean time you might as well not be diverted from something of more importance. I know exactly what is going to happen. In about a fortnight the precious Parliament assembles, and then good bye to everything rational. For my part, I always wish that Papa would discontinue the newspapers during the time Parliament keeps sitting, as there is never anything to read that is worth reading, and one only gets irritated with the absurd nonsense that is talked from night till morning.

"I never could understand why the Parliament does not have a newspaper of its own, and not spoil ours with its nonsense. Surely such a wonderful! astonishing! eloquent! omnipotent! national! assembly[5] could manage to keep up a paper for itself, and if it thinks all its miraculous wisdom worth printing, print it, and not intrude into other places. I consider it all very mean conduct, but that is just like the people who talk most of their liberality. I dare say that the very member of Parliament who would go up to the House, and make a grand tirade about charity and the poor, and all that, would shove a poor little ragged boy that begged of him right out into the mud, and then look round and growl because the policemen did not keep the street clear of beggars.[6] I have not the least faith in anybody that proclaims his good deeds, and as for defending himself by saying that the poor little child could go to the workhouse, that drives me out of all patience, when you know quite well that he would be abused for coming there, and very likely beaten, for as for the relieving officers, you can easily see what sort of wretches they are, when you read in the *Times* of Saturday last that the relieving officer at Mile End (and he should be sent miles off, if I had my way[7]) was brought before the Magistrate for beating and kicking his wife.[8] A nice person to send a poor ragged child to, I think!

"But what I was going to say was this, that the opening of Parliament is a signal for leaving off attention to anything that ought to be attended to. Nothing of that sort will get into the newspapers for ever so many months. There is some check upon bad people while you can expose them in the press, but when the press is stuffed up with rigmarole speeches,[9] people may do as they like, for there 's no chance of complaints getting a hearing. I do not mean nonsense about the moon going round and round, as MR. JELLYBAG SOMEBODY[10] says she does or does not (and what does it signify?), or ridiculous passengers who are going on a voyage of ten thousand miles[11] and make a riot because their rolls are not hot in the Red Sea,[12] or creatures who get too much wine at their clubs, and think they ought to have a policeman to escort them to their bed-rooms, and feel themselves throttled by their horrid all-rounders (and I 'm GLAD of it) and fancy they are being garrotted. Such geese ought not to be allowed to write in newspapers at all. But if a real abuse comes, and one would like to see it shown up, it is either neglected altogether, or put into a few words, and stuck in a corner which no one sees. We may be run over by cabs, or imposed upon by the drivers, or we may see something cruel done, or we may feel indignant at the police-magistrates (who have no more hearts than stones, and take things quietly that ought to make them boil over with rage[13]) or box-keepers may have been rude to us, or servants may have played tricks with false characters, or letting in cousins who are burglars, or fifty things, and not one of these, let us write yards upon the subject, will be printed while the Parliament sits and chatters. For this reason, my dear *Mr. Punch*, and because it makes the papers so stupid and not worth reading, I consider that Parliament is a great nuisance. Shouldn't I catch it,[14] if Papa knew that these were the sentiments of

"Your affectionate

"*Tuesday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] Or we should have struck it out.
[2] *You* made! Come.
[3] You have used this rather strong appellation in a former letter. Is it a pet phrase of yours?
[4] CAPTAIN MARRYAT.
[5] The bitterness of your irony, dear, inclines to monotony.
[6] He would be right to refuse street alms, because they usually go to unworthy persons who send out children to beg. Ladies are the great encouragers of this cruelty.
[7] We print this epigram that you may see it in type and be ashamed of yourself.
[8] This brute's case is exceptional, but you are right, to a certain extent. The workhouse official is apt to be hard and coarse, and therefore ought to be regularly looked after by his masters.
[9] We have not curtailed any of your censures, but you will not suppose that we have not the highest opinion of Parliament.
[10] Never cite a name wrongly. Nothing is in such bad taste. You allude to MR. JELLINGER SYMONS, whose theory may be wrong, but whose courtesy in maintaining it is a rebuke to his petulant antagonists.
[11] Ten thousand miles! What voyage is this, child?
[12] Can you allude to an evasive and impertinent defence just offered on behalf of the Peninsula and Oriental Company?
[13] Justice never boils over. Read Us.
[14] "Be rebuked," you mean, MISS MARY ANN. We hope you do—and that you will.

## THE GREAT CLOCK CASE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains, with a warmth which is not unpleasant this cold weather, that having paid to see the Great Clock of St. Paul's, all he was allowed a sight of was the wooden outside case, which was something like paying to see WOMBWELL'S menagerie, and being shown the exterior of the caravans containing it. We are not aware ourselves how the case really stands, but it would seem from this statement, that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in their capacity of showmen, have also become sellers, and as such are amenable to the law forbidding trading in the Church. The disclosure will, however, doubtless serve to prevent their doing much more business, or many more of the public: for if we hear of any one now paying the initiatory fee of twopence for the privilege of seeing what he has been warned he won't see, we shall apply to his ascent to the sight which is invisible, the observation, "Twopence more, and up goes the Donkey!"

### Pro-Slavery Solecism.

THE *Augusta* (U.S.) *Chronicle*, in describing the sale of a lot of niggers, makes the following observation:—

"They were common negroes—field hands."

Hath a negro, then, hands, or any other human members or dimensions, in the opinion of an advocate for bestial slavery? Does he account negroes men? Could he not have had the consistency, instead of "hands," to have written "paws?"

## FLUNKEIANA.

*Lady of the House.* "OH THOMAS! HAVE THE GOODNESS TO TAKE UP SOME COALS INTO THE NURSERY!"

*Thomas.* "H'M! MA'AM! IF YOU ASK IT AS A FAVOUR, MA'AM, I DON'T SO MUCH OBJECT; BUT I 'OPE YOU DON'T TAKE ME FOR AN 'OUSEMAID, MA'AM!"

## "BRUMMAGEM" PIETY.

WE learn from a paragraph in a weekly contemporary, to which, of course, "a press of more important matter" has prevented any earlier allusion, that a majority of the Members of the Birmingham Town Council have acted recently in such a manner as to render it desirable to have their portraits taken, and sent in to the Association for wholly closing Sunday, as candidates for the Cant Gallery which we hear is in formation. The act by which they have immortalised themselves (for, being introduced in *Punch*, their reputation is undying) has been the prohibition of a concert of purely sacred music, which it was proposed to give in their Town Hall on Christmas Day, at prices that would render it accessible by "the people." The debate upon the question is said to have been a long one, and in proportion to its length was the narrowness of mind which was evinced by those whose votes had the majority. As a sample of the oratory by which they professed to expound their views, and justify their opposition to the leave which was applied for, we are told that—

"One expressed his opinion, that sacred music was not different from polkas, except that it is played slower. Another observed, that he did not individually object to music of any kind, but he didn't like sacred music blown through a trumpet."

Had it been proposed at this Christmas Concert to perform the *Hallelujah Chorus* on a pair of bagpipes, we should think this latter gentleman would have not withheld consent to it. His objection, it would seem, is directed not so much against the music as the instrument; and in instancing the trumpet as his particular aversion, he is probably moved by a spirit of rivalry, as he perhaps is in the habit of blowing his own. Now in the bagpipes he in no way need have had such fear of competition; while its tone might in some measure have "improved the occasion," by reminding those who heard it of those sermons in drones which we most of us have listened to.

When ears are stopped with the cotton of Cant, they are rendered deaf not only to reason, but to music. However long a fanatic's auriculars may be, he can hear no difference between a psalm tune and a polka, at least if the former be played out of Church-time. Having "no music in his soul" all music sounds alike to him, whether it be the HANDEL of the organ-loft or the handle of the street piano; and having himself "no mind for" it, he compounds for other sinfulness by condemning that as such.

It is a common phrase to speak of articles of doubtful origin as being "Brummagem" ones. And we think such spurious sanctity as that which would prevent even the music of the *Messiah* being played on Christmas Day, may be fittingly set down as "Brummagem" Piety.

## MENTAL MORPHINE.

A NUMBER of serious gentlemen have formed themselves into an association, under the title of the "Society for the Suppression of Opium Smuggling;" their object being to prevent the Chinese from ruining their constitutions by taking opium. In the attempt to stop a supply for which there exists a demand, these philanthropists may not, perhaps, be very successful. The best way to effect the desired purpose, will be, not to bother Parliament to legislate for the prevention of the opium-traffic, but to endeavour to supersede opium by something better. Let them get a number of Exeter Hall tracts translated into the Chinese language, and imported into China. These will, to all the natives who may be induced to read them, prove a harmless and efficient substitute for opium; and the speeches of the members of the Society, added to the tracts, will doubtless much augment their influence in communicating repose to the Celestial Empire.

### Dresses and Dinners.

WHY, it was demanded by a vulgar person, do the air-tube Crinolines cause a ball to resemble a dinner party? This extraordinary question meeting with no reply, the coarse individual said, "Because where the Crinolines are inflated, there must be a regular blow-out!"

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## THE JACKANAPES' DEVELOPMENT SOCIETY.

PEOPLE generally admit that domestic servants are the greatest of all domestic troubles. Most of them are quite impracticable. They are discontented with rigour, and demoralized by indulgence. Their regard is deadened by keeping them at a distance: familiar treatment destroys their respect. What to do with them nobody knows; but unfortunately nobody also knows what to do without them. Efficient substitutes for men and maid-servants would be among the greatest blessings which could be conferred on respectable society. The above-named Association has been organized with a view to supply them.

By far the most faithful, tractable, and as far as their abilities extend, useful, servants, are dogs. They are, moreover, much more sagacious and intelligent than many, if not most human domestics. There are but two things that a good dog wants in order to enable him to become a perfect servant. He only wants a pair of hands. If he had but that, he could clean boots, and knives, and forks, as well as plates and dishes, which he now actually cleans. He could also cook, instead of being limited, in his culinary employment, to causing the revolutions of the spit. He would be honest, trustworthy, grateful; would know how to behave himself, and would unhesitatingly do whatever he was told, if possible.

But dogs have not hands, and therefore there is an end of the question of the possibility of educating them to wait at table, and converting the servants' hall into the servants' kennel. There are, however, certain other animals possessed of the organs which those of the canine species are destitute of. The animals alluded to are the several varieties of the monkey tribe, particularly the ourang-outang, the ape, and the chimpanzee. These creatures display a high degree of intelligence, which, if duly cultivated, may be confidently expected to render them fully equal to the performance of any menial function. To acclimate and educate apes and monkeys, so as to render them capable of supplying the place of footmen and maid-servants, is the design of the Jackanapes' Development Society.

If success should crown the endeavour to train the *simiæ* to act as servants, it will afford a peculiar advantage. The male animals of that class will look particularly well arranged in that variegated and comical attire with which the superior classes are accustomed to decorate their serving-men. To the judicious eye, a livery seems to have been cut out for an ape, and an ape to have been designed to wear a livery.

Ladies are requested to observe that monkeys will, as maids, have the recommendation of never "answering," when found fault with or scolded.

The domestic apes and baboons, when not employed in the kitchen, will have the special recommendation of being sufferable to remain in the parlour, whence they will not be able to carry away any conversation which they may hear, and where their familiar treatment will not render them insolent. By being thus kept within sight, they will be prevented from exercising any of their mischievous propensities that education may not have eradicated.

The fondness which monkeys display for their young gives good reason to expect that they would make the best of *bonnes* and nursemaids; and, considering what history records of ROMULUS and REMUS, and the more modern and less questionable fact that infants are now often brought up by hand upon asses' milk, there is no reason why a healthy young female ourang-outang should not be employed as a wet-nurse.

The infestation of areas by policemen and soldiers, is a nuisance which will be entirely abolished by the substitution of monkeys of the softer sex for cooks and scullions. No followers will ever be stipulated for by these domestics; in short they will be manageable exactly like any other live stock: and it will be at the option of families to "raise" as our American cousins say, their own servants, or to purchase them when wanted.

No solicitude will need to be felt on the subject of a provision for servant monkeys in their old age. When past work, it will be simply necessary to shoot them.

### Forcible Association of Ideas.

AT a House of Call for Ticket-of-Leave men, in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, a well-known "neck-and-nothing" hero dropped in rather late one night, and, with his mind evidently running upon his business, cried out: "Here, waiter, quick,—a chop—hot—and rub the plate down with a Garotte!" A couple of policemen, who happened accidentally to be present, instantly disappeared.

## CRINOLINE'S RAGING FURY;

OR, THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE'S SUFFERINGS.

You rustic maids of England,
Who dress yourselves with ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
It is French taste to please.
Give ear unto the milliners,
And they will plainly show,
With what care, tight with air,
They our Crinolines do blow.

All you that will be modish,
Must bear a steadfast heart:
For when boys gibe you in the streets,
You must not blush nor start;
Nor must you be disgusted
To hear them cry, "Hallo!
I should think you will shrink:
Give your Crinoline a blow!"

The bitter jests and sarcasms
A poor girl must endure,
And look a fright to dress aright,
Are grievous, to be sure;
Our skirts they are derided
For being puffed out so,
That by steam, it would seem,
We our Crinolines do blow.

In growls like distant thunder,
Which gruffness doth enforce,
We oft hear things old fogies say,
Beyond all bearing coarse;
This causes indignation,
And makes our anger glow;
But disdain is in vain,
And our Crinolines we blow.

Sometimes when Neptune's bosom
Is tossed with stormy waves,
A lady walks out shopping,
And wind and weather braves;
Borne off her legs she mounteth,
And cometh down so slow,
Broad and light, with such might,
We our Crinolines do blow.

A maid exerts the bellows
To bloat us round about,
When woman's arm doth fail us,
Then man's must help it out;
We ring for JOHN'S assistance—
For he is strong, we know—
To help puff us and stuff us
When our Crinolines we blow.

The husband, and the lover,
May simple gowns prefer,
That fit the form, and, in a storm,
With safety let one stir;
Reproaches fierce, our hearts that pierce,
Against our taste they throw,
Which we poor things endure,
Whilst our Crinolines we blow.

We put on costly merchandise
Of most enormous price,
So much we need of drapery,
To follow this device;
We spend so much in drapery,
Of such a size to show,
And with toil our shape spoil,
When our Crinolines we blow.

### Genius Rewarded.

IT is reported that a Russian order is on its way to England to be bestowed upon SIR ROBERT PEEL, in recognition of his late lecture on Russia and her people. The order is the Order of the Merry St. Andrew of the first class. The QUEEN, it is said, has already anticipated the baronet's prayer to wear the honour; he having, in HER MAJESTY'S opinion, so richly deserved the distinction.

## SCOTLAND AGAIN IN MOURNING.

SCOTLAND is again desired to "mourn" by a heart-broken editor, whose elastic feelings stretch as far back as EDWARD THE FIRST. That unprincipled individual created great havoc "upon the archives and insignia of the country!" It is a lately discovered fact—a fact over which CALEDONIA is desired to drop at least a tear—that when EDWARD arrived at Roxburgh Castle "he had with him whole hampers of public documents, state papers, charters, burgh seals, and such like, all of which he had ruthlessly plundered as his armies passed from place to place." Armies generally prefer state plate to state papers; and would rather lift and drive whole flocks of living sheep, than go ever so little out of the way to search for sheep's dead parchment, men-at-arms being rarely antiquarians; but it was otherwise with EDWARD THE FIRST'S myrmidons. They were ruffians with a taste; bullies and swash-bucklers inclined to the historical; and therefore burgh-seals of wax and lead were far more attractive in their enlightened eyes than salvers and tankards. "It might form a subject for the justice-to-Scotland men," writes the Scotch patriot, "to institute inquiries as to what of these memorials survive." It is impossible to conceive a nobler, a more useful application of northern intellect. "If part of them still exist," continues the ardent champion of his country's glory, haply remaining in lead and parchment, "it might be a question if their concession to the original owner should not be asked." We earnestly hope that, at least a few fiery souls will work their way to England in search of the stolen goods; for there can be no doubt that the precious plunder somewhere enriches the great national fence kept by the Southron. The parchments and seals are, doubtless, hoarded somewhere with the original knee-buckles of the first MACALLUM BORE; and ought to be carried back in solemn procession to the land of seedy cakes.

BULWER has just delivered himself of one of his best firework orations, as the new Lord Rector of Glasgow. He glowingly counselled the young students to go forth into the world "with the lion of Scotland in their hearts, and the white cross of ST. ANDREW"—we forget where. Now, what could be nobler knight-errantry for these young Scotch lions crossed with ST. ANDREW, than to sally forth in search of the papers, the charters, and the burgh-seals carried from Scotland by EDWARD THE FIRST, and hidden in the closets, the store-rooms (much of the parchment covering the mouths of pickle-jars,) and the strong boxes of the Southron? The history of any one such knight duly attended by his SANCHO duly mounted, the faithful animal fed with the national thistle, would make a finer poem than the *Faëry Queen*, a more splendid prose epic than *Don Quixotte*. We make a present of the idea to PROFESSOR AYTOUN, who, should he condescend to adopt it, will do equal justice to Scotland and himself. EDWARD THE FIRST has long enough had it all his own way; and it is quite right that, even at this late hour, Scotland should bring the freebooter to the scratch.

## A PLEASANT SERVICE.

A BRIGADE order recently issued at Naples prescribes the system of reciprocal espionage to be observed in the Army of his most Catholic Majesty. Every soldier is to denounce the possession of private papers by a comrade. The officers are instructed to intercept and examine all letters addressed to their men. Every soldier of superior intelligence or education is to be watched. This order will no doubt be followed by a new Neapolitan manual and platoon exercise—of which the words of command will be:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Present papers! | Carry letters! |
| Return papers! | Open letters! |

But we cannot for the life of us imagine how, with such a system, BOMBA'S soldiers are ever to "stand at ease."

## NEWCASTLE NOODLEDOM.

LORD CLARENDON must mind what he 's about. It would seem that he no longer is the head of the Foreign Office; or rather it would appear that there are now *two* Foreign Offices, and that his is the inferior department, and exists only under the *surveillance* of the other.

The Urquhartites of Newcastle, in their capacity of zealous servants of the state, and in their apparent incapacity to serve it any better, have been forming a "Committee for Investigating the action of Diplomacy," which is intended to act as a check upon LORD CLARENDON, or whomever else the foreign ministry may hereafter be entrusted to. As a specimen of the wisdom which the country may expect to emanate from its Newcastle privy councillors, we read that the Committee at a recent meeting for "investigating" the Chinese bombardment—

"Resolved unanimously, That ADMIRAL SEYMOUR has unnecessarily and unlawfully destroyed innocent life: that we therefore resolve to proceed against ADMIRAL SEYMOUR for murder at the Central Criminal Court."

In the event of the failure of their criminal proceeding, for in the existing state of the law it may not be quite so easy to indict an admiral on such a charge as the Committee seem to think, we suppose that the Parliament now sitting at Newcastle will proceed at once to pass a special act for the occasion, declaring such offences as that which is in question to be legally considered murder, and giving themselves the power to appear as public prosecutors whenever they think fit. Being acquainted somewhat with the instincts of busybodies, it would not at all surprise us if the Committee should be led to arrogate the functions of the Home as well as of the Foreign Office: and indeed their resolution to indict ADMIRAL SEYMOUR is a sufficient indication that they intend going by degrees the whole Governmental hog, and removing the nation's business premises from Downing Street, Westminster, to their committee-room, Newcastle.

Now, granting every allowance for the weaknesses to which all busybodydom is subject, we are not disposed to grant that two heads to a department would be better than one; and as the office of administering our foreign affairs must be considered foreign to the duties of Newcastlemen, we cannot suffer them without a protest to threaten LORD CLARENDON with official decapitation. It is all very right to keep an eye upon the Government, but *Mr. Punch* does this without being thought prying—which indeed he would submit to be, if he were ever caught "investigating" the secrets of the State. And the nation probably will agree with *Mr. Punch*, that whenever it be needful to haul any of its servants over the coals, those combustibles may be supplied at 85, Fleet Street, without having to send so far as to Newcastle for them.

## THE ANTI-CINDERELLA COSTUME.

"A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN," writing in the *Times*, on the subject of those extensive dresses which are the fashion that ladies now use, makes the following observation:—

"Beauty seems to be valued like Crown land, only by the number of square feet enclosed."

It is, however, to be noted that the dresses at present in vogue not only cover a certain number of square feet. They cover two other feet, which may be square for aught anybody can tell; or which may be splay, or clubbed; and whilst we find fault with wide and draggling skirts, we should not forget that they are a great blessing to those otherwise fair damsels whose lower extremities are clumsy or deformed.

### The Frying Pan and the Fire.

WHEN the Window-Tax was in operation, we complained of it as a tax upon light. The Light-Tax is no more; but we have the Income-Tax in its place. Perhaps, it is rather generally considered, that we have exchanged the Light Tax for the Heavy Tax.

## GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE GENTLEMEN!

NEWS! GREAT NEWS! A French paper says, "*La Crinoline est morte!*" The Editor can hardly contain himself for joy in making this announcement. You see him cutting a caper between every line. After a little of the steam of his exultation has blown off in the most explosive style, he proceeds gravely to say, that "the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, at whose door (what a very wide door it must have been!) the greater part of the mischief has to be laid, appeared at the ball given at the Tuileries on New Year's Day, without the least '*morceau de bouffant*.' The EMPEROR, with a face radiant with joy, went up to the EMPRESS, and, in the most marked manner, complimented her on her very graceful appearance. Thus, in common with the nation, we rejoice that *les jours gras des femmes maigres* are at last at an end." And *we* also rejoice that women, no matter whether stout or thin, can no longer play the swell in the preposterous manner they have been doing all the year round. The circle of fashion will be now all the more approachable. We think that there ought to be a public meeting of husbands and fathers to express aloud their thankfulness that Crinoline has been carried away with the skirts of the departed year. Let all the horsehair be collected in one heap, and worked up into a series of magnificent mattrasses, until piled up as high as one of the Pyramids, and, gradually growing smaller, the topmost pillow is surmounted with a golden statue of the *jupon*-annihilating EMPRESS. The following inscription would suffice: "A EUGÉNIE, LES MARIS RÉCONNAISSANTS."

We trust, however, that, in our extreme hatred for milliners' bills, we are not premature in our rejoicings. Let us hope that one absurdity is not defunct, merely to be succeeded by another of equal bulk and bad breeding. We put our banker's-book to our heart, and raise the fervent aspiration that on the demise of Crinoline, the cry has not been heard usually shouted at the *exit* of a French King: "*La Crinoline est Morte! Vive la Crinoline!*" No; we believe that there are good patriotic Frenchmen, who would sooner welcome back to France the return even of the BOURBONS than that of Crinoline. In the meantime, it is our conviction that LOUIS NAPOLEON himself has had a powerful hand in putting down this stubborn enemy, as he was fearful of the important part Crinoline would probably play in another revolution. Supposing the barricades were ever raised up again, every dress would have been a complete barricade in itself!

### A Notion for the Budget.

THE Poor's Rate presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, begs to submit that, whatever objection may have been made to his amount, inequality of operation has never been alleged against him, and wishes to ask whether the mode of his assessment might not advantageously be adopted as a model for the levy of all direct taxation?

A CRUSTACEOUS KING.

A RESEMBLANCE between KING CLICQUOT and a snail is suggested by the circumstance that, after a considerable deal of foaming, that very slow monarch has quietly drawn in his horns.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

A GERMAN will keep awake for hours to study metaphysics. When an Englishman studies them, it is to induce him to go to sleep.

THREE WORDS ON THE SPANISH LOAN.—Let it alone.

## RABELAIS IN PIMLICO.

*How we came to a certain Fair Region, and touching the Horrible Noises which we heard therein.*

THEN we took to our vessel, named the *Bride*, and steered along the muddy shore of the river Thamesis, which in the old Hebrew signifieth foulness, and passing the Archbishop's Tower and a strong and crafty prison-house, we landed at Pimlico. Epistemon told us that the region was so called from one Ben Pimlico, a jolly companion of the order of the Bottle, who deceased in the odour of strong liquors three hundred years since; but for my part I believe him not, neither do I care for Ben Pimlico, nor for you, nor for anybody else. The houses were fine and stately, and one of them was a tavern, into which we entered. Friar John, who was always ready for a quart or so, demanded of the hostel-keeper the best of his ale. Which the fellow straightway bringing in a glass, "By the Pope's horns," quoth Friar John, "thou noddie-peak doddipol, I will teach thee to mete out such measure *ad cleros*," and thereupon lent him a thwack with his walking-staff, which knocked him into the ides of February in August, or, to speak more clearly for your comprehension, into the middle of next week. But a comely damsel hastening with an ample flaggon, the good father, who was the gladdest man in the world, and nothing malicious, heartily forgave him, saying, "I have but given thy malt a new stroke." At which Pantagruel laughed until he had bursten four hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and seventeen buttons off his nether garments.

While we drank, at a pleasant window, Panurge bid us remark the goodly dwellings thereabouts, saying, that doubtless fair and gentle folk did dwell therein. Whereto the good Pantagruel answered, that it was not so, and that the fine new sweet lovely houses were inhabited, in great part, by slabberdegullion druggels, paltry customers, base loons, noddy meacocks, ninnie-hammer flycatchers, weak lob-dottorels and the like. These, mark you, infest the new streets of that region, which were designed for altogether another sort. "But how, my Lord and King," quoth Panurge, "do such sort of forlorn snakes contrive to live here?" "Thou shalt see for thyself," answered Pantagruel.

While he spoke there arose a dreadful yelling as if Lucifer and nine hundred and nineteen thousand of his fry had broken loose. Panurge fell down, sitting-wise, and cried, "O my sweet friends, Pluto and Proserpine and the furies have come forth, and I hear Cerberus howling and Demorgorgon roaring. Bou, bee, bor, baa. Let us fly, my friends, before we be torn in pieces. Friar John, thou cowardly roysterer, draw thy great sword, and comfort me, bou, bee, boo, baa, boh." "Truly I will belabour thee," quoth the glad Friar John, "thou bawling slave, until thou hast no more consistence than a syllabub (would I had one here), an thou cease not thy clamour." "They come, they come," cried Panurge, "and the world is at an end. O that I had a sweet little great lodging on the top of Mont Blanc, or Mont Maelstrom, or I care not if it be Mont Pleasant, where I might be out of the fangs of these demons." "Be still," quoth Friar John, "and I will kill them to you like so many blackbeetles."

With that the horrible rabble came howling and roaring past our window, and we plainly discerned their vileness. There were men, and women, boys and children, all bawling and screeching like frantic fiends. And they cried hareskins, and hearthstones, and matches, and ornaments for your fire-stoves, and periwinkles, and sweep, and watercresses, and milk at threepence a quart, and vegetables, and oranges, and old clothes, and fish, and rabbits, and onions, and images, and flowers all-a-blowing, and dust, and catsmeat, and knives and scissars to grind, and pots to mend, and kettles to mend, and umbrellas to sell, and baskets, and chairs, and muffins, and crumpets, and broken windows, and a thousand other cries. And with them came minstrels of all kinds, Germans in a dirty gang blowing blatant trumpets, and scrubby Italians grinding organs, and vagabonds with blackened faces and paper collars, with banjos, and other miscreants with hurdygurdies, and ballad-singers with furious shouting, and an idiot with a cracked fiddle. And ever and anon came men with loud and sepulchral voices, proclaiming beer, but at times they battered the doors fearfully, bawling pots. And this we learned was the rioting that went on in these regions from morning to night.

"I do now no longer wonder," quoth Friar John, "that no decent person can live in these new and pleasant streets, and I marvel that such things are permitted. Nevertheless, I will do somewhat for mine order's sake, for are we not to promote peace? *Pax vobiscum!*" Therewith he rushed upon the rabble with his thundering great sword, which he called *Benjaminall*, slashing, crashing, smashing, kicking, pricking, licking, swearing, tearing, never sparing, until he had so banged, beaten, and routed that whole gathering and assemblage of rascaldom that there remained not one. Then from the neighbouring regions issued, smilingly, gentle and courteous people who had long suffered the anguish of these monsters, and they fell on Friar John's neck, and kissed him, and entreated us all to come into their houses and eat, drink, and be merry. And we did so, carousing until the dawn, and it was a sweet and heavenly sound to hear us laugh.

## IN A HURRY.

*Boy.* "NOW THEN, SIR!—THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU 'LL LOIKE IT!—GET OVER, OR ELSE LET US COME!"

## LEAP-FROG.

*Dedicated to* PRINCE NAPOLEON, THE DUKE OF MALAKHOFF, MARSHALS CANROBERT, BOSQUET, *and the other French officers present at the late Crimean banquet at Paris.*

FROGGY must a warring go—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
Froggy must a warring go,
By the Emperor's orders, like it or no,
With his swingeing ST. ARNAUD, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
Heigh ho, so growly!
So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
And there found JOHN BULL with a soldier or two,
With his good-natured RAGLAN, LUCAN, and CARDIGAN,
Heigh ho, so scowly!

When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run—
Heigh ho, so easy!
When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run,
It was Froggy, of course, took the one captured gun,
With his swingeing ST. ARNAUD, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so easy!

When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue,
To JOHN BULL, of course, the delay was due,
With his easy LORD RAGLAN, LUCAN, and CARDIGAN,
Heigh ho, so growlly!

When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack"—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack,"
Of course, Froggy held left and right attack,
With his bouncing PELISSIER, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

When six to one did at Inkermann fight—
Heigh ho, so boldly!
When six to one did at Inkermann fight,
It was Froggy, of course, that defended the height,
With his terrible *Chasseurs*, *Zouaves*, and *Indigènes*,
Heigh ho, so boldly!

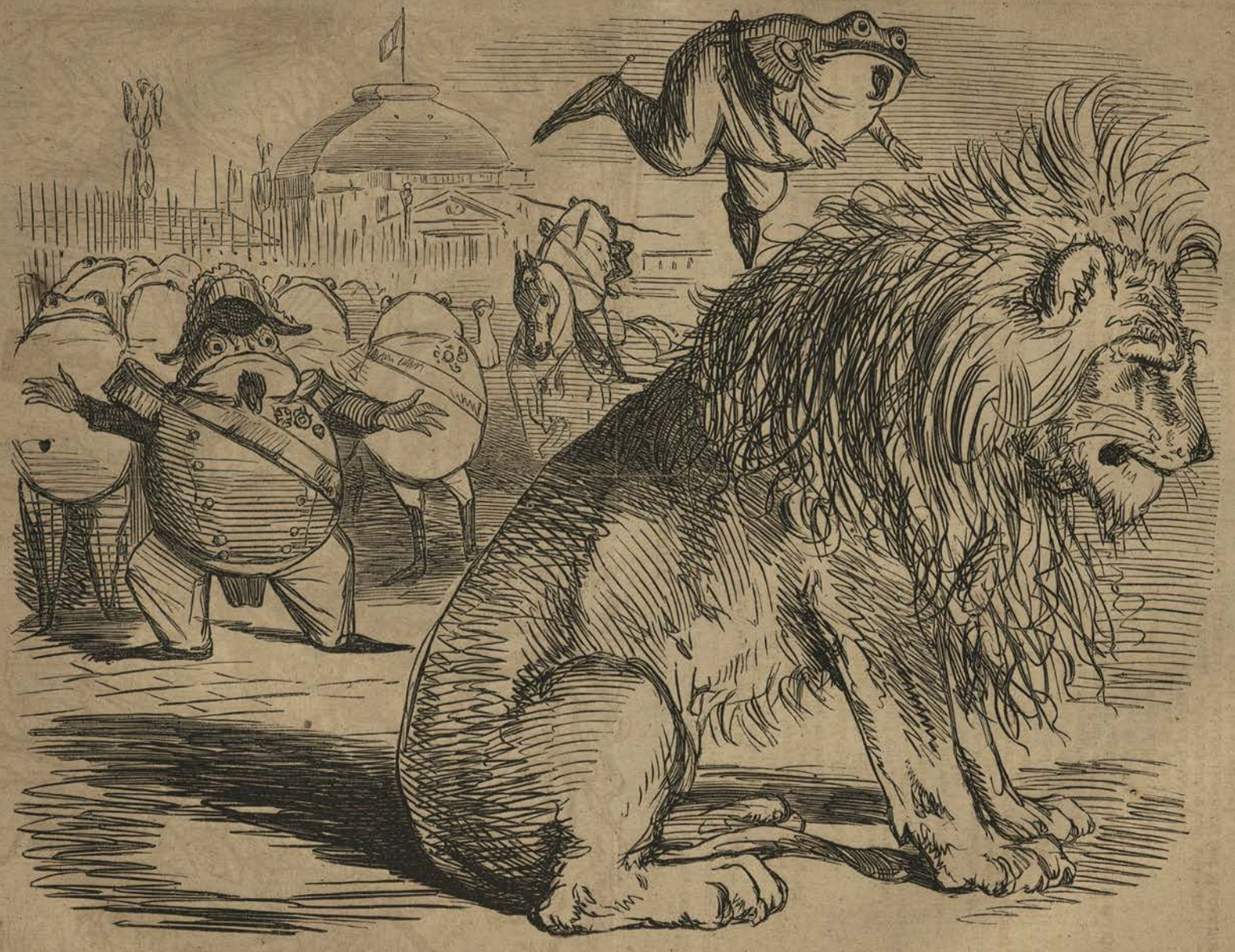
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse—
Heigh ho, so quickly!
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse,
The "thin red line" was Froggy's of course,
With his blundering LUCAN, CAMPBELL, and Highlanders,
Heigh ho, so quickly!

When the Allies' assault was repulsed in June—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the Allies' attack was repulsed in June,
'Twasn't Froggy began the attack too soon,
With his DUKE OF MALAKHOFF, BOSQUET, and Company,
Heigh ho, so foully!

When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en,
It was Froggy did all—except lose the Redan,
With his thundering D'ANGELY, BOSQUET, and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

In short, the Siege of Sebastopol—
Heigh ho, so wholly!
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol,
Was Froggy's achievement, whole and sole,
With his ADMIRAL HAMELIN, BOSQUET, and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so wholly!

Of what laurels there are to win and wear—
Heigh ho, so seedy!
Of what laurels there are to win and wear,
Of course, Froggy claims the Lion's share,
With his Dukes and his Marshals, BOSQUET and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so greedy!



# THE FRENCH GAME OF LEAP-FROG OVER THE BRITISH LION,

**As Recently Played in Paris.**

## A GOOD SPEC.

THE following statement appears in *Notes and Queries*.

"NEARSIGHTEDNESS.—It is stated in the Paris *Medical Gazette* that of the 3,295,220 young men examined in France for military service, during 19 years, 13,007 were exempted for *myopia*."

Greatly as our neighbours delight in military glory, they are not very fond of the conscription. As nearsightedness is a ground of exemption therefrom, it has no doubt become as fashionable among them, for that reason, as it has among our own young men from affectation. Would it not be a good speculation to manufacture, for exportation to France, a large number of cheap spectacles and eye-glasses, adapted to natural and perfect vision?

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"PAPA has just been reading to us, with considerable delight (all his own, dear old thing!) some remarks which MR. ROEBUCK, a member of Parliament, has been making in a speech somewhere, being I suppose, in such a dreadful hurry to let off his pent-up eloquence that he could not even wait until Tuesday week. I think I never heard such rubbish talked in all my born days. Who MR. ROEBUCK is I have not the least idea in the world,[1] and what 's more, I don't want to,[2] but what people they are that send such a person to represent them I certainly should like to know, that I might ask Papa to reserve his nominations to the Idiots' Asylum for them.[3]

"This MR. ROEBUCK, as far as I understand his stupidness, was declaiming against politicians who pretended to be independent, but went over and sat by the Government. As if it signified where people sat; but men are such absurd sticklers for rules and regulations, though they can always find some Jesuitical excuse for breaking them when it suits their precious taste. Besides, it is the man that talks, and not the chair, I suppose, and he can just as well speak his mind in one seat as in another. If I were to say that I could sing '*Bobbing Around*' (not that I would sing such vulgar and ridiculous nonsense anywhere, and it shows what men are, and what will amuse their intellectual lordships, when they will go and shriek and applaud like a pack of schoolboys at such dreadful rubbish,[4] for I read the words in your paper, and though I dare say the singing is everything, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves), on a music-stool, and not on a chair, I should be called a ridiculous lump of affectation.[5]

"But I suppose he meant to say that these independent men, who professed to belong to no party, were got to support a party after all. I have no doubt of it in the world, and it is just the character of all men who make professions, and of a good many who are too artful to do that, for fear they should have their words thrown in their hypocritical faces.[6] How men ever trust one another at all is beyond my comprehension. But that is their business. As for their joining a party, it is very natural. Most men are idiots,[7] and if they find one who is wiser than the rest, they run round him like my bees at Worthing round their queen, and do as he does, and repeat all he says with the greatest slavishness. It is quite consistent with human nature, I mean man's nature, not that it is always human, but often very inhuman. Look at that wretch that beat the poor children in the factory with a great strap. I should like to tie him to some of the machinery, and let him be torn into a million pieces,[8] and if that other man gets off that destroyed the babies, it will be just like our laws.[9] The QUEEN ought to be despotic in such matters, and when she reads a shocking thing in the paper, she ought to have power to send off some soldiers, without another word,[10] and shoot such people out of a cannon. What is the use of calling her a Queen if she cannot do as she likes?[11]

"I was going to say, however[12] that it is quite natural that men should turn round upon some pretence or other, and break their words with their constituents, and serve them right for trusting. But I was not prepared for MR. ROEBUCK'S impudence—I don't care whether the word is the thing or not (nobody can see me as I write it)—in actually laying the blame of such men's tervigosation—is that the way to spell it[13]—on their wives. Yes, you would hardly believe it, but this is the excuse set up by MR. ROEBUCK. Papa read it out, 'with emphasis and bad discretion,' as AUGUSTUS says. 'Now, my dears,' said Papa, 'observe the influence with which the honourable member credits the gentler sex.' And he went on to say that the way independent members came to vote for LORD PALMERSTON (who is the dearest man in all England, and everybody ought to vote for him[14]) was this. The member's wife reads of the QUEEN'S parties, and of course is dying to go to them, and so LORD PALMERSTON tells the man that if he 'll vote for him he 'll procure a ticket for his wife, and then the woman gives her husband no peace or rest (and very right too) until the ticket is got at the price.

"I hope this is true. I hope with all my heart that it is true. I don't suppose it is, because men never speak the truth in public, whatever some of them may do in private. But if it is true, it shows that a wife knows much better what is good for a husband than he does. It is good also for the people, because if you do not support the QUEEN and her Government, there must be revolution and rebellion, and very likely a guillotine in Trafalgar Square, and the poor dear little royal children beaten by shoemakers in the Tower.[15] And as you are always preaching to wives to mind their families and their interests, they are doing so, I suppose, by getting their husbands into the highest and best society, and making acquaintances for their children against the time they come out. What can be better for a girl than that she should be introduced into society by her own mother, instead of having to beg for a *chaperone*? And as for the sons, I suppose a father who is friendly with LORD PALMERSTON, can always get them made cornets and senior wranglers and midshipmen, and all that.[16] And because a poor wife struggles to gain these things for her children, she is to be denounced upon a platform. Nice creatures you men are, certainly, very nice creatures! Preach at us to do things one day, and abuse us for doing it the next.[17]

"*Saturday.*"

"Your affectionate
"MARY ANN."

[1] He is member for Sheffield, dear, and the ANDREW MARVEL of the VICTORIAN age.

[2] We beg your pardon—we had not read this piece of elegance when we penned the above note.

[3] The population of Sheffield, in 1851, was 135,310, and it contains 70 places of worship. Little girls should not be flippant.

[4] There is some sense in these exceedingly irrelevant remarks.

[5] This would be a coarse way of observing, that you appeared to exhibit a little whimsicality.

[6] Explain this curious process to us in a note, not necessarily for publication.

[7] A broad proposition.

[8] You would like to do nothing of the kind.

[9] If guilty, he will not escape.

[10] Without another word of inquiry?

[11] We are not usually serious with you, child, but you really must not assume that our Sovereign is dissatisfied with the amount of power she possesses. We have *the best reason* to KNOW the contrary.

[12] After a parenthetical dissertation on human nature, criminal law, the power of the Crown, and the theory of sovereignty. Well done, MISS BLACKSTONE!

[13] Certainly not.

[14] We have supported him, which is saying the same thing.

[15] Ask AUGUSTUS what a *petitio principii* is. He won't know.

[16] We don't know. LORD PALMERSTON is at our office four times a-week at least, and none of our young fellows have had anything from his lordship—yet.

[17] You have made out a better case—woman's case, of course—than usual, but we assure you that there is something to be said on the other side. Suppose you drop politics?

## THE POST IN THE SUBURBS.

FEW people are aware of the enormous distance which intervenes between London and Hammersmith. True, the transit in an omnibus does not seem to take a very long time, and on foot is accomplished with apparent ease and brevity; but the road must be an enchanted one, and its seeming shortness illusory. It is, in fact, much farther from the Metropolis than Southampton; for if at the latter place you post a letter directed to Fleet Street, one minute before ten at night, it arrives at its destination early the next morning; whereas, if despatched from Hammersmith at the same time, it would not be delivered there before two o'clock on the following afternoon. Either, therefore, the foot-passengers and the omnibuses are all bewitched, or else the mail-carts are so; unless, indeed, the Post Office authorities are under the influence of a spell which renders them inattentive to Hammersmith letters. Under the new postal arrangements Hammersmith is marked "W.," for West. This is at present a mistake. The mark for that so-called suburb ought to be "F. W.," signifying Far West.

### THE THREADNEEDLE STREET CHARTIST.

MR. WEGUELIN, the Governor of the Bank of England, who aspires to the representation of Southampton, appears to be a man of note rather than celebrity.

INDISPENSABLE IN A TEETOTAL BALL-ROOM.—Pumps!

WHERE *ARE* THE POLICE?

Small but Brutal Shoe-boy (loq). *"'Ave yer Moostarchers blacked, Capting?—Do 'em for a d'-penny!"*

## HOW TO BEHAVE OURSELVES.

OF all reading, we like the literature of etiquette. We never open a book of manners, without a pleasant sense of our ignorance—the ignorance that is perfect bliss. We really feel that we have been, even at the best oyster parties, but as a child playing with the shells, now and then it is true, swallowing an oyster, but without any thought of the pearls that we were casting to our porcine appetite. And then, conscious of our shortcomings, stricken with conviction of what is wanting in us, we feel inexpressibly grateful that we have arrived at the age of —well, no matter what—knowing so little, and faring so well. For instance, we learn for the first time, from the *Etiquette and Ball-Room Guide*, that—

"When you receive visitors, *do not show off* your wardrobe. It is *kind to your friends to give them a chance of outshining you;* or, to put this more seriously, you should be sure that your own appearance *will not shame* the worst-dressed man that may happen to come."

Henceforth, when we "receive," we put aside our brilliant studs, and merely exhibit our modest ivories. Nor henceforth will we, with unfeeling vanity "shame" dear, good MUDDASON; who, for "dress," always reads "dirt," and enters the drawing-room with a splash. Henceforth, far be from us the vanity, the unfeeling conceit of varnished boots. No: we will sink to the homely level of BIGGLESWADE, and "receive" in high-lows.

The next formula on "the art of introduction" should be deeply considered by men; they would perhaps learn from it humility, and perhaps not.—

"In the act of introduction, the *inferior* is always presented to the *superior*; for instance, *the gentleman to the lady*, and not the lady to the gentleman."

Of course not: women—we beg their pardon, ladies—being in all English conditions superior to the inferior animal, man. Hence, have we a queen: hence, women have the first seats in Parliament (in the gallery): hence have they the first word, we need say nothing of the last, for that speaks for itself. In fact, in all cases woman is superior to the man. It is not only the law of England, but the law of nature. Therefore, TOMKINS, when at MRS. NOGGINS'S ball—for which she has sent out cards—you are introduced to MISS JEMIMA SMITH, bow low, and consider yourself considerably beneath the superior JEMIMA. And remember, TOMKINS, you are compensated for this humility by the assurance of the author that "the first act of courtesy should always come from the lady," an old truth, as old as Paradise, when EVE courteously offered the apple to her husband. By the way, speaking of apples, we are told that—"If the lady who sits next to you at dinner should ask you to pare an apple or an orange, hold it with your fork to do so." Had father ADAM done this, it is not improbable that he might have thought twice ere he had tasted that tremendous pippin. The next injunction is full of divine philosophy:—

"If you are offered anything nice to eat or drink, *do not pass it to somebody else*, the reason *is obvious;* you thereby charge your friend with overlooking the claims of another."

And how gross, how indelicate such an implication! Nevertheless, how constant throughout life is the tendency of mankind not to keep what is nice, but to pass it to somebody else! After this fashion, how do women give away their hearts, and—bless them!—often think nothing of the present. The concluding sentence has all the weight and music of the deep harmonies of LORD BACON.

"Do not be so absurd as to refuse to take 'the last piece,' or any nonsense of that sort."

The counsel, perhaps, would be more complete (we suggest any improvement with tremulous diffidence) if it ran thus:—"Make sure of the first piece, and end as you begin."

As to the treatment of ladies, the profound observer of human nature declares that—

"There is a certain fulsome obtrusiveness of attention to ladies, to which some gentlemen *are given*, and *which is very offensive*. Pray you, avoid it."

Thus, though you are in your own looking-glass, that never yet deceived you, lovely as ANTINOUS, do not believe that the ladies may entertain the same reflections. Do not, therefore, in the invincibility of your own fascinations, be fulsomely obtrusive; do not let your forefinger rebuke a vagrant tress that may have wandered on the white brow of AUGUSTA, whom, haply, you see for the first time; neither take the hand of EUGENIA (perhaps you have beheld her twice) between the pressure of your own, and carry the blushing tips of her fingers to your idolatrous lips. Again, when you look at a lady, perhaps for the third time, do not gaze upon her as a sparrow-hawk takes its bird's-eye look of a chicken; neither scrutinize her features closely as young MOSES SOLOMON questions the validity of a doubtful shilling.

"Presents" are wisely discriminated. "You must not make presents to your superiors." For instance, it would not be etiquette for you, JONES, or for ourselves, to send a brace of birds to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. Neither would a present of dairy-fed pork be complimentary in the same distinguished quarter, seeing that His Royal Highness breeds his own pigs.

"Of course there are exceptions. For instance, if you are the writer of a book, or the painter of a picture, you may safely offer it to any one. Or, if *you are a sailor*, you may request a lady to accept *the skin of a rare animal for a toilet-mat;* or anything of that sort."

A parrot, whose education has been carefully superintended on the forecastle, would, doubtless, be very acceptable to a serious family. Having planted your parrot in the bosom of the circle, possibly you may fall in love with DINAH. Well, you are a wild worldly fellow, and have been seen by the REV. MR. HOWLAWAY (who himself attended for convertible purposes) at JULLIEN'S Concerts. DINAH will not have you: she still treads the tiger catskin you gave her under her feet, and still rejects you. What is your appointed conduct, under such truly agonizing circumstances? Why—

"If a lady declare herself unwilling to receive your addresses, retire from the field at once, with dignified courtesy."

Excellent advice: still, dignity is difficult. For ourselves, we should counsel a new plunge. The best mode of recovery is to fall in love again as soon as possible.

"If the courtship assumes *the usual shape*, be kind and respectful to the friends of the woman you profess to love, and do not bore them by too frequent calls."

We confess that our author is here a little unsatisfactory. It is very true that by abstaining from "too frequent calls" you may please mamma and papa; but how about the beloved object: what says the pouting JEMIMA?

In the matter of dancing, the benevolence of our author oozes forth like aromatic gums. He says—

"A kind-hearted gentleman will not fail to lead out ladies who appear to be neglected by others—but he will not do it ostentatiously."

Henceforth, having arrived at a contemplative period of life, we will be that kind-hearted gentleman.

N.B. Balls attended (where good suppers intervene), and plain partners led out with ease and despatch.

### "Monarchs Retired from Business."

LET us hope that in the next edition that may be called for of DR. DORAN'S book under this title, there may be a supplement, devoted to KING BOMBA and PIO NONO.

A WHITE STORY.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE intends to visit the United States, but, out of deference to public opinion in America, will, on arriving in the Model Republic, change his name.

## BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.

BOMBA'S benevolence exceeds all bounds. Not content with bestowing on some thousands of his subjects free maintenance and lodging for the chief part of their lives—giving them unasked admission to the Royal Almshouses (known to coarser minds by the name of the State Prisons), and there providing them with bed and board, the former of the two being in fact the latter, except where its stead be supplied by a stone flooring; not satisfied, in short, with the safe keeping of their bodies, the King is now taking thoughtful measures to ensure also the safety of their souls. A paragraph, which is quoted by the *Daily News* from the "official journal of Naples," informs us that KING BOMBA by a recent edict has, in his clemency, decreed as follows:—

"Cherishing in our royal soul the desire of improving more and more the condition of our prisoners, and wishing that their moral shall not be inferior to their material improvement, we decree that the moral and religious direction of those who are detained in prison is entrusted to the reverend fathers of the society of Jesus. One of the reverend fathers shall form part of the Commission of Prisons, and will have a deliberative voice in the examination of affairs."

Still having in our mental ears what MR. GLADSTONE told us of the horrors and enormities of the Naples State Dungeons, we fear that if the moral condition of the prisoners be no better than the material, they most of them must be in a truly "parlous state." But seeing that sick bodies do sometimes make sick minds, although the reverse be the more commonly held axiom, would it not be greater charity were the King to "cherish in his royal soul" a desire for the corporeal improvement of his victims, before pretending to take measures for their spiritual benefit?

By the clement KING OF NAPLES the State Prisons, it is obvious, are regarded rather as but adult charity schools; their inmates being one and all "detained" there solely for their good, and for the sake of "improving more and more their condition." Viewing it in this light, we are indeed so struck with KING BOMBA'S bounty, that we think his name should be coupled with a fitting epithet, to denote the quality for which he lives distinguished. If the name of BOMBA be handed to posterity—and even that of NERO still survives to it—we would have him descend (although we own he cannot sink much lower) as BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.

## MANGLING DONE HERE.

*A Classical Duet on the Persian War, showing how* JOHN BULL *was at first induced to complain of the Expedition, but finding that he was too late, he was consoled, and drank with the jovial Minister.*

*Bull.* Persicos odi, PAM, apparatus.
*Pam.* Russia might come to Herat, and checkmate us.
*Bull.* Nec te Ministrum dedecet myrtus.
*Pam.* Go in for laurel, the Persians can't hurt us.
*Bull.* Persicos odi, I 'm a repeater.
*Pam.* Late is your protest, sera moretur.
*Bull.* Where 's my coronæ?
*Pam.* Cartwheels? I've spent 'em.
*Bull.* }
*Pam.* } What 's the odds? Drink to me, vite bibentem.

### FINANCE RIDDLE.

MY first is a preposition, my second is an invitation, my third is a bore, and my whole is a swindle—In-come-Tax.

## "DEAR BILL, THIS STONE-JUG."

(*Being an Epistle from* TOBY CRACKSMAN, *in Newgate, to* BILL SYKES.)

DEAR BILL, this *stone-jug*,[1] at which flats dare to rail,
(From which till the next Central sittings I hail)
Is still the same snug, free-and-easy old hole,
Where MACHEATH met his *blowens*,[2] and WILDE floor'd his bowl.
In a ward with one's *pals*,[3] not locked up in a cell,
To an old hand like me it 's a *fam'ly*[4]*-hotel*.

In the day-rooms the *cuffins*[5] we queer at our ease,
And at *Darkman's*[6] we run the rig just as we please;
There 's your *peck*[7] and your *lush*, hot and reg'lar, each day,
All the same if you work, all the same if you play.
But the lark 's when a *goney*[8] up with us they shut,
As ain't up to our *lurks*,[9] our *flash-patter*,[10] and smut;

But soon in his eye nothing green will remain,
He knows what 's o'clock when he comes out again.
And the next time he 's *quodded*,[11] so downy and snug,
He may thank us for making him *fly to the jug*.[12]
But here comes a cuffin—which cuts short my tale.
It 's agin rules is *screevin'*[13] to pals out o' gaol.

(*The following postscript seems to have been added when the Warder passed.*)

For them coves in Guildhall and that blessèd LORD MAYOR,
*Prigs on their four bones should chop whiners*,[14] I swear:
That long over Newgit their Worships may rule,
As the *High-toby, mob, crack and screeve*[15] model-school;
For if Guv'ment was here, not the Aldermen's Bench,
Newgit soon 'ud be bad as "*the Pent*" or "*the Tench*."[15][16]

*Note.*—We subjoin a Glossary of MR. CRACKSMAN'S lingo:—

[1] Prison. [2] Ladies of a certain description. [3] Comrades or fast friends. [4] Thieves speak of themselves as "family-men." [5] Warders. [6] Night. [7] Meat and drink. [8] A greenhorn. [9] Tricks of the trade. [10] Talking slang. [11] Imprisoned. [12] Up to prison ways. [13] Writing. [14] Thieves should pray on their knees. [15] Highway-robbers, swell-mobsmen, burglars, and forgers. [16] Slang names for Pentonville Model Prison and Millbank Penitentiary.

## THE BRITISH BANK IN PARLIAMENT.

WE learn with great pleasure that on an early day of the Session, a Bill will be brought into the House for the better protection of all bank depositors, and the surer punishment of all shortcoming directors. The Bill will be brought in by Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, still member for patient Glasgow, who will advocate the measure with his customary eloquence, and illustrate the subject with the most copious details drawn from long and close experience.

Depositors and shareholders of the Royal British will, we doubt not, be glad to hear that MR. HUGH INNES CAMERON, though absent, is still considered very dear by a large number of anxious inquirers. MR. CAMERON sojourns in the Holy Land. Whilst engaged in the Royal British, it was not possible for him to give more than a piece of his active mind to religious matters (we believe that prayers were only said in the Royal British once or twice a-day), but that released from the entanglements of Mammon, he now devotes the whole of his time to serious subjects. The worthy gentleman has been busy carrying on excavations in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and has discovered the country seat of BARABBAS, which it is said he proposes to occupy. Such a dwelling-place to such a mind must abound with the most impressive associations.

THE BAYSWATER BROTHERS (whose height is respectively 6 feet 4 inches, and 6 feet 11, and the united breadth of whose shoulders extends to as much as 3 yards, 1 foot, 5 inches) give, respectfully, notice to the Gentry and Public of Paddington, Kensington, Stoke Newington, Chelsea, Eaton Square, and Shepherd's Bush, that they will be most happy, upon all social and jovial expeditions, such as dinner and evening parties, as well as tee-total meetings, to escort elderly or nervous persons in the streets after dark, and to wait for them during their pleasure, so as to be able to escort them home again in safety. No suburb, however dangerous, objected to, and the worst garotting districts well known, as the Brothers, both BILL and JIM, were for several months in the Police Force.—Terms, so much a head per hour, according to the person's walk of life. A considerable reduction on taking a party of twelve, or more. Distance no object. Testimonials, and ample security given. For further particulars, Apply to B. B., Royal Humane Society, Trafalgar Square.

### The Pantomimes.

THE playgoer will be startled—and very much startled—*when* he sees the subjoined managerial opinions of the managerial pantomime, written with a pen plucked from the wing of truth.

"By no means the least effective pantomime."—*Drury Lane.*
"Certainly not the worst pantomime."—*Haymarket.*
"As far as pantomimes go, very good for a pantomime."—*Adelphi.*

## COOL REQUEST.

*Lady Crinoline.* "YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"

## "THE PLAYHOUSE IS IN FLAMES!"

OUR Conservative contemporary, the *Press*, who has suddenly discovered that it is his duty to be a Destructive, in regard to what he calls "theatrical humbug," is pleased to remark that he has received

"Abuse for daring to say that most theatrical notices were puffs secured by management, that most theatrical audiences, by their impartial attendance at good performances and vile ones, show that they neither care for nor comprehend the difference, and that several actors and actresses are by no means the marvels they allege themselves to be."

We should rather think he had. Is he surprised at it? He must be rather a green critic if he imagines that he is to attack the three strongholds of theatricalism—its Mamelon, Malakhoff, and Redan, puffing, ignorance, and vanity—without getting shots from the mud-works in reply. Abuse! What else did he expect? Does he not know that if you praise an actor from the tip of his feather to the heel of his shoe, and then hint that his hat was a little on one side, or his buckle a trifle too large, he instantly sets down all the praise as mere hypocrisy, and regards you as his enemy for life, and the hired minion of some rival? Marsyas, after Apollo's flaying him, was pachydermatous compared to a criticised actor. And then the *Press* expects to escape unpelted for laying on the lash all round. However, it is comforting to be told that—,

"We have, *per contra*, been informed by actors of the first class, by persons who love the drama, and by members of literary and cultivated society, that we 'have hit the right nail on the head,' and can do much service to the stage and its professors by exposing the humbug which surrounds them with a false atmosphere."

If the *Press* would do us the honour to take a hint from us, we should recommend it neither to heed nor to register abuse on one side or approbation on the other. If, in a humble way, it would imitate *Mr. Punch*, serene in his conscience, and steady in his purpose, and would never disquiet itself, it would be saved a good deal of trouble. However, that lofty philosophy is not to be expected from everybody—*non ex quovis Ligno fit Punchus.*

## THIS PICTURE AND THIS.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL already developes all the striking characteristics of his illustrious parents. His hair of the palest gold, falls in rich clusters adown his neck, and is beautifully symbolical of the prosperous fortune brought by the genius and wisdom of his heroic and sagacious sire on France. His brow is square and broad as a tablet; whereon might be written, were it necessary, another *Code Napoléon*. The mouth reminds the Biblical beholder of the riddle of SAMSON, in which the sweetness of honey is mingled with the strength of the lion. His vivacity is unbounded, and his laugh rings as with the shrill note of a silver trumpet; the clarion of France. It is said by those most intimate with the person of the IMPERIAL PRINCE, that his right shoulder is marked with a bee; while his left is visibly impressed with a violet.—*The Moniteur.*

THE infant of M. BUONAPARTE gives unmistakeable evidence of his parentage. There can at least be no doubt in *his* case. His features are of the coarsest mould. His hair has a deep, sanguine colour; in fact quite a Second of December tint. Dull and inflexible, it is a type of the man who dominates France. The forehead is low and retreating; altogether of a simial character. The jaws protrude and develope the merest animal instincts. M. BUONAPARTE'S child has, to the present period, shown a total absence of the gaiety and sportiveness that are the inseparable characteristics of infancy. His look is a scowl; and his voice a snarl. We do not profess to vouch for the truth of the rumour—which we take at its worth—but it is said the brat is marked on its right arm with a poniard.—*The Red Republican.*

### Taxation at Best.

A JUST system of taxation is one which would press with equal hardship on everybody, inflict on all the same amount of suffering, be felt alike inconvenient and objectionable by each individual, and give no one person more reason for grumbling and swearing than another.

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## THE BATTLE OF THE PANTOMIMES.

THE Pantomimists, in addition to the tricks which they exhibit on the stage, have a trick of trying to draw audiences — if the word "audience" be applicable where the show is strictly dumb-show —by announcing that theirs is the best pantomime in London, and inferring that it were a waste of money for any one to pay for seeing any other. We learn from our statistical reporter that in seven play-bills which he has lately purchased there occurs in six of them a claim of having "the best Pantomime Company," while in the seventh there is added a remark, that if you doubt the fact, you have but to "come and see if it isn't." Now this challenge to our criticism seems reasonable enough, until we reflect that to judge with correctness of the claimed superlativity we must visit individually each one of the competitors; for until we have inspected all the pantomimes in London, how can we with any truthfulness declare which is the best. It would seem, then, that our previous inference has been deduced incorrectly, and that the assertion of superiority, which appears at first to warn one from the doors of other theatres, in reality provokes one to pay a visit and a shilling to them: so that the philosopher is tempted to suspect that he would find, if he could only get a peep behind the scenes, that the opposition companies form, in fact, a coalition, and while pretending in their posters to be playing *The Rivals*, are in truth very amicably playing into one another's hands.

But the pantomime harvest is at longest but a short one, and with Christmas it comes but once a year to us. So although the philosopher may have suffered from the Income-Tax, and have become morose and a rather strict economist, let us hope that he can still afford to laugh at any harmless little dodgery that may be used to keep the *Pantaloons* a little longer on their legs, and enable the *Harlequins* to leap a little farther into the spring than they might otherwise have been engaged to do. A *Columbine's* roses are by no means thornless, and *Mr. Merriman* has often cause to show himself a sad dog in private: so we will not judge too critically of the means which we may find are tried to keep the roses in bloom, and the *Merriman* from laughing on the wrong side of his mouth.

## LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

WE understand that the producers of those interesting serials, the illustrated books of fashions, are becoming seriously inconvenienced by the growing amplitude of ladies' dresses. They have already, it appears, enlarged their engraving-plates to more than twice their former size, but even this extent is weekly proving less and less sufficient to give a faithful picture of the costumes now in vogue. We learn indeed from one of their most skilful draughtsmen, that he finds it quite impossible to so reduce the scale, as to draw a lady's figure in full evening dress within the comparatively contracted space assigned him. Even on the scale of only one-twentieth of an inch to a yard he finds the largest quarto double page by far too narrow to contain all the widths of a fashionable ball dress; and he quite anticipates that he will soon be forced to draw half a skirt at a time, and get the publisher to intimate that it will be "continued in our next."

Knowing from experience that the votaries of fashion are prepared to go any lengths—or widths—in following their leader, it would not at all astonish us to find that their circumference increased to such extent that, to do it proper justice, the fashion-books were furnished with plates as big as dinner-tables. Unless the *mode* become more moderate, our daughters will be coming home with their *Belle's Livres* about the size of Atlases, with engravings upon folding leaves, which when spread out would paper half our dressing-room. Indeed, if those "art-treasures," the millinery magazines, be filed at the Museum with our other current literature, it will soon, we think, be rendered requisite to build an extra wing to hold them.

### A Domestic Stampede.

IT is melancholy or droll, according to the constitution of the observer's mind, to notice with what rapidity children, who are playing about their mother's knee, will instantly decamp on the announcement of their early dinner.

## THE TEN TOWNS.

*Or, Mr. Punch's Complete Handbook to his friend* MR. HILL'S *New Postal Plan.*

ROWLAND HILL has just divided
London's waste of brick by ten;
Every change, of course, is chided,
By our stupid "business-men."
But the plan has pleased their betters,
HILL'S new boundary rails are cast,
And those nuisances, our Letters,
Will be brought us twice as fast.

Neither *timidè* nor *temerè*
HILL proceeds: his scheme to aid
ROWLAND begs you 'll fix in memory,
These new districts he has made.
*Punch*, believing that in no land
Works a sounder man than HILL,
Begs to give, in help of ROWLAND,
Some Mnemonics, framed with skill.

Let us take some leading feature
In each district thus assigned,
And the most oblivious creature
Soon will bear the name in mind.
Unto its Initials adding,
Endings new but *apropos*,
ROWLAND'S heart you 'll soon be gladding
By the ready skill you 'll show.

Thus:—**N.W.**'s region 's lying
All around the Regent's Park,
"What **N**ice **W**illas folks are buying
Round those parts," is your remark.
**W.** holds the whole, or nearly,
Of the Fashionable Squares,
Think of "**W**ealth," or (more severely)
Of the **W**anton **W**aste it dares.

Lawyers, and good CORAM'S Foundlings,
All are found in **W.C.**
Theatres delight its groundlings,
**W**icked **C**reatures, is your key.
Pimlico is in **S.W.**,
Brompton fast, and Chelsea mild,
There the **S**houting **W**retches trouble you
With the Cries that drive you wild.

**E.**'s for **E**ngland, represented
By her fittest symbol, Docks,
There 's her **E**mpire, sea-cemented,
Throned upon a thousand stocks.
Lady, your **N**ew **E**vening dresses
Come from yonder scorned **N.E.**,
There the weaving Frenchman blesses
**N**antes' **E**dict. Ah! *mais oui!*

**S.** for **S**uburbs, neat and cheapish,
Brixton, Camberwell, Vauxhall,
And one's friend looks rather **S**heepish
Bidding you to come and call;
Yet that part in turn outhectors
Yonder dismal hole **S. E.**,
Southwark, where the **S**nob **E**lectors
Choose SIR CHARLES and APSLEY P.

Under **N.** the map embraces
Islington and Pentonveal,
Folks who ask you to such places,
Are a **N**uisance, don't you feel?
While what 's ancient, rich, or witty,
Makes **E.C.** a glorious bunch,
That 's our own **E**ternal **C**ity,
Tower and Bank, St. Paul's and *Punch!*

### Fashion for Statute Fairs.

A STATUTE Fair will shortly be held at a suitable place. The Ticket-of-Leave men of the Metropolis, and those of the nation at large, will be invited to attend with their Tickets-of-Leave in their hats, which will doubtless give them a great advantage over unconvicted labourers, in competition for employment. The site which has been selected for this hopeful labour-market is Gotham.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—YOUR last piece of advice is very rude, and I shall certainly not take it. 'Drop politics,' indeed! Just like the selfishness of men! At the very moment when Parliament is beginning, and there is some little interest in the subject, I am told to drop it, that it may be left to your he-writers. I shall do nothing of the sort, and I do not believe that you will be so unkind as to suppress my letters.[1]

"However, to-day I shall comply with your grumbling,[2] because I have something else to say. At least I don't know—is Divorce politics?[3] I should not wonder if you made out that it was, and if it is, I can't help it. How you can read that beautiful letter of MRS. NORTON'S, and not all of you set to work with all your might to try and get what she says carried into effect, I cannot conceive, but I dare say nothing will come of it.[4] When a woman who can write such a letter as that condescends to address you, you ought to pay the most respectful attention, and be grateful for her advice—but not you; and I dare say the mean manly feeling (I consider manly a term of contempt[5]) that a woman ought not to interfere with the laws, makes you treat her with even more coldness than if a man had made the suggestions she does.

"As for divorce, the question is perfectly simple.[6] A party of ladies could draw up the law as it ought to be in ten minutes, only you must fuss about it in the two houses of Parliament, and talk about the Mosaic law, and the church, and the fathers, and the proctors, and everything that has nothing to do with the matter. How can Mosaic law concern it, unless to be sure a husband has made his wife presents in Mosaic gold?—and many are quite stingy enough! As for the church, we go to church to be married, not to be divorced. I don't know much about the fathers, but if they were fathers of daughters they would like to see laws made for their good, and as for the proctors, I have met one or two at parties, and they are dreadful stuck-up old things, whose opinion I would not take on anything but starching a cravat?[7] If people who have nothing to do with a subject would leave it to those who have—and it stands to reason now, my dear soul, that the person who wears the shoe must know where it hurts[8]—this question could be settled at once.

"A man ill-treats his wife. Very well. Now we don't want any Acts of the House of Lords, and all that, costing thousands of pounds, but let a magistrate sign a paper, and send the husband to prison, and take all the property and give it to the wife. Let the husband, if he has any trade or occupation (and if not let him be compelled to learn one) be made to follow it, in prison, and let the money he earns be paid over to the wife and children. Now what can be simpler than that? The man would be made industrious, the public would have the advantage of promoting trade,[9] the wife would be protected and the children educated. If, after a great many years you thought he had thoroughly repented, you might transport him and turn him loose in some colony; only make him take another name, that his wife might never be shocked by hearing of him. Of course, if she liked to marry again at any time she should be free to do so; but most likely she would think she had had enough of matrimony.

"There now, there is the whole thing provided for, and if lawyers and talkers would not bring in stupid complications and objections, those words might be made into a law, and there would be an end of the matter. The only difficulty that I see is, as to what should be done if a husband runs away; but I think that if you made another law, saying that if they did this they should be executed, and any person harbouring them should be transported for life, it would prevent it. This would not be a bit too severe, because, you see, a person who leaves his children without the means of being educated is answerable for all the crimes they may commit.[10] But now we come to a question which you will be sure to stir up, and which I dare say men would avail themselves of to defeat the punishment they ought to receive, and this is, what do you mean by ill-treatment? Of course, if a man were to raise his hand to a woman, or use bad words at her, or lock her in a house against her will, or any other flagrant and open outrage, there could be no dispute. But there are thousands of other injuries which the ridiculous law takes no notice of, because it was made by men who have hard and coarse natures, and do not even see or hear a thing that will perhaps keep a woman crying all night.[11] And then there are different grades of society; and, what is an insult to a woman in one sphere, is not an insult to a woman in another.[12] Then again (I am coming to something presently) there are cases in which a woman might like only to punish a husband a little, in the hope of reforming and forgiving him. Also he might sincerely repent, after a short time, which, if he was a man of any feeling, he would do. Therefore, and this is what I am coming to, you ought not to attempt to make a law providing for every case that can possibly occur; for, when you had thought over every injury which a man could do his wife, his evil ingenuity would invent some fresh one. There ought to be a sort of Court established, not a ridiculous one where a parcel of lawyers chatter because they are paid for it, and everybody tries for victory, not for what is right, but more like a committee. Why, when we had a committee at Worthing, for giving away the bread, and flannels, and coals that winter, we discussed everything quietly enough; and, what is more, everybody got bread, and flannels, and coals, which is a good deal more than men can say when their precious administrative powers are put to the test, remember the Crimea for that.[13] But this committee should not be all women, or else you would complain of partiality, but there should be some dear old men upon it, fathers of daughters, with white hair and benevolent old faces,[14] and then I suppose you would be satisfied. These questions of ill-treatment might be brought before this committee, and the magistrate might go by their decision. Now do you mean to say that a woman can suggest nothing practical?

"Of course, my dear *Mr. Punch*, there would be some unreasonable complaints. A wife might bring up her husband for not being dressed when she wanted to go to a party, and refusing to go (I made a little picture of it the other day, and I send it you; you can put it in *Punch* if you like, only mind and tell the printers to keep the face pretty[15]) and though I don't say that he would not be a great bear and deserve reprimand, this would be irrational in her. But you may rely upon it that there would be little of this. Women are too glad to keep their husbands when they can. This is just a man's aggravating cavil, and I have no patience with it.

"Your affectionate

"*Monday.*" "MARY ANN."

"P.S. If you ask me, whether a man ought to be able to get rid of his wife?—I answer, Certainly not. A man has the choice of the whole world before he marries, and if he chooses badly, that is his fault. A woman can only have the husbands that offer to her, and when she has got one, it would be too bad to take him away.[16]"

[1] This mixture of pathos with defiance has just—and only just—saved your letter from the basket that was yawning for it.

[2] We do not grumble, we reprove. And you use vile English—comply with grumbling, indeed.

[3] "Politics" means that part of Ethics which consists in the government or regulation of a nation, for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity. "Ethics" means—but look it out for yourself, and answer your own question.

[4] SIR RICHARD BETHELL, HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General, has promised legislation upon the question, Miss. Watch the debates.

[5] It is nothing of the sort. But it always makes us think of MR. JOHN COOPER, of the Theatres, delivering a pleasing and elevated sentiment.

[6] You said that about the Income-Tax.

[7] The preceding passages convey an impression of discreditable pertness on the part of the writer.

[8] And that he knows how to alter it, eh?

[9] Please, please spare us your political economy, second hand from Papa. That is rather too afflicting.

[10] This is a glimmering of sense after a mass of feminine wisdom.

[11] No woman ever cried all night, though thousands courageously declare that they have done so. We class the assertion with that other favourite womanly complaint that the eyes were never closed once all night.

[12] Not put with exactitude, and therefore false. The *same* insult is equally felt by both women. A pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of lead, and *vice versâ*.

[13] Fair enough.

[14] What ugly daughters to have!

[15] We have used your picture as an initial. Do not be too proud.

[16] We insert this P.S. because it evidently occurred to you that you had forgotten that there were two sides of the question. But we will never insert another. This is final, so get your last words over before you sign your letters. Do you hear, young woman?

## LUNACY IN SHOE LANE.

LL yesterday, the attention of the LORD MAYOR was, we venture to say, painfully engaged in a case of unquestionable lunacy. A person, who had evidently once moved in genteel life, was brought before his lordship, charged with disturbing the neighbourhood, and obstructing the way of Shoe Lane. The offender was very fantastically drest, combining in his wardrobe the character of the Asiatic and the Russian. He said he had good reason for his outward appearance. He had laboured at the Turkish and Russian questions all his life; long before LORD PALMERSTON had sold England to the CZAR; a fact which he intended to prove by producing the conveyancer (a gentleman of otherwise unquestionable probity) who had executed the treasonous document.

Policeman X stated that he apprehended the defendant in Shoe-Lane. He was seated cross-legged before the office of the *Maundering Herald*, having covered a large square of the pavement with writing, and with rude designs in coloured chalk. The writing he continually rubbed out, and as continually renewed. A great crowd was gathered about him, to the annoyance of passengers, and to the general obstruction of the thoroughfare.

The defendant, when called upon for his defence, said he was content to add another name to the list of martyrs. He had for some time past written leaders for the *Maundering Herald*; but he thought he should better serve the cause of truth by appealing to a larger body of readers. He, therefore, had taken his place upon the pavement, and had chalked out the perils of his country in chalk of many colours. He had also illustrated them with a variety of designs. He defied any of the men of the Academy to beat his design of LORD PALMERSTON, hanging by the neck, with the Russian treaty peeping out of his pocket. Besides, it was well known to him that there was a hitch.

His lordship asked what he meant by a hitch?

The defendant replied—He meant a hitch in the Cabinet. It was at first a simple hitch; and then there was a hinge in the hitch; and then the hinge was got over; or rather it was cut by the Sword of the LORD and of GIDEON—SIR ROBERT PEEL and the Bricks of Babylon—The EMERESS OF CHINA and a Bed of Roses. Ought not Broadlands to be sown with salt—and the Headsman be forthwith sent to take measure of the PREMIER'S neck?—Three cheers for HAMPDEN and SIDNEY, and down with *Cupid!*

His lordship, evidently moved by the poor man's condition, asked if he had no friends?

The policeman replied that he had made all inquiries, but without success. He had heard that the gentleman was once very well-connected, but was given up as hopeless when he became addicted to the *Maundering Herald*. The stuff his lordship had heard was of the like sort with what was written by the defendant on the pavement in Shoe Lane.

The defendant, apparently unconscious of the statement of the policeman, made a gesture as though desirous of silence. He then said, "There's a split—a split with a handle; a split with a running knot." The unfortunate man then sat down on the floor, took from his pocket a piece of chalk, and with amazing rapidity wrote as follows:

"Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill, which incontestibly accounts for LORD PALMERSTON'S bad eminence.

"Hopdance cries in poor TOM'S belly for three red herrings,—which to any sane mind sufficiently substantiates the treason of the ignoble PREMIER.

"The Cabinet-door is not to be bolted with a boiled parsnip; no, my LORD PALMERSTON, nor are the hinges of the Cabinet to be oiled with melted butter.

"Is England to be cast into a china teapot, and the very depths of the nation to be stirred by the spoons of place?

"But the thunders of vengeance are beginning to rub their eyes and look about them, and the avenging lightning has already taken off its nightcap.

"The showman puts his head into the lion's mouth once too often; the lion wagged his tail; and the head dropt into the stomach. At this minute, LORD PALMERSTON has his head in the mouth of the British lion; the tail begins to oscillate, and—but to the sagacity of the reader we leave the just, though horrible conclusion."

"That's the very same stuff, my lord," said the policeman, "that the prisoner has filled all Shoe Lane with. The waggons can't get on for it."

The defendant slowly rose, and with an air of authority addressed one of the officers.—"You will immediately take that leader to the *Maundering Herald*. And mind: large type, with double leads. Understand me, double leads."

The LORD MAYOR compassionately shook his head, and remarked that it seemed a very hopeless case.

"He shall be hung in his Garter, my lord," said the defendant; and he immediately caught up a policeman's hat, and on the glazed crown, rapidly sketched a figure, depending from a gibbet. Underneath, the artist wrote, "A trifle for PAM!" Then, offering the hat to the LORD MAYOR, the defendant smilingly observed, "From the life, my lord, and at your service."

His lordship said he really could not, in mercy to the poor man himself, suffer him to go at large. He must have some security for his future good conduct. No bail was forthcoming, and the defendant was therefore locked up.

Late in the day, however, two persons—we considerately suppress their names—appeared, and entered into the required bond. They were very strange-looking individuals; wearing their beards almost to the waist. Indeed, altogether they had a most weird, and old-world aspect. They were understood to be distinguished Southcottians, and constant readers of *The Maundering Herald*. The cab, containing the defendant and his bail, on leaving the office, took the direction of St. George's Fields.

## MORE ART-TREASURES.

THE Directors of the Art-Treasury at Manchester are overwhelmed with offers, on the part of all classes, to contribute to that exhibition. They are daily compelled to decline propositions from parties whose estimate of their own treasures is based upon private admiration rather than upon public recognition of their merits.

MR. STUBBS, of Aldgate, has proffered the loan of the following works of art:—

*His Grandfather*, (twice Churchwarden) by AMOS SMITH, artist to the Portrait Club that used to meet at the Toadstool Tavern, Houndsditch, in 1785-6.

*An Anonymous Female*, artist unknown, but from the circumstance of her having a cat and kittens on her lap, supposed to be by SIR GODFREY KNELLER, who painted the Kit-Cats.

Engraved view of Hyde Park, *George the Third reviewing the Volunteers.*

*Moonlight Scene*, by MISS STUBBS, when she had had two quarters' drawing. Remarkable for the artist's bold contrivance for introducing light, by cutting out the moon, that a candle may stand behind.

*Front of Newgate in* 1788. The aërial perspective a little injured by injudicious cleaning by MASTER STUBBS in a washhand basin, but archæologically interesting.

*Anonymous.*

*Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, in black silhouette.* Additionally valuable from their having been executed on Windmill Hill, Gravesend, on the actual wedding-day, the new-married couple having previously ordered dinner at Rosherville. *Anon.*

*Two Statues in Plaster.* Boy, undraped, reading. Boy, undraped, writing.

*Statuette Bust*, very small. MR. BUCKSTONE or MR. WRIGHT, but the hat and nose being gone, identification is difficult.

Spangled and coloured full-length *Portrait of Mr. Hicks as Redgorio*, in the *Dumb Imp of the Demon's Gorge.* This noble portrait was offered to the Garrick Club for ten shillings, but rejected, through the intrigues of jealous artists.

Inkstand, China, in saucer to match, with two dogs fighting, and the legend, "Let dogs delight," &c. Historically interesting as the inkstand used by JOHN BUMPAS, the liberator of Aldgate, when he signed, in 1803, his memorable protest against "The Thrupp'ny Poor-Rate."

A Bone Knife Handle, curiously engraved with the cipher "B. M.," and therefore supposed to have been the property of Bloody [Queen] MARY.

Specimen of Embroidery of the Eighteenth Century, being an Exampler, or Sampler, worked by MARY JANE EJAX, aged 11, in 1799, and representing a rural residence, animals, and trees, with alphabet, and Arabic numerals, and the distich

"I can stitch, and hem, and fell,
And I can kiss and never tell."

All the above have, upon the recommendation of MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, been thankfully declined, but as it is not designed to discourage offers of the kind, any similar works may be left at *Mr. Punch's* office for that gentleman's preliminary inspection, before sending them to Manchester.

### An Anticipated Performance.

(*In the House of Commons.*)

*Stage Manager Lewis* (*coming boldly forward*). "Gentlemen, will you allow me to announce, in consequence of its great success, the repetition of the Income-Tax every year until further notice?"

*Liberal and Conservative Members* (*unanimously*). "Off! off! off! off!"

*A Million Cries* (*heard outside*). "Off! off!! off!!! off!!!! OFF!!!!!" [*And Off goes the Stranger accordingly.*

LEGAL DESTITUTION.—The "eye of the Law" has become so weak from the want of proper practice in the different courts, that it is going to advertise for a pupil.

*Disgusting Boy.* "I SAY, CLARA!—I'M SO JOLLY GLAD, I AM. DO YOU KNOW, ALL THE PIPES ARE FROZE, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY OF THAT HORRID WASHING THESE COLD MORNINGS!—AIN'T IT PRIME!" [*Sensation.*

## MY INCOME-TAX.

FARE you well, my hard Income-Tax,
Fare you well for some while,
For the shop it is ruined, the Union is near,
Or I 'm bound for the Jug, Income-Tax,
I am bound for the Jug, Income-Tax.

Don't you see that seedy cove,
That is crouched under yonder pile,
Lamenting his fate, in want doomed to rove?
And so am I by my Income-Tax,
And so am I by my Income-Tax.

A beggar, who a beggar's pot
At least can boil off his own hook,
May suffer some, but surely not
What I endure through my Income-Tax.
What I endure through my Income-Tax.

When they were levied just and fair,
A heavy and a grievous load
Was taxes; but none could compare
For cruel weight to my Income-Tax.
For cruel weight to my Income-Tax.

## THE LIMBS OF THE LAW.

EVERYBODY is aware that the law has limbs, but not everybody, perhaps, knows what they are. The recent trial of REDPATH has disclosed two of them. On the question of proceeding further against the other defendant, who had been acquitted, the following conversation took place between the Judge and one of the Counsel for the Prosecution:—

"MR. JUSTICE WILLES. I think that you ought to have put your best leg forward. I have read the whole of the depositions, and I must say that I anticipated the result.

"SERJEANT BALLANTINE. Felony is considered a 'better leg' than misdemeanour. We always try the gravest charge first."

Thus it appears that the legs of the law are felony and misdemeanour. The observation may, perhaps, be permitted that misdemeanour and felony are the law's lower limbs. Here the question arises, if felony is the better leg of the law, is it a right leg? By parity of reasoning it may perhaps be inferred that the hands of the law are larceny and swindling.

## A TEACHER'S WORK FOR A SCULLION'S WAGES.

WE should like to know what are the usual wages of an ordinary maid-of-all-work in Scotland? They must be what good housewives call very reasonable indeed, if those of extraordinary maids-of-all-work are not generally more unreasonable than those offered in the subjoined advertisement extracted from a Scotch newspaper:—

**WANTED.**

A TEACHER, for the Ladies' Seminary, Portsoy, capable of Teaching English Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History and Music, as well as Knitting and Plain and Ornamental Needle-work. The Teacher must have a Government Certificate of Merit, or be prepared to be examined by HER MAJESTY'S Inspector for such Certificate. Salary—Eight Guineas per Annum.

Immediate application, inclosing Testimonials, to be made either to the REV. P. MURRAY, or the REV. A. COOPER, Portsoy.

*December* 27, 1856.

Here are ten branches of knowledge to be taught, and a proposal to allow a remuneration for teaching them, at the rate of 16*s.* a-year each to the educational maid-of-all-work. Is "Ladies' Seminary" an euphemism? Does the phrase really mean ragged school? Or is the above announcement to be considered as a piece of Scotch practical "wut," put forth by some humorous party desirous of ridiculing the parsimony practised towards teachers at the establishment in question; a parsimony really extreme, but of which the terms stated are a jocose exaggeration? If not, is not there a mistake in the statement that a "Government Certificate of Merit" will be required of the teacher? Surely the document intended to be specified—under the idea that a certain plan has been pursued by Government with female equally with male convicts, and that a reformed lady-thief might be willing to accept any terms as a teacher—must be a Ticket-of-Leave.

### A FRIENDLY QUESTION TO MR. BUCKSTONE.

*The Babes in the Wood* may be all very well; but why, BUCKY, why continue to give us *The School for Scandal* in the same material?

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

YOUNG PAM, alias THE BOTTLEHOLDER, begs to announce to the Nobility, and Gentry in general, and his backers in particular, that he will be in attendance at his well-known quarters, the St. Stephen's Head, Westminster, any night between the 3rd of February and the beginning of August, where his money will be forthcoming, and he will be prepared to make a match with any man, at any weight. If YOUNG DIZZY, or THE DERBY PET, mean fighting, now is their time. The B.-H. has generally been considered among the light weights; but he is anxious his friends should know that he has picked up a good deal of meat in the last two years, that his wind was never better, and that he is open to accommodate any customer from ten to thirteen stone. The B.-H. gives Private and Public instruction in the noble Art of Self-Defence at the St. Stephen's Head, and at his Crib in Downing Street.

A Harmonic Ordinary at the St. Stephen's Head every night, except Wednesday and Saturday. CHARLEY LE-FEVRE takes the Chair nightly. Comic songs and recitations by the unrivalled BOB PEELE, the whistling traveller, including the favourite entertainment of "The Rooshian Coronation," as recently given by him with so much success at Birmingham.

**RATTING SPORTS.**—DICK COBDEN and JOHNNY PAKINGTON, alias THE QUARTER-SESSIONS PET, having recently entered into partnership at the Manchester Arms, are open to make matches with their celebrated dogs, Voluntary and Churchman.

GEORGEY BOWYER and NEDDY MIALL have several customers ready to make engagements with BLANDFORD'S well-known old dog, Establishment.

**BELL-RINGING.**—BIG BEN, the Llanover youth, will attend at his House of Call, Whitehall Place, and back himself against all England to ring changes, on the Marylebone bells, any day between this and the next General Election.—N.B. Change-ringing taught, and the Nobility attended at their own houses.

BEN DIZZY wishes us to state he is tired of doing nothing, and would be glad to make a match with anybody on any terms.

ON DITS.—We understand that a mill may shortly be expected between DE LIGNE, of the Belgian fancy, and BOBBY PEEL, in consequence of the latter's chaffing at the Adderley Park Harmonic meeting a few weeks since. BOBBY ought to be careful of his bounce. If his friends will give him the office, they ought really to lock his jaw-box, for as it is, he is positively too aggravating for anything.

There is no truth in the report lately spread by "MRS. HARRIS," alias "The Shoe Lane Oracle," of engagements having been entered into between the BOTTLEHOLDER and BILL GLADSTONE. BILL is open to a match, but the BOTTLEHOLDER is not at all likely to come to BILL'S terms, so far as we can understand them. But BILL ought to learn to express himself more distinctly.

# SWELL MOB AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH (A 1). "NOW THEN! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?"

D—Z—Y. "OUR LITTLE GAME! NOTHIN'—WE'RE ONLY '*WAITING FOR A PARTY.*'"

## MRS. DURDEN'S APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT.

So Parliament 's about to lay their heads together for improvements,
(Ah, if I was about their House I'd quicken their slow dawdling movements,)
They 're fonder far of talk than work, just like a pack of idle hussies,
What I wish is that they 'd reform them good-for-nothing omnibuses.

They 've room in Parliament to sit with comfort to themselves and others;
I wish they 'd think about our seats, considering their poor old mothers.
Get out with all your education; don't tell me about your learnin',
Unless you give me what I want, and find a body space to turn in.

First as concernin' of the doors, they 're all of them a deal too narrow,
To shoot one's self through holes like them, a person 'ought to be an arrow,
One's figure should be like a hoop between the sides of 'em to trundle;
And there 's an umbereller too, besides a hand-box and a bundle.

You bump on this and 'tother side; against the passengers you blunder,
Which causes 'em to grunt and growl, and makes 'em look as black as thunder:
And then you sits down where you can by means of pushin' and of squeezin',
With some one's elbow in your ribs which keeps a worritin' and teazin'.

With knees to knees and feet to feet of people facin' opposite you,
You sits in misery and pain, the whilst they looks as if they 'd bite you;
There 's always somebody inside that pisons you with gin and onions,
And sure as any one comes in, he tramples on your corns and bunions.

Their boots, too hitches in your gownd, and what 's the use of axin' pardon,
When, for the mischief they have done, there 's none of them as cares a farden?
They breaks your band-boxes all in, your bonnet that 's inside they batters,
And 'tis destruction for your clothes, reduced to rags and dirt and tatters.

Then, when you 've reached your journey's end, and squeezed as flat as a baked apple,
'Stead of St. Paul's Churchyard you find they 've took you on unto Whitechapel.
They tells you you should look alive, whereas you look half dead more often,
And what can you expect, confined, as I may say, within a coffin?

I 've got no patience with the way in which them there conductors serve us,
And all that scramblin' on the roof must make a timid creature nervous;
I often wish I was a man for to give vent in oaths and cusses,
Which is the sentiments I feels when travellin' in omnibuses.

I do hope Parliament will take the case into consideration,
And put the omnibuses right—at least do something for the nation.
But I 'm afeard they 'll waste their time on foreign fiddlestick discussions,
Which never comes to any good; and what I say is, Drat they Russians.

## A SEALED BOOK FOR SLAVES.

STRINGENT measures are in contemplation for the purpose of keeping the black portion of the public in Tennessee in subjection to the white. Among others it is proposed that the negroes shall no longer be permitted to attend their own meeting-houses, but if they go to any places of worship at all, shall be limited to the ordinary churches. One additional precaution should be taken in order to obviate any undesirable influence which may be exerted upon the slaves by religious services. In the various churches and chapels of Tennessee, the ministers should be strictly prohibited from reading a certain portion of the book of Exodus. The slaves of Tennessee will not be edified, to the satisfaction of their masters, by hearing the account, narrated in that history, of the deliverance of other slaves from Egyptian bondage.

### Keys for Queer Characters.

MANY simple-minded persons may wonder why the officers of the 2nd Life Guards should think it necessary to be provided with golden latch-keys. A golden key will often procure the admission of a scamp into a decent house, but we do not imagine that anybody at present holding a commission in that gallant *corps* can want such a key for such a reason.

## A NEW LITERARY FUND.

MR. PUNCH was pleased to read, in one of last week's papers, that a Scottish Literary Fund, for the relief of distressed authors, is in course of formation. All honour to the promoters, and all success to the undertaking.

As it is in its infancy, and youth is liable to err, *Mr. Punch* can conceive the possibility of this Literary Fund falling into a few errors, and therefore he has thrown together some hints, which, if considered before the rules and regulations of the New Fund be finally settled, may render them more suited to their purpose, and the character of the proposed charity, than they might be if modelled upon other principles.

When a gentleman, who has pursued the most honourable of avocations, is compelled to apply for assistance, do not make it necessary for him to bring a number of witnesses to testify that he is not a liar.

Have some men on your board who are acquainted with the literary world, or who, if unacquainted with the applicant, can quietly ascertain who and what he is. Spare poverty the additional humiliation of going round to its acquaintances to glean testimonials.

You will, of course, feel it your duty to inquire minutely into the antecedents of every applicant, but if you should discover that twenty years earlier somebody gave him twenty pounds, let your official be authorised to relieve his immediate wants, while he is endeavouring to satisfy your natural desire to know what became of all that money.

As a rule, if he alleges that he is starving, assist him within a month or so from his application.

Of course, if you have any idea that anybody else has an intention of assisting him, save your own money. But be tolerably sure that such a thing *has* been at least talked about.

If he be recommended to you by other gentlemen of character, you may as well accept their testimony, and not insult them by prosecuting inquiries to ascertain whether they have told the truth.

Do not impose upon the poor man the expensive task of sending you copies of all the works he has ever published, but let his application be referred to somebody who is acquainted with literature, or can find out a book by the aid of the catalogue in your University library.

If these, and some other suggestions which occur to *Mr. Punch*, and which he will take another opportunity of offering, be regarded in the spirit in which they are made, SCOTLAND will have reason to be satisfied with *her* Literary Fund.

## EFFECT OF CRINOLINE ON PARTIES.

CRINOLINE is beginning to tell in an unexpected manner on Evening Parties. Ladies in the present season complain that they do not receive so many invitations as heretofore. The reason is this. Rooms that would comfortably accommodate fifty matrons and spinsters, will not now, without a heavy crush, contain above fifteen. Hence, doubtless with a view to a renewal of the old hospitalities, we have seen the subjoined Card:—

The Hon. Mrs. Plainbody

At Home.

*Without Crinoline.*

## TRANQUILLITY ON WASHING DAY.

AN American invention for washing linen and other clothes has been for some time in highly successful operation. The American Patent Washing Machine has certain peculiar advantages which ladies who wash at home will not fail to appreciate. One of the principal of these is that it consumes no gin, beer, and tea; requires no *meals*, and does not walk off with any broken victuals. Moreover, it neither gossips nor scolds, and it contrives to wash without involving itself in hot water with the servants; in all which respects it has immense advantages over the ordinary laundress.

### Showing the Income-Tax the Door.

WE should not at all wonder if the Income-Tax, like a well-bred dog, seeing the impending certainty of being kicked out, saves the House the trouble by quietly taking itself off.

HOW TO CUT OUT A MUSLIN DRESS (SOMETIMES).—Wear a Velvet one.

INNATE POLITENESS.

*"Take my Humbrella, Missus!—That 'ere little thing o' yourn ain't no use wotsumdever!"*

## HIEROGLYPHICS FOR THE HEAD.

THE *Lady's Newspaper* contains the following description of a fancy head-dress called the *Coiffure Egyptienne*:—

"It is formed of two bandeaux of groseille-colour velvet, embroidered with gold, and on one side there is the lotus flower, and on the other a bow of groseille-colour ribbon, figured with hieroglyphics of gold."

A lady had better be cautious how she wears this head-dress. Much progress has been made of late in the deciphering of Egyptian symbols. One would not like to wear an inscription in those characters in one's cap without being sure about the translation of it—would one? My beauties, suppose one of you to be at a party, with this cap on her head, and there to meet some University man, whom she has reason to suspect of understanding everything. "Oho!" says he. "You sport hieroglyphics." Then, with a suppressed grin, he asks, "Do you know what they mean?" "Oh, dear, no," is her reply.—"Do you?" He answers in that tone of voice which a man assumes when he is telling you a story which he does not mean you to believe—"N-n-no." She sees that he does know what her hieroglyphics mean, and also that it is something very stupid. She sits, or dances, upon thorns during the rest of the night, and is probably deprived of sleep all the next day.

## PUNCH'S PREROGATIVE OF MERCY.

MR. PUNCH was induced, by misinformation, to believe that MR. SNOOKS was guilty of shameful and scandalous conduct. Under the influence of this erroneous belief, *Mr. Punch* held up MR. SNOOKS to ridicule and contempt in a caricature, and abused and vilified him in an article breathing indignation mingled with scorn, by which means he inflicted severe suffering upon MR. SNOOKS, and in addition destroyed the character of that gentleman, who is now, consequently, unable to obtain employment, and likely to starve. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch*, having discovered that the injury inflicted by him upon the supposed offender was inflicted on an innocent man, has been graciously pleased to grant MR. SNOOKS a free pardon.

EPITAPH FOR THE "WAR 9*d*."—*Pax Vobiscum!*

## THE QUEEN'S BALL PRACTICE.

ON Tuesday last a very full meeting of ladies, wives and connections of Members of Parliament, was held at WILLIS'S Rooms, for the purpose of considering and meeting the charges made by MR. NOBUCK, at Liverpool, in the matter of the QUEEN'S balls. The hon. gentleman had roundly accused the wives of the Commons with a desire to trample the interests of the country under their feet, by dancing at HER MAJESTY'S balls. The press it was understood, was to be inexorably excluded; but thanks to the facilities offered by crinoline, our reporter smuggled himself in, and took his notes without the least inconvenience.

The HON. MRS. DOUBLECHIN (Member for Downyshire, in right of her husband) was, after some contention, called to the chair. She said, she would use the fewest possible words—she always did. MR. NOBUCK, who was certainly no gentleman (*cheers*), had accused the wives of M.P's with nagging their husbands—if he didn't use the word, he meant nagging; for *she* knew what nagging was—with nagging their husbands to sell themselves that their wives might dance at the QUEEN'S balls. For her part, she had no need to nag her husband on *that* head. Her birth and station secured *her* tickets. But as everybody wasn't on the visiting-list of HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, she couldn't refuse her assistance to her less fortunate sisters (*Faint applause*).

MRS. MINCEM, M.P. for Marabout, moved the first resolution. MR. NOBUCK—she believed that was the creature's name—had grossly insulted all the lady-members of the House of Commons. He had accused them of a desire to turn their husbands round when and how they pleased. That person—she would not call him a gentleman—altogether wanted the milk of human kindness. Milk! his wet-nurse must have been a tame porcupine. He must have cut his teeth upon a stick of horse-radish, and been weaned upon a nutmeg-grater. (*Loud cheers.*) That was her opinion. And more than that, she had made it the opinion of her husband.

MRS. SUNNYMOUTH, M.P. for Pearlpowder, seconded the resolution, and observed that MR. NOBUCK, in his gross and ungallant charge, had said "MR. A. is affected through MRS. A." She hoped so; for where there was no such affection, there was an end of the beauty and utility of the marriage-tie. (*Loud cheers.*) She wouldn't give a pin for a woman as a wife, who couldn't affect her husband. What were husbands for, if not to be affected? (*Cheers.*) Englishwomen were not household slaves. An English wife was the better half, if not the better three-fourths of her husband. Well, what said this MR. NOBUCK? "MRS. A. wants to go to the QUEEN'S ball?" And why not? What more natural? (*Loud cries of Hear.*) Why shouldn't she go to the QUEEN'S ball? But there were some men who would make their wives prisoners, and their houses gaols. Very well. "MRS. A. wants to go to the QUEEN'S ball. The way to get there is to make MR. A. vote with the Minister, and when he votes with the Minister, she receives the invitation!" And why not? (*Cries of "Why not, indeed?"*) For her part she never troubled herself—so that her husband did his duty—which side he was of. Still, if for instance, she had a longing for such a thing as the QUEEN'S ball, she did think it a little hard that any MR. NOBUCK should come between her and her proper influence with her own lawful, wedded husband. If a woman hadn't a right to her own husband's vote, there was an end to the holy state of marriage. If such horrid principles as MR. NOBUCK'S were to find their way to families, people would soon go back to the state of savages. She would sit down by seconding the resolution.

MRS. WEATHERPROOF, M.P. for Adamant (the lady was slightly lame) said, that for her part, she thought MR. NOBUCK a very sensible and very independent gentleman. She thought dancing a vain accomplishment, and had never danced in her life. (*Hisses*) She was not easily to be put down. She would speak her mind, if she stayed there all night. (*Cries of "Well, I'm sure!" and "Did you ever?"*) If the wives of M.P.'s would look back upon historical examples—(*cries of "Fiddlestick!"*)—if they would only remember how *Portia* stabbed herself as an experiment—(*"More silly she!"*)—how the Amazonians maimed themselves that they might shoot the better—how CHARLOTTE CORDAY sacrificed herself to rid her country of a monster and a tyrant—here the interruption became so vehement, and so sustained, that MRS. WEATHERPROOF, with a grim smile of defiance, sat down; not, however, until the Hon. Chairwoman had promised to put MRS. W's. resolution. It was to the following effect:—"Resolved, that, with a view to meet and defeat the charge of MR. NOBUCK, the meeting

pledge themselves to bring up all their future daughters on the Chinese principle of dwarfing the left foot." The resolution, not seconded, was met with the loudest expressions of contempt and scorn.

Finally, the meeting broke up, having come to the unanimous resolution never on any occasion or any pretence to attend HER MAJESTY'S State Balls, unless—formally invited.

Some amendment was talked of with respect to husbands; but after consideration, given up as hopeless.

## METROPOLITAN FANCY BLACK-BEETLE CLUB.

THE third "Session" of this Club was celebrated on Wednesday last by a dinner at Crickett's Hotel, Grasshopper Lane, City, when a numerous attendance of members took place. MR. PAUL DE COCKROCHE, the President, occupied the chair, faced by MR. BUGSBY, the Honorary Secretary.

After dinner and the usual loyal healths,

The President proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Metropolitan Fancy Black-Beetle Club." He met the Society, he said, with the greatest pleasure, as it was to announce that they grew stronger and stronger year by year. The club had been called into existence by the demand for some association, which should combine the harmlessness and innocence of the Fancy Rabbit Club, Fancy Pigeon Club, Fancy Cat Club, and Fancy Guinea-Pig Club, with an economy that should place the object within the reach of all. Those clubs had their organization, their reports were regularly published in the sporting papers, and the speeches of their members, and the prizes they obtained, were duly recorded. Why should not the Black-Beetle Club aspire to similar distinction? The Beetle was a beautiful object (*cheers*), and capable of cultivation to any extent. If it had not lopping ears like the Rabbit, it had a great many more legs to make up. The glossy hue of its back was as lustrous as the breast of the vaunted Pigeon, and as for the Cat, it excelled her in noble and amiable qualities, for while that ferocious beast and her cruel offspring would devour black-beetles, their only revenge was to disagree with their murderers and make them thin, while he had seldom or never heard of a beetle eating a cat. As for the Guinea-Pig, he should blush to compare their little favourite with that tawdry and tail-less rat, that "woppy docky," if he might borrow a rural term. (*Cheers.*) A black-beetle was within everyone's reach; it was a silent and domestic animal; its keep was inexpensive, and it supplied the means of inoffensive recreation to its rearer, just as was done by the rabbit, the pigeon, the kitten, and the guinea-pig. He was proud to say, for himself, that he had introduced the beetle into every house he had occupied (and circumstances had compelled his frequent change of residence) for twenty years. (*Cheers.*)

The beetles were then produced, and the prizes awarded. A silver Scarabæus, modelled from that found in the great Pyramid, was awarded to MR. TRAPPER, of Kensington, for the biggest and finest beetle.

MR. TRAPPER returned thanks, and observed that if they could only get the ladies of their families to co-operate with them in rearing black-beetles, much might be done. But he regretted to say that women had an antipathy to the little creature; and his own wife had manifested much hostility to his nursing his beetles in their bed-room, and had surreptitiously scrunched several very promising ones. (*Shame!*) It was not, however, by violence that they could conquer. He suggested that the prize Scarabæus should in future be a brooch, to be presented to the wife of the successful trainer.

The SECRETARY said that all his children were confirmed beetle-trainers (*applause*), and even the baby, though rather addicted to dismembering the animals, took an eager interest in them. (*Renewed cheers.*)

A MEMBER said that it was a cheering fact that no more opprobrious epithet could be bestowed upon a lady's feet than to call them beetle-crushers. (*Laughter and cheers.*)

Another MEMBER said that there were some persons called "beetle-browed." Now the Club was not beetle-browed, but beetle proud. (*Cheering for several minutes.*)

A discussion took place upon the probable character of the "three-man beetle" of which *Falstaff* speaks, and the SECRETARY was directed to write to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, and ask whether he had procured a specimen of the creature for illustration to his *Pictorial Shakspeare.*

The evening was somewhat abruptly closed by the hysterical screams of a chambermaid, to whom one of the Members, a little excited by wine, had, on leaving, insisted on presenting his favourite black-beetle as a testimony of admiration. It had got down her back when our reporter came away.

## THE HUSBAND'S OWN FAULT.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As a young man, and an enthusiastic admirer of those lovely beings who constitute the fairer portion of humanity, and afford models to artists for the delineation of celestial spirits, permit me—I will not say to deny—to question the accuracy of a supposition occasionally either made or implied in your otherwise infallible columns, with respect to those charming creatures. I allude to the surely erroneous idea that ladies can ever, possibly, except in the very rare case of unhappy marriages, in which the parties have no regard for each other, put their husbands to any inconvenient expense for millinery, and other dress. Beyond decent and comfortable clothing, a married lady cannot possibly want any more dresses, or ornaments, than her husband is inclined to give her. If she wants a new bonnet or shawl, it must be for the sake of pleasing him, and not somebody else, or other people than him. What can any lady, happily married, care about attracting admiration at balls and evening parties? Her husband is the only man by whom she can like to be looked at. If ever she expresses a desire for this or that article of wear or ornament, without waiting for him to suggest the purchase thereof, that desire is expressed on her part by reason of an impulse derived sympathetically from his own mind, through the mysterious union of their two souls. He thinks how beautiful she would look in it, pictures her in it mentally, and admires her in imagination. She instantly becomes cognisant of his idea and emotion; and hence her wishful exclamation in reference to the article. "How remarkably well that bonnet would become my little wife," is the thought of the masculine mind. Transmitted into the feminine, it finds utterance in the rapturous observation, "What a duck of a bonnet!" When a man finds his wife's dressmaker's bill too heavy for his circumstances, he himself is, in the great majority of cases, the only person to blame. As he walks down the street, he should keep his eyes on the middle of it, and concentrate his attention on the horses and carriages. It is by looking into the drapers' and jewellers' and bonnet-makers' shops, and allowing the objects in their windows to inflame his imagination, that he puts the passion for them into his wife's head. Otherwise, she would not care a button for such frivolities—indeed would much less regard them than a button which she might enjoy the pleasure of sewing on her husband's wristband. I dare say young unmarried ladies may, rather generally, trouble their papas by excess in finery. They have an object to attain by display: a wife can have none—beyond that of rendering herself still more beautiful, still more captivating, still more attractive, still more precious, to the husband whom she is not content with having secured, but whose affection for her she strives to increase continually. Oh! *Mr. Punch*, I hope I do not utter, under the influence of too fervid sentiment, a belief which I shall one day find erroneous—when I declare my conviction that, were I a married man, I should regard the amount of my wife's dress bills, as the measure, in direct ratio, of her love and affection for your humble servant, "STREPHON."

*** At least, STREPHON will find that, the more money his wife spends in dress, the dearer she will be to him.

### AN ANSWER *WON'T* OBLIGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who, if he had any regard for the fitness of things, would have signed himself a Bedlamite, or dated from Hanwell, writes to know if he be justified in saying that the inhabitants of Sheerness live there only out of Sheerness-essity.

**SCENE FROM A MELODRAMA OF PRIVATE LIFE.**

BURGLARIOUS ATTACK UPON OUR ARTIST'S STUDIO!—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE LAY-FIGURE!—DISCOMFITURE OF THE BANDITTI, AND DEFEAT OF CRIME!

## A CLERICAL QUIETIST.

THE following advertisement is one of the abundant comicalities of that amusing publication, the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

EXCHANGE.—The Advertiser, who dislikes popularity, wishes to EXCHANGE his Living, in consequence of its rising too rapidly into importance for his taste. It is a Perpetual Curacy. Income over £200 per annum, together with a modern house and good garden. Population, about 2500. Excellent Schools, both Endowed and National. Climate healthy and bracing. Wanted, a quiet Agricultural Village. The Sea-coast preferred. Full particulars requested.

The name of this clergyman we conceive to be JAQUES; the REVEREND MR. JAQUES. In default of a Forest of Arden wherein to revel in the pleasures of solitude, the New Forest in Hampshire may perhaps be suggested to the reverend gentleman as a locality wherein he may be likely to get suited with a living. It is situated near the coast, and there is a particular spot in it named Stony Cross, where MR. JAQUES will find as many sermons to study as there are stones with sermons in them. In the New Forest MR. JAQUES will be able, if he likes, to establish a hermitage, into which it will be easy for him to convert the abode of some badger, by enlarging it. His devotion is evidently of the contemplative rather than the active sort, and in the sylvan and subterraneous retreat, which we have proposed for him, it will be in his power to pursue continual meditation. If ever he should experience the want of something to do, there will be the game for him to preach to, as ST. ANTONY preached to the fishes. The Church of England has not as yet produced an anchorite: the REVEREND MR. JAQUES will, perhaps supply the deficiency. If he chooses now and then to give the STANLEYS and LEES, and other gipsies who will be his fellow foresters, the benefit of his exhortations, he can. But, perhaps, the ascetic life may not be agreeable to the reverend advertiser, and the quiet desired by him may be simply freedom from disturbance, and tranquillity in the enjoyment of port wine. Possibly he merely wishes to exchange the cure for the sinecure of souls, and a sphere of usefulness for a situation of inutility. His parishioners will be sorry to lose him; for it is evident that he has involuntarily rendered himself popular among them, insomuch that the popularity which he has acquired displeases him. What a difference there is between one man and another! What does the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON think of a divine who dislikes popularity?

## THE ART OF POULTRY KEEPING,

*Considered from an Aldermanic point of view.*

JUDGING from the show at Sydenham, the mania for keeping poultry seems as widely spread as that for keeping a perambulator, and indeed the poultry maniacs appear so lost to reason that they do not hesitate from designating their pursuit as an "Art." This we learn from a treatise headed with the title with which we head this article, and we suppose we next may hear of the "Art" of keeping pigs, and the "Science" of the cow-stall. It is a pity though, we think, that the professors of the "Art" do not inculcate a sounder view of it than that which seems in general to be accepted by its votaries. Their main failing, as we think, is their adherence to the fallacy that "fine feathers make fine birds;" their aim in breeding being for the most part rather ornament than usefulness, an attempt to please the eye rather than the palate. We believe that fully two-thirds of the prizes gained at Sydenham, were awarded either for the plumage or the shape; and indeed the epithets by which the breeds are principally distinguished are a sufficient indication of the animus of the breeders. Being no fanciers, and in ignorance of its merits, we should hesitate ourselves to buy a "Speckled Hamburgh," in the fear of finding that its flesh was speckled also; and we have a still greater contempt for those preposterously prefixed breeds, the "gold-laced" and the "silver-pencilled," as though in any state of nature a fowl could wear gold lace, or carry a silver pencil!

Now as chickens are born for something more than merely to be looked at, we think this cultivation of the outward fowl to the comparative neglect of the inward to be as great a waste of pains and time as that which forms a part of any human foppishness.

To our view a fowl never looks so well as when it 's stripped and dressed; and were we elected to the judge-ship of a poultry show, we should insist upon enjoying the privilege which is accorded at a fruit one—namely, not merely of viewing the competing birds, but personally tasting them. No fair exhibitress ever should persuade us that her Dorkings were "sweet things" until we had eaten a slice to prove their saccharinity; nor would we pronounce her Bantams to be "precious pets," unless we by our palate had assayed their richness. Such epithets as "juicy-fleshed" or "tender-legged" would sound far sweeter in our ears than "brassy-winged" and "golden-spangled," hard metallic attributes which set our teeth on edge to speak of!

In the present misdirected taste, one of the "beauties" of the Spanish fowls is the largeness of their lobes, which in the prize-birds, we are told, almost prevent their seeing. Such ophthalmia as this would find no favour in our eyes, although perhaps we might regard with greater lenience that kind of blindness which is caused by overfatness. To the coxcombry of cocks'combs we should never give encouragement; and, instead of valuing a bird for being "double-crested," our highest prize should be awarded to the man who introduced to us a breed of double-breasted!

## A TUBULAR BRIDGE OF FASHION.

WHEN the Crinoline inflated petticoats go out of fashion, as go they rapidly must, what will become of the innumerable air-tubes, for thousands and thousands of miles of it will be suddenly thrown upon the market? They may do for submarine telegraphs, as the electric wires could easily be carried through them; or there may be an opening for them in the way of life-preservers and swimming belts, the price of which will doubtlessly fall to an alarming extent in the neighbourhood of the Docks? Or, perhaps, some enterprising *modistes* will buy up the entire quantity of cast-off pipes, and stitching them together, run up a kind of speaking-tube between London and Paris, so that the smallest change in the fashions may be communicated all the way through, from one capital to another, almost in a breath?

### DARING ACT OF PENMANSHIP.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD has written a letter to the *Times!* (The friends of MR. WRIGHT have become naturally anxious for that estimable low comedian.)

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, February 7, 1857.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEB. 3RD, 1857. *Tuesday.* Parliament reassembled. HER MAJESTY was pleased to have Her own gracious reason for non-appearance, and LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH read the Speech for Her. Its contents were as follows:—

Glad to see you.
Treaty of Paris settled.
Prussia *v.* Switzerland ditto, I hope.
Have cut BOMBA.
Central America will be all right.
Am sworn friends with the KING OF SIAM.
Have walked into the Persians.
Have pitched into the Chinese.
Estimates to be as economical as possible.
Law amendments to be proposed.
Currency question must come up.
People content. Trade flourishing.
Soft Soap.
Short prayer.

The bottle of Parliamentary eloquence was naturally opened by getting LORD CORK out of the way, and LORD AIRLIE was also a very airlie speaker. LORD DERBY, in the stereotype phrase of opposition, professed extreme disgust with the meagreness of the Speech, and scoffed a good deal at Ministerial foreign policy, which LORD CLARENDON defended, intimating that the other Earl talked ridiculously, not having read the documents affecting the questions he discussed. EARL GREY stood up for the Persians, and although LORD GRANVILLE assured him that they had been served quite right, and LORD BROUGHAM (wishing, however, to know more) was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Government in the matter, GREY insisted on taking a division, and was beaten by 45 to 12.

The Chancellor announced that among the Law amendments to be introduced, one affected the Ecclesiastical Courts, another the law of Marriage, and a third Breaches of Trust, under the penal provisions of which last act *Mr. Punch* hopes that Ministers will be brought, if either of the two other bills should be once more abandoned.

In the Commons MR. HAYTER (the whipper-in) gave notice of some more Government bills, one of which regarded Transportation, and another the establishment of Reformatory Schools. This sounds well. Transport our adult offenders, and reclaim our young ones, and crime will rapidly diminish. *Mr. Punch* wishes he could believe that the new measures will be framed upon a national scale. At the present writing he believes nothing of the kind.

The debate on the Address was not a bad one. The echoes in uniform having subsided, MR. DISRAELI delivered a long and entertaining invective against Ministers for everything they had done or not done since he had last the pleasure of vituperating them. His chief point was the amiable intimation that they were Humbugs, for that they had been encouraging Italian aspirations for independence, while they knew that England had assented to a secret treaty by which France was bound to preserve to Austria her Italian spoliations. This statement made a great sensation. LORD PALMERSTON declared that there was no such treaty, and assailed DIZZY with Rabelaisian abuse, calling him a gossip, a *gobemouche*, and a fly-catcher. But MR. DISRAELI replied that he "had seen the treaty." Now the question is, who is to be believed? Is PAM a Sham, or ought the other's name to be written in future—DISRAE-LIE? Leaving this for the consideration of the universe, let us proceed to note that MR. GLADSTONE assailed LORD PALMERSTON as a quarrelsome person, and applied himself to the Income-Tax question, on which (and, we suspect, on some other matters) he means to lend his honeyed eloquence and valuable vote to HER MAJESTY'S opposition. He said, neatly enough, that the people of England, though impatient of taxation, are reckless of expenditure; but if he would have the extreme goodness to point out in what practical way BROWN and JONES can check Government expenditure under our present system, those gentlemen would be very much indebted to him, and would much prefer being so to being indebted to the tax-collector. However, the fight on the Tax is to come off at no distant date, and a good slice of the Tax is to come off also. We advise the Nimble Ninepence to be as nimble as possible in getting away. LORD JOHN RUSSELL expressed general dissatisfaction with most things, and MR. MILNER GIBSON made some protests to which nobody paid any attention. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON got LORD PALMERSTON to alter the address so as to avoid committing the House to any opinion as to the China business, and then the Address was agreed to.

*Wednesday.* On the next stage of the Address MR. HADFIELD complained that he never heard in a Speech anything that he did not know before. *Mr. Punch* could easily make the honourable and disagreeable member one which would not be liable to that censure, but, valuing himself on his extreme suavity and politeness, abstains. VERNON SMITH mentioned that cotton was being satisfactorily cultivated in Bombay. The deficiency in supply has been attributed to the immense quantities, which, whenever Indian grievances come up, are found to be stuffed into the ears of the authorities. The House appointed its Kitchen Committee, and departed to the domestic lunch.

*Thursday.* In the House of Lords a piteous spectacle was afforded. Poor LORD CARDIGAN, who has merited and obtained so much castigation that humane people are now inclined to let him alone, has found a new enemy in one of his own order, Major the Honourable SOMERSET CALTHORPE. In a book on the Crimean Campaign, the Major, a relative of LORD RAGLAN, has, according to the Earl, "maligned and defamed" him. LORD CARDIGAN, after an historical *resumé* of duelling, a touching reference to his own trial for felony, and an implied lamentation that it was impossible for him to call CALTHORPE out, stated that he had in vain sought reparation from that individual, and therefore had asked the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to bring the Major to a Court-martial. The Duke refused to be bored with such bosh, having real business on his hands, and so LORD CARDIGAN was driven to ask LORD PANMURE whether such conduct as MAJOR CALTHORPE'S was right and proper. LORD PANMURE, in reply, blew him up for turning the House of Lords into a grievance tribunal, and told him that he had received the thanks of Parliament for his services, and those were an answer to all attacks. The Major has, of course, written to the papers, reiterating his charges, and especially reminding LORD CARDIGAN that his Lordship was retreating from the Balaklava Charge while his men were advancing, and that he rides too well to lay the blame upon his horse.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER gave notice that his attack on Maynooth would be renewed in a fortnight. There seems no hope of escape. If he lived at Notting Hill, or some other retired district—but no, he resides close to the House, and in the thick of gaslights and policemen; besides, it is impossible to regard the Garotte as constitutional, even in an extreme case like this. Perhaps, in the meantime, some beautiful young Catholic lady may fall in love with him and convert him to the old faith. We see no other chance for the nation, unless this atrocious weather should give him a touch of bronchitis, which we heartily hope it will not, much as we detest the annual squabble he raises. There was nothing else worth note, except that a Select Committee was appointed to consider what is to be done with the Hudson's Bay Company, which, under old charters, keeps colonisation out of an enormous piece of our American possessions, in order to preserve the animals that yield the furs in which the Company trade. This great wild beast preserve will have to be enfranchised.

*Friday.* A few of the Lords met, exchanged a quarter-of-an-hour's chat, and separated. About the only thing they did was to receive a petition from Margate against the Income-Tax. It is a little surprising that systematic robbery should not find favour with the Margate lodging-house keepers, especially when it is connected with enormous lying.

In the Commons, SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS explained that in regard to the Persian war, JOHN BULL and JOHN COMPANY go Yorkshire; but as regards the Chinese affair, BULL stands Sammy. Reducing this explanation to vulgar English, it means that the first outlay is shared equally between England and the East Indian Company, but that the country defrays the second. However, as the Company owe us money, we pay them nothing this year. A long debate then followed upon the Currency Question, on which, as everybody understands it, no information is necessary beyond the statement that Government, instead of coming forward with a Bill upon the subject of the Bank Charter, refer

the matter to a committee, in order to escape trouble and responsibility. After this, MR. LOWE brought in a Bill for abolishing the passing tolls claimed by four harbours, one of which is Ramsgate. As this watering-place is now to be taken into the hands of Government, it will be open to any Member to put, during the bathing season, such a notice as this on the paper:—

"MR. PUDOR to ask VISCOUNT PALMERSTON whether it is true that the Ladies at Ramsgate sit among the Bathing-Machines, to the embarrassment of the Masculine Bathers; and whether the noble VISCOUNT is prepared to take measures for checking so objectionable a practice. Also to move for a return of the names and ages of the Ladies who are found on that part of the Ramsgate Sands."

## A COURT ALMONER EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Royal Household Books of the Middle Ages contain entries of expenses, among which are occasionally found items of this description—"P$^{d}$ y$^{e}$ Divell viii$^{d}$;" that is to say, paid somebody eightpence for personating the devil in a "mystery" or "morality:" the palace theatricals of the period. Eightpence does not seem a very handsome remuneration for playing the devil; but money was more valuable then than it is now; and perhaps the Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Revels, or whoever it was that had to regulate the salaries of the actors, did verily give "y$^{e}$ Divell" his due.

It appears that, under existing arrangements at Windsor Castle, the due, perhaps, but certainly no more than the due, is awarded to the player. That such is the case is indicated by the following Police Report:—

"THE WINDSOR CASTLE THEATRICALS AND THE POOR-BOX.—MR. JAMES ROGERS, the well-known Comedian at the Olympic Theatre, waited on MR. ELLIOTT, and handed to his worship the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.*, with the following note:—

"Sir,—Allow me to present to the poor-box the enclosed 13*s.* 4*d.*, being the amount I received for performing at Windsor Castle on Wednesday evening last.

"— ELLIOTT, ESQ. "I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, JAMES ROGERS.

"MR. ROGERS requested his worship would, with his usual kindness, acknowledge his small donation in the usual way, upon which MR. ELLIOTT said he would give him a receipt for it, but MR. ROGERS replied that that was not necessary.

"It would appear that the restriction of such members of the Olympic company as performed before the QUEEN and Court on Wednesday night last to the payment of their mere night's salary, has given rise to some gossip and grumblings amongst the profession."

*Polonius* at Windsor Castle does not take the advice of *Hamlet* in the matter of dealing with the players. When the Prince of Denmark desires the old courtier to use those professional ladies and gentlemen well, *Polonius* replies by promising to use them according to their desert; whereupon the princely Dane rejoins:—

"Odd's bodkin, man, better: Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in."

The Windsor *Polonius* has altogether disregarded these instructions, unless, indeed, MR. ROGERS and his fellow comedians may, with reason, consider that he has, in a sense, fulfilled the last one. If he has, however, done the actors bare justice, has he done so much as that to the dramatic authors whose pieces have been performed before the Court? Have they received any recognition whatever?

*Polonius* may perhaps hold that the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* is a royal reward, inasmuch as it is more than a noble one: being, in fact, twice as much as a Noble. He may also contend that MR. ROGERS had no reason to be dissatisfied with his hire, since, marry, the payment made to him, amounting to 13*s.* 4*d.*, constituted an acknowledgment that he was an actor who had made his Mark.

### Prima Facie Evidence.

No man carries his business in his face so unmistakeably as BRASSY. He is a lawyer and a bill-discounter, and has a parchment skin and a bottle-nose. He takes snuff, too, in a greedy grasping manner, as though it were a client he was pinching, and he would not be satisfied with anything short of cent-per-cent!

## NO JOKE FOR A JURY.

THE wisdom of our ancestors was remarkably exhibited in a matter which occurred the other day at the Central Criminal Court. A jury not being able to agree upon their verdict in a certain case, were locked up all night. The next morning they were brought into court, not having come, and not being likely to come, to an agreement—wherefore they were discharged. The fact is that the provision made by the wisdom of our ancestors for ensuring their unanimity was practically nullified. According to the report:—

"A jury in a criminal case, in the present state of the law, are not allowed to have any refreshment or fire, with the exception of candle-light; but with a view to remedy, as far as was practicable, the inconvenience to which they must necessarily be subjected by being confined in such cruel weather without any necessary comforts, MR. UNDER-SHERIFF CROSLEY, with the sanction of the Court, directed that the jury should be placed in the dining-room, in which there had been two large fires the whole of the evening, and a great number of lamps were also placed in it, and this to some extent increased the temperature."

The consequence was, that the jury came to no agreement. Had they been, in the spirit of our ancestors' wisdom, confined in an atmosphere of 26°, which, in the absence of artificial heat, would have been about the temperature at which they would have had to conduct their deliberations, possibly they would have soon arrived at a conclusion. Cold and hunger together would perhaps have succeeded. Hunger alone was tried. The report in continuation states that:—

"The jurymen earnestly entreated to be allowed to have some refreshment, but they were informed that the law was inexorable, and that the Court could not legally grant their request."

Mere starvation failed. The jurymen should have been frozen as well as starved. It is true that they might have set to at sparring to maintain their animal heat, and have occupied themselves in punching one another's heads instead of laying them together. This exercise, however, might have been compatible with a determination, for they might have fought out the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence. The practice of freezing and starving a jury into some decision is one example of that wisdom of our ancestors whereof the *peine forte et dure* was another—only the former instance of wisdom is more wonderful than the latter—for the idea of overcoming obstinacy by the infliction of pain can be understood; but that of convincing the mind by the same method, passes all understanding. Besides, the prisoner pressed to death may peradventure be guilty, whereas the starved and frozen jury are not even accused of any offence. Of these two illustrations of the wisdom of our ancestors we have abolished the less striking, but we retain the more stupendous.

## A LION LIEUTENANT.

A SMARTLY written account of a Staffordshire Yeomanry Ball is given in a recent number of the *Wolverhampton News*. The writer has studied, not unsuccessfully, the impertinencies of American ball-critics, and he discourses with the most unhesitating freedom upon the personal advantages and disadvantages of the ladies and gentlemen present. However, if the Staffordshire people like that sort of thing, it is their business. We propose to extract one sample only, for the delectation of mankind generally:—

"The great hero of the evening, however, was a genuine cherubim of the 10th Hussars, accompanied by LIEUT. M——, of the Staffordshire militia, just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and who engrafts on the gentlemanly deportment of his father all the ease and magnanimity of the African lion."

Simply pointing out to the ingenious writer of the above that the word "cherubim" is plural, and means cherubs (it is perhaps too much to expect Hebrew from Wolverhampton), we should like to see an explanation of his description of the gallant Lieutenant from the Cape. At present our zoology is at fault.

### A Cure for Crinoline.

THE young men of fashionable society propose to form themselves into a combination against the gigantic nuisance of Crinoline. This confederacy will style itself the Anti-Dancing-League; its members all engaging with each other not to contract any engagement to dance on any evening at any party whatsoever with any young lady, or with any old woman, who wears those preposterous skirts which incommode everybody about her for a considerable distance, and render the performance of a waltz or a polka, with the most eligible partner an intolerable bore.

JUDGMENT REVERSED.—If PARIS had to go over his celebrated Judgment at the present day, he would give the Apple, not to the prettiest woman, but to the one who had the largest *Jupon*.

A JINGLE FOR THE EARS OF PARLIAMENT.—Precarious Income is incommensurate with income derived from permanent property.

## HOOP AND JUPE.

In a Duchess's satin-wood wardrobe so spacious
A ball-dress with *jupe en tube* gave itself airs,
Taking up so much room for its volume capacious
That the skirts which hung near were deprived of their shares.
In vain angry gauzes and silks puffed and rustled,
And dowager *moiré antiques* thrust their way;
To the corner a meek French-grey satin was hustled,
And a blush-coloured *crêpe* on the floor swooning lay.

Now it chanced that, besides modern dresses, there slumbered
In the Duchess's wardrobe an ancient brocade;
From the days of QUEEN ANNE its first triumphs it numbered,
And under two GEORGES a figure had made.
It had swum through a minuet at Kensington Palace,
Promenaded at Ran'lagh, been chaired through the Mall,
Stooped to go masquerading to MADAME CORNELY'S,
Then slept, till revived for the last powder-ball.

With anger the ven'rable hoop had been swelling
At the modern balloon, in its over-puffed pride;
Till at length, such audacious encroachments repelling,
The soul 'neath the old whalebone ribs woke, and cried;
"How dare you, MISS FLIMSY, come thrusting *your* flounces
On your elders and betters? How dare you, I say?
Your sixteen full breadths, and your tubes and your bounces
Won't impose upon *me*, Miss! nor make *me* give way.

"My dears, I'm surprised"—here she turned to the dresses,
Who stared from their pegs, at her courage spell-bound—
"You endure such a creature's great airs, who I guess is
*Grande dame* in no sense, but her measurement round.
*Do* look at those *volants*, like leaves of cow-cabbage,
Swelling, row under row, trimmed with *ruche* by the mile!
I don't speak of the cost: in my time we'd no BABBAGE—
But the taste 's what I look at, my dears, and 'tis vile!"

"You old thing!" cried the angry young *jupe* in a passion,
"How dare *you* talk of size, with that hoop stiffened out;
It's only your spite, because I'm in the fashion,
And you 're not, if you ever *were* in, which I doubt.
I believe, if this moment we both could be measured,
There's stuff in your tawdry old skirt—so I do—
(I can't think how such rubbish her grace should have treasured)
Of moderate skirts, such as mine, to make two.

"Or suppose 'tis no ampler, at least 'tis as ample
As ever a *jupon* that's worn now-a-days;
So against your abuse, Ma'am, I plead the example
Of your own whalebone tub crowned by long-waisted stays.
But absurd as you look, in this wardrobe suspended,
With nothing inside you, decide, dresses, pray,
If by tall-powdered *tête*, and high heels she'd be mended,
And the patched, painted face of a *belle* of her day!"

"Irreverent monkey!"—rejoined, with a rustle
Of her sore-ruffled folds the indignant brocade—
"How dare *you*, wretched offspring of *bouffant* and bustle,
Judge the elegant times when my gloss was displayed?
When no slip-shod slatternly nature intruded
In manner or morals, deportment or dress;
When gowns sat and rose, walked and danced—as, if *you* did,
You 'd have reason to give yourself airs, I confess.

"From the tip of a heel to the lace of a top-knot,
Ladies then were turned out from Art's finishing school:
Durst not shift e'en a patch, not add riband or drop-knot,
From bodice or sleeve, but according to rule.
Each bend of the body, each beat of the bosom
Was marked out by compass, and measured by line:
I suppose folks *had* hearts, and were subject to lose 'em,
But hearts or no hearts, all was stately and fine.

"Then *I* had a meaning: the whalebone that bound me
Was an emblem of manners as stiff as its pale:
Patches, paint, high-heeled shoes, powdered *têtes*—all around me,
From BEAU NASH at the Bath, to MACHEATH in the gaol—
All was mannered and modish: but *you* affect nature;
Your manners are blunt—not to use a worse word—
In style and deportment, in movement and feature,
As nature decides, at your ease you're absurd.

"Then the dress of old times with old manners abandon,
Out of second-hand hoops wriggle fast as you may;
For ridicule, now, lays irreverent hand on
Excesses, which fashion could crown in my day.
If folks will trust nature, in all she inspires them,
In her good as her bad do give nature a chance;
Let our women be seen, not the stuff that attires them:
And leave Crinoline and air-jupons to France."

## TICKETS-OF-LEAVE!

*(How they Work in Private Life.)*

R. JONES obtained leave of absence for four days upon the plea that he had most important business to transact in the country. Upon MR. JONES being accidentally seen in a private box at the Olympic, it would seem as though his business had been suddenly postponed, for he returned home in a very great hurry that same evening.

The Ticket-of-Leave which had been promised to MRS. AUGUSTA BROWN for a month's holiday next autumn at Broadstairs (and upon which she had so far built as to order in Cranbourne Street a new Chantilly bonnet expressly from Paris), has since been rescinded, owing to a violent fit of hysterics that she was weak enough to indulge in on her birthday, because MR. BROWN ventured before company to express his displeasure, in terms that he "could not possibly control," upon the shabbiness of the dinner.

MISS LOUISA SYMPSON and MISS DOROTHEA PERKINS have each had their Tickets-of-Leave for two hours' absence every day taken away from them, as the awful discovery was made, that instead of going to SIGNOR SOTTOVOCE'S for their singing-lesson, they were in the habit of strolling into the conservatory at the Pantheon Bazaar, where two moustachioed gentlemen, "unbeknown" to their mammas, were generally waiting for them. Their movements have been closely watched ever since.

The Ticket-of-Leave that was granted to MEGGY, the Irish cook, of 411, Albany Street, to go to the theatre with her brother, who had just come home from Australia, was instantly suspended upon its being discovered that her brother wore the uniform of a corporal of the dashing regiment that is quartered in the neighbouring barracks. MEGGY, until her removal, which takes place at the end of the month, is placed under strict surveillance.

MR. FRANK HUGHES has had his Ticket-of-Leave, that he has enjoyed for several years past, to dine at the club every Saturday, unequivocally suspended until further notice, as last week he came home with only half a collar, and his neck-handkerchief dangling down his back, in such a helpless deplorable state that it was morally impossible to believe that the "Salmon" could be entirely to blame for it.

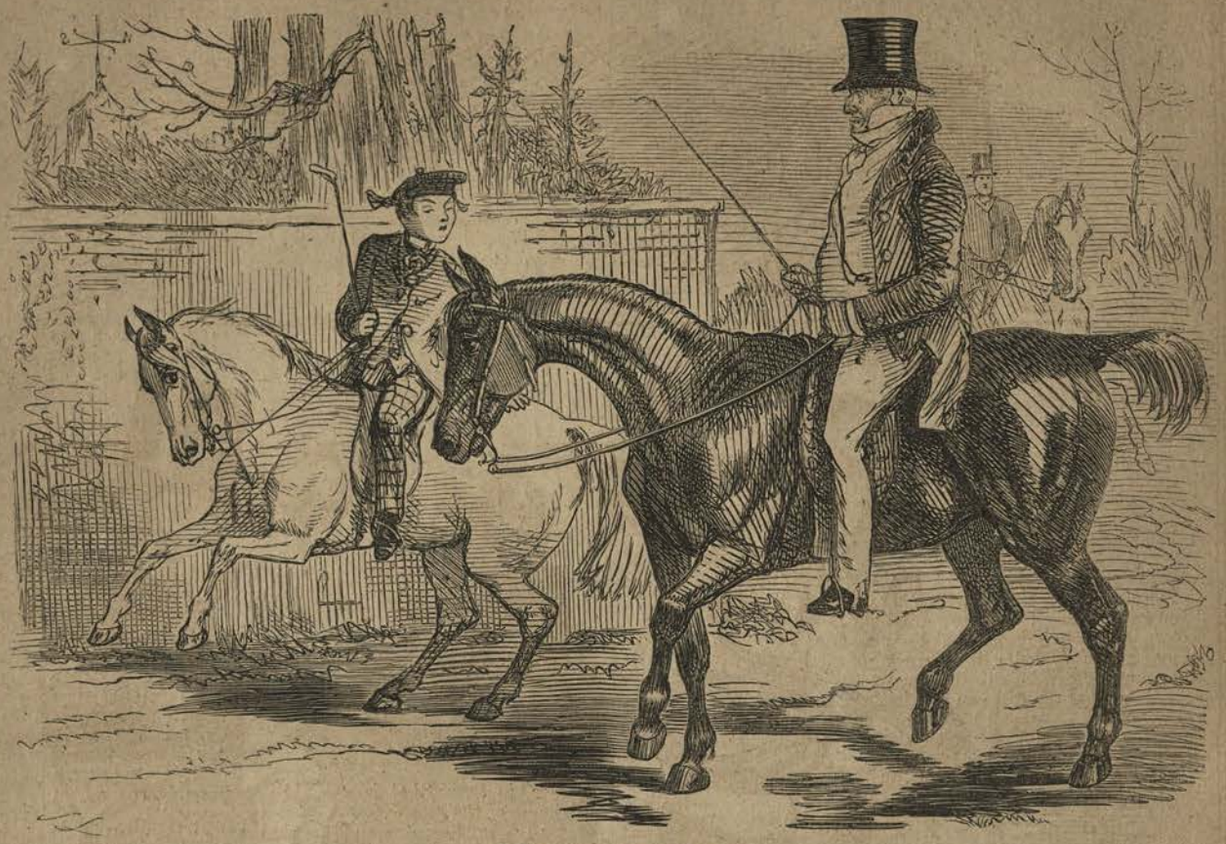
The Tickets-of-Leave that had been liberally given to the pupils of DR. BIRCH'S Academy for an extra week's holiday, have since been recalled upon certain representations having been made to the worthy Doctor by several of the parents, whose means of living are not perhaps of the most expansive character, that the indulgence, though kindly meant, was only likely to retard the progress of their son's studies.

MRS. THOMPSON'S umbrella that had been carried off by the FALCONS one tempestuous night, when it was pouring with rain, upon their solemnly undertaking to send it back the next morning, came home twenty-three days after its Ticket-of-Leave had expired, not in the least improved from its lengthened absence.

### The Pope's Best Boy.

IT is said that PIO NONO calls KING BOMBA "the holiest son of the Church." If BOMBA merits that description, the Church, unless her girls are better than her boys, must have a sad family.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL WANT.—A Chart(er) of the Bank on "MERCATOR'S" Projection.



## A GOOD LIVER.

*Frank.* "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"

*Grandpa.* "EH! WHAT? SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"

*Frank.* "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK ISN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I 'LL MIX YOU ONE!"

## A RAT IN THE HOUSE.

IN the last number of the *Quarterly* there is an admirable article on Rats; and we hope we betray no confidence when we inform the reader that it is the production of the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Indeed, to any one acquainted with the style of *Coningsby*, the manner reveals itself. There is, however, one especial bit that we must quote, inasmuch as (probably all unconsciously) it reveals the hopes and intentions of the Right Hon. gentleman during the present session with a view to a return to the enjoyment of the fatness of office. The writer dwells upon the habits of rats; with their extraordinary adaptation of means to ends in the pursuit of food. They will, by means of a division of labour, carry eggs up-stairs; they will tip over a drum of figs that their brethren under the table may have a scramble; and—writes MR. DISRAELI:—

"They will extract *the cotton* from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in their long tails, and repeating the manœuvre, until they have consumed every drop."

Now, it is our firm belief that, in this little anecdote MR. DISRAELI has revealed the policy of himself and party for at least the present session. First, they have to make sure of the cotton. That is, they have to get over the Manchester party; and so, by amendments on the Army and Navy estimates, cutting them down to the quick, to damage the Ministry. Well, we will say the cotton is secured. How is the oil to be extracted? We acknowledge it to be the privilege of genius to make nought of difficulty. Nevertheless, we must ask it. How will the party manage to achieve the required elevation that it may introduce its tail downward into the flask? As to the possibility of extracting the cotton, we must not—especially after MR. MILNER GIBSON'S last address to his constituents—for a moment doubt; but with even the cotton made sure of, how to get at the oil? Well, the only way will be to capsize the flask, and this MR. DISRAELI will certainly do if—he can.

## AN ICE STATE OF THINGS.

WE have every disposition to avoid a pun, but we cannot help saying that the streets last week were in an ice mess. To say the pavements were like glass would be to use a phrase in everybody's mouth, although nobody we suppose ever walked upon glass, or could speak from experience of the truth of the comparison. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the pavements were like strips of Wenham Lake when frozen; and any one who ventured on them, even without skates, was pretty sure to cut a figure. To persons of our weight the matter was really far too serious for joking, or we might have remarked that almost every one we met seemed to have come out in his slippers, and to have lost his powers of understanding. More than once in making a "terrific descent" from the kerbstone, we were reduced to the expedient of the man with the cork leg, and we "clung to a lamp-post—but all in vain" to arrest our downward precipitance. And more than twice, as we went floundering along, and finding no rest for the sole of our boot, we should have cried out with ARCHIMEDES, Δός μοι πού στῶ, but that we knew we should run a risk in doing so of being taken up by a policeman for using bad language. Even when, regardless of the Income-Tax, we sent out for a cab, we found that it was possible to have many a slip 'twixt our door and the step: and we rarely went fifty yards before the wheels came to "Wo!"—which, as we found generally the horse was on his ribs, we considered to be rather an unnecessary objurgation to him.

Much as we abominate slippery behaviour, we were compelled for a day or two to plead guilty to the charge, and we are conscious of having shown symptoms of decided unsteadiness in our walk in life. Wishing to take steps in the right direction, we on more than one occasion slipped away to the left: and indeed such was our backsliding that, if only for our moral reputation's sake, we were most heartily rejoiced to see the thaw—which not inappropriately came on Thor'sday.

# DESCEND, YE NINE!

SURGEON PAM. "STOP, LEWIS!—HE'S HAD ENOUGH!"

## SOME MORE CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

*How* NICK *the poacher determined to steal a Turkey: and how* JOHN BULL *took measures to circumvent him.*

AT last news was brought to JOHN BULL, that NICK the poacher, not satisfied with wiring the runs, smoking the pheasants, and netting the partridges on the manor, had a design on the poultry-yard, which JOHN was at great pains and cost to keep up, on one of his outlying farms. In this poultry-yard, about this time, was an uncommon fine breed of Turkeys, on which NICK had set his heart. First he tried scattering nasty stuff among the grain with which the birds were fed, and when it disagreed with a Turkey he would swear the bird was sick, and that it would be a mercy to wring its neck at once, for that sure it would never fatten. And then, thought he, I could get the carcase—'twould be famous eating. Luckily he had dropped a hint of his design to one SEEMORE, an old servant of JOHN BULL'S, who happened to fall in with NICK at an ale-house where he was drinking and bragging as usual, so JOHN was on his guard, and told his bailiff on the farm, one CANNING, an ill-tempered dog as you would find in all the country round, but a sharp fellow enough, to look well after the Turkey-pen.

The bailiff soon found out what ailed the birds, and swore that they would soon come round if properly looked after—which was true enough. So NICK, being foiled in this plan of his, determined to break open the Turkey-pen and steal the birds by main force. I promise you this went sore against his grain; for big as he was, he was an arrant sneak, and would rather scheme and lie and plot for a year than risk a bout at fisticuffs, at any time. So he began to make preparations for an attack on the pen. JOHN BULL heard NICK had been buying powder and shot, and so was determined to be even with him. So he sent round his estate, and got together a posse of lusty young fellows as watchers, and had 'em drilled, and put 'em under the orders of his keepers and under-keepers. Before he sent the lads off to the farm—which was a poor, cold, hungry bit of moorland, a long way from the mansion-house—he called the young fellows together, and said, "Now, my lads, you know what a determined rogue this NICK is. You'll have to keep watch in the day, and to lie out at nights, and take hard knocks into the bargain. I dare say 'twill be rough work, especially as the winter is coming on. But I've charged the keepers to look after your comfort; you shall have plenty of the best to eat and drink, and loads of warm great-coats and blankets; you know I like my servants to live well, and lie warm" (which was quite true)—and, with that, he gave them a guinea to drink his health, and off they started for the farm, in famous heart, with three cheers for MR. BULL, that would have done any man good to hear.

*How* JOHN BULL'S *keepers neglected their duty, and how the watchers suffered.*

Well, when the lads got to the farm, they found that NICK was in the neighbourhood sure enough, with two of his sons, thorough young rascals as ever stretched a halter, and a band of all the rogues of his own kith and kin and kidney that he could scrape together. He had armed them out of the store of old guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, which the old rascal always kept by him for his poaching jobs, and they made no secret that they meant to fight it out with JOHN'S watchers. So the keepers posted their lads all about the farm, some upon the cold, bleak moor, where I promise you 'twas cold and cheerless enough, and others nearer the Turkey-pen, and round the house. Of course they kept the best quarters for themselves. The beef, and bacon, and bread, and beer, and coffee, and tea, and sugar, and the warm great-coats and blankets that JOHN BULL had sent up for the use of the watchers, they shot down all higgledy-piggledy in an out-house, a few hundred yards from the home-stead, and locked the door, and gave the key to an old fiddler, that was past watching or fighting, and trusted him with the business of carrying up the victuals and clothes to the young fellows as they might want 'em; only they forgot to give him servants and carts and horses for the job, though the poor old fellow begged hard, and swore he couldn't do the work without them.

All went on well enough while the summer lasted, though the lying out in the damp nights gave some of the lads sore colds, and quinsies, and bowel-complaints. However, they never complained, but stuck to their watching like men.

But at last the cold weather came—and a terrible winter it was: snow and sleet over head, and mud and slush under foot, and the poor fellows that lay out o' nights suffered terribly, as you may believe. Their clothes grew thin and ragged; their shoes burst, till the poor toes peeped out all swelled and frost-bitten. It wouldn't have been so bad if there had been more of them to take spell and spell about of watching at night: but they were so few, and NICK'S rogues so many, that it was as much as they could do to keep the farm, lying out two nights in three, and never getting so much as a meal of warm victuals, or a good blanket to wrap about them, or a new pair of boots, or a great coat, though they were all in rags and dying of cold. The poor old fiddler did his best to carry 'em great coats, and blankets, and victuals. But he was kept so short-handed, he couldn't supply such things as fast as they were wanted. In fact he was at his wits' end, and it was all in vain he begged and prayed, and stormed and swore for horses and hands and carts, and so forth. The keepers lived in the farm-house, warm and snug, and jeered, and cursed him for a lazy, muddle-headed old fool, and said it was his business, and not theirs, to feed the rascals. The head-keeper was a good kind of man enough, but he was old and easy-tempered, and the young fellows about him were most of 'em nephews and grandchildren of his own, and as was only natural, he took their word for everything, and, indeed, had his will been ever so good, he was rheumatic and stiff in the joints, and so couldn't go about among the watchers as a younger man might have done.

And when the watchers complained, he took out the lists of the things JOHN BULL had sent up, and swore there must be plenty for everybody; and fell into the way of cursing the old fiddler for a fool and a nincompoop, like the rest of the younger men about him. The longer winter went on, the worse things grew. The out-house, where the victuals and clothes had been shot out, just as the carts brought 'em, was in an awful state of confusion. The old fiddler couldn't put his hand on anything when he wanted it. The beer all turned sour before a pint of it found its way to the watchers: and,—as for warm drinks,—there was coffee enough, but it was green; and when it was carried to the poor watchers, they had no fire to roast it, and no mills to grind it, and many of 'em nothing to drink it out of, even if they could have made it.

Meanwhile, NICK'S rogues were doing their best to steal a march upon JOHN BULL'S watchers. Many a time the two came to blows, and when this happened JOHN BULL'S lads always gave a good account of NICK'S bullies, and sent 'em away with sore heads and aching bones. But the poor fellows couldn't fight against empty bellies and bare backs, as well as against NICK and his poachers. So many of 'em, at last, in sheer despair, laid down at their posts, and fairly gave up the ghost, till there was but a handfull of 'em left to face NICK and his blackguards.

(*To be continued.*)

## ABOVE A JOKE.

A NIGHT or two since, the EARL OF CARDIGAN reminded the House of Lords that, once upon a time, for fighting a duel—

"He had the misfortune to be placed at their lordships' bar, and tried as a felon, with the imminent danger of losing not only his property, but even his personal liberty."

Everybody who remembers the manner by which the noble Earl obtained an acquittal; or rather, by which the case was made to break down; must own, that when his Lordship complains of that event, he proves himself to be wholly insensible to a joke. There never was a more complete farce played at the Adelphi, than the farce of the CARDIGAN trial in the House of Lords.

## DEMURRER TO MURROUGH.

A CONTEMPORARY, desirous to be very eulogistic of MR. MURROUGH, Member for Bridport, enumerates that gentleman's achievements during the past Session, and gracefully arrives at the following climax:—

"Such a man must have withstood temptation when the Minister was buying up mediocrities."

There are a good many people in this world who prefer long words to short ones, even when not quite clear about the exact meaning of the former. Our charitable view of the above sentence is, that the writer is of the number. Nevertheless he has innocently managed to come near the truth.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

I BEG TO GIVE NOTICE that there is no truth whatever in the report that I am about to bestow my hand, fortune, and every stick I have, on VENUS, or VESTA, or any other Star, celestial, theatrical, or otherwise. As such a report, if allowed to remain uncontradicted, might do incalculable injury to my future prospects by circulating the erroneous notion that I was no longer an available match (which would be a terrible blow indeed to my lantern!), it is to be hoped that this contradiction will be received by the public with all the flatness that the subject demands. The object of this Advertisement, therefore, is to state, that I am still open to competition, and to let the ladies know that my quarterings, which are some of the oldest in the world, and the large amount of silver that I have always at my disposal, are such as would reflect credit of no small brilliancy on any house that is liberally open to an offer, from one who stands so remarkably high in the world as myself.

(Signed) THE MAN IN THE MOON.
(*In Nubibus.*)

## THE ANTI-GAROTTE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

(TEMPORARY OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.)

PROSPECTUS.

WITH a view of meeting one of the chief exigences of the time, the Directors of this Company feel pleasure in submitting their prospectus to the notice of the nervous public. It having become proverbial that the Police are only to be found when they are not wanted, and there being no authentic case on record of their having ever yet come up in time to prevent a garotte robbery, the Directors have decided that whilst the "force" has a weakness for cooks and sausage suppers, it is imperative that other means should be adopted for insuring the protection of the public. The Company have therefore set on foot a body of their own, having no connection with the members of the MAYNE force, and composed of men of such surpassing ugliness, that there is little danger of their whiskers finding favour in the eyes at kitchen windows, and of their area-sneaking from their duties like their leg-of-mutton-loving brethren.

These protectives will be nightly in attendance at the Stations of the Company, and will hold themselves in readiness at half-a-minute's notice to obey the summons of any one insured in it, and escort him in safety through the dangers of the district. It will also be feasible, on the payment of a slight addition to the premium, to secure the guard of a protective officer every evening of the week at a fixed time and place; so that business men of punctual habits, who may be residing at a distance from their omnibus, may regularly ensure themselves a safe walk home from it. In the same manner too a special escort may be ordered in those suburban wastes where cabs are unprocurable, and where visiting is now very nearly put a stop to, on account of the dangers of the getting home. There will, however, in this case be a proviso in the policy for the payment of a stated personal gratuity, whenever the protectives are detained after midnight; and when summoned to a dinner-party, their fees will be proportioned to the corks which have been drawn, and the consequent cork-screwiness which any gentleman may manifest in his homeward ambulation.

While specifying some of the corporeal advantages which will be secured to those insuring in the Company, the Directors scarcely need call notice to its mental benefits, nor point out how immensely they expect it will conduce to the peace of mind, not of the insured alone, but of their wives and families. By paying a small yearly premium (the rate to be proportioned in some measure to the strength and stature of the person who desires to be protected) every affectionate husband and father will henceforth have the means of effectually allaying that conjugal anxiety which has of late infected the suburban districts. The approach of dinner-time need now no longer rouse such terrors in the wifely heart, lest, in coming down that single-lamp-lit road, to which after nightfall no policeman ever penetrates, her TOMKINS should have found himself embraced by some other arms than those of MRS. T.

### "Impenitence and Sin."

CLERGYMEN—if we are to judge from the doings in Convocation—are promised with a discretionary power to enable them to abstain from reading the burial-service over persons who "may have died in impenitence and sin." Will this strengthen the pillars of the Established Church? If clergymen of the Church are to be thus made the censors of the dead, we think one point is clear as the result—it will considerably add to the number of the dissenting living.

### NON-ACCEPTANCE OF THE HUNDREDS.

MANY of the guileless constituents of Glasgow have expressed their surprise that their member, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, seems obstinately determined not to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. Why not try the Ex-Director with Thousands?

## BEDLAM AND DOWNING STREET.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been uncommonly amusing in some of his late acknowledgments of the receipt of "conscience money." That phrase is, however, hardly applicable to the sum specified in the announcement subjoined:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £70 in Bank of England Notes, from persons who, having a doubt to whom it belongs, have decided on paying it into the public Exchequer."

This is not restitution; it is donation: it is more than justice; it is generosity. Most people having any reasonable doubt as to whether a sum of money belonged to anybody in particular, would give themselves the benefit of the doubt, and divide the amount. Some might, perhaps, put it into a poor-box; but it is difficult to conceive what can induce anybody to make a present of it to the Exchequer. Such a disposal of money is not even rewarded by that pleasure which is said ever to attend, and sometimes does attend, the performance of a benevolent action. It does not promote the happiness of one human being: whereas seventy pounds might be so bestowed as to render many wives and children happy. Those who are possessed of any money, and, having a doubt to whom it belongs, determine on paying it into some office, will find one in Fleet Street much more eligible than any in Downing Street. That office is No. 85.

Another of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S comicalities may perhaps be said to be a real case of conscience-money; but the conscience, in that case, is so preternaturally tender, that it must be supposed to be in a state analogous to inflammation. In citing it, we suppose we exemplify the height of scrupulosity:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the remaining half of a Bank of England note (69,292), value £100, from 'One who in his younger days has frequently shot without a licence.'"

The force of conscience can no further go than this, surely. Remorse for having evaded the Game Laws is even a finer feeling than penitence for having eluded the Income-Tax. The very possibility of it will be inconceivable to the majority of our rural readers; and there are certain districts wherein anybody who might manifest such eccentricity would be in danger of being sent to an asylum. Such a person would not be allowed to go about in the New Forest. We expect the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will next acknowledge the receipt of a hundred pounds from a gentleman who in his youth attended several masqued balls in the costume of the last century, and omitted to pay the Powder-Tax.

### The Tomb of all the Capulets.

A TOMBSTONE is being prepared for this extensive cemetery, to be put over the remains of the "War Ninepence," as soon as that portion of the Income-Tax is decently buried. The inscription will be extremely simple. As it is thought that it is only fair that a War tax should be brought to a rest during Peace, the memorial will merely say:—

Requiescat in Pace.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—"DROP politics, indeed! And who, if your lordship[1] will be graciously pleased to tell me, is to take them up if I do drop them? Not the honourable members of Parliament who have been meeting this week and talking about everything that was of no consequence at all, and paying no attention in the world to the very things which we look to their high mightinesses to mind. I declare that I lost all patience wading through columns upon columns of debates, and in the whole week not one single law made for doing any good.[2]

"Here are hundreds of thousands of people out of employment[3] and crying about the streets for food (you need not say that it is not so, because it is, and I myself saw three frozen-out gardeners in our own street yesterday, and made Mamma send them out a shilling[4]), and one would think that the very first thing for Parliament to do, would be the finding out some way to relieve these poor creatures. You may look through the newspapers yourself, and if you can find one single word upon the matter, yes, so much as a single question asked even by the members for the different parts of London (and a pretty set *they* are, with the exception of two or three, and utterly disgraceful it is to a Metropolis pretending to be intelligent to elect such nimnies[5]) I say if you find a word about these starving creatures you may print it in large capital letters and call me a story-teller.[6] Not the slightest attention in the world is paid to this dreadful state of things, and, on the contrary, all sorts of nonsense is talked about the happiness of the country—downright wicked falsehoods. I do declare that if I was the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and the Ministers came to me to ask me to make such a speech as that made on Tuesday, and I am heartily glad that the QUEEN had too much spirit to speak any such rubbish, and gave it to a ridiculous old man in a wig to read,[7] I would throw it into the fire, and send them all to the Tower. Just fancy. The QUEEN would have had to say that she 'witnessed the general well-being and contentment of her people,' just at the very time in the afternoon when every one of the Magistrates had got his court crammed with starving persons, and the wretches at the workhouses were barring their doors against them, and refusing to give them anything to eat. Nice well-being and nice contentment, and this hypocrisy is what men call moderation and good sense, and I dare say that if I was to show you that on that very Tuesday ten children were starved in Middlesex—poor little dears!—you would bring a heap of abominable figures to show that no children were being starved in Kent and Surrey (though I dare say that would be false), and therefore the average of food was highly satisfactory.[8] If there is one word in the world I hate more than another, it is average, because it always means an excuse for cold-heartedness and refusing to do anything kind and Christian. I wonder whether Members of Parliament and priggish-looking Government clerks[9] would like to go without their dinner any day, and be satisfied to be told that the average of members and clerks were dining, and therefore they need not complain. I think I see their faces, greedy pigs.

"And then, if you please, what is it that the Parliament *has* been talking about? Why, things that concern us no more than the man in the moon. There has been a treaty with Siam. That is a wonderful thing certainly. I dare say that I know more about Siam than anybody who heard the QUEEN'S Speech, because I never did know anything like the ignorance of men about geography, and that LORD CLARENDON and all of them made but one mistake in settling the treaty is marvellous to me, and I only wonder they did not draw the boundary line through Jerusalem.[10] They had much better have asked LADY CLARENDON or MADAME WALEWSKI where Bolgrad was, and then they would not have been deceived by the Russians. But as for Siam, which extends from 4° to 22° N. lat., 98° to 105° 20′ E. long., and is bounded on the N. by—but never mind, you see I know—what, in the name of gracious, are we to get by a treaty with those Mongolians? Why, all their language is made of little words, all of one syllable, except what they borrow from the Chinese, and it is perfectly ridiculous to think of a treaty with them. It is like writing to a child. I suppose it says, 'We—do—mean—to—be—good—friends—with—you—if—you—will—be—good—friends—with—us—we—hope—you—are—quite—well—bless—you—good—bye.' Men ought to be ashamed of themselves.[11] And then Persia and China. What does it signify what has been done out there, especially when you cannot hear under a month, and more things are going on while you are talking which may make all that you have said quite beside the question? That is practical, I suppose, men are always so practical. As for the Peace business, I should have thought that those who had anything to do with it would be ashamed to mention such cobbling, but even my dear LORD PALMERSTON could only turn it into fun, and it was very kind of him to put such a good face upon it and defend the ridiculous stupids, and I do not believe one single word of what MR. DISRAELI said against him, and if there is such a treaty dear LORD PALMERSTON was never allowed to see it, I am sure.[12] As for the Income-Tax I cannot quite make out what anybody meant, and it seems such foolish Jesuitry, when, as Papa says, the Ministers know perfectly well what they mean to do, they do not say it out at once, and save all that solemn confabulation. But men are so proud to make speeches, that they would be disgusted at having the opportunity taken away. For the life of me, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I cannot see the least good in the world that the first week of Parliament has done, not a single law has been made, nor a single word said for the poor people, and if the members cannot do better than that, the thing for them to do is, as AUGUSTUS says—to 'shut up.'

"Ever affectionately,

"*Saturday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] We are not a Lord.

[2] If you must write on such subjects, you had better lay out four and sixpence on MR. DOD'S *Parliamentary Companion*, and if you read that excellent little book, and understand it, you will not write such nonsense. A law, as you call it, must be read three times, and be considered in Committee, in each House of Parliament.

[3] Nothing like that number, which is a ridiculous exaggeration, but enough, we agree with you, to make the subject one for grave and immediate consideration. You are right, little girl.

[4] Charity at Mamma's expense.

[5] Without adopting impertinent phrases, we again agree with you. The batch is not brilliant.

[6] We don't see the use of either operation.

[7] This is really not the way to speak of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

[8] Not unamusing, but quite unjust.

[9] Evidently a personality—you are thinking of some friend of your Papa's.

[10] Go to Jericho, MISS FLIPPANT.

[11] For printing such ridicule of a desirable negociation.

[12] This reckless partisanship is most objectionable. LORD PALMERSTON is a friend of our own, but we cannot have him puffed in this manner. He might think it was intended to remind him that he has never yet given us anything, a fact we would not for the world bring to his notice.

## TWO ARTISTS ROLLED INTO ONE.

IN the *Directory*, you will find the address of a gentleman in the Minories, who writes up over his door "Hairdresser and Photographic Artist."

This strikes us as a curious combination of businesses. Are the two operations carried on at the same time? Does a gentleman sit down in the tonsorial chair to have his stubble removed and his physiognomy struck off by the same *coup-de-main?* Does the self-satisfied *Figaro*, as he wipes his customer's chin, exclaim, in a high tone of tradesman-like exultation: "There you are, Sir, clean shaved—and your portrait taken to a hair, Sir—all in less than two minutes!" In our opinion, a likeness with the upper part of the face darkened with a heavy mass of hair falling straight over it, which the handy *coiffeur* was busy cutting, would present a difficulty of recognition even by one's own son and heir; and, supposing the lower half of the face were whitened with a thick layer of soapsuds, whilst the barber was shaving you, we do not see that that fact even would warrant the likeness being considered a *shave-d'œuvre*. However, the rare power of an artist, who takes off your head one minute and cuts your hair the next, is certainly deserving of record in our historical columns, and we do not know of any photographic genius who would be able to *coiffer* a person equally in both lines of business, unless it is BEARD.

### A Bull and Bear Tax.

THE *Daily News* states that on the first of January a tax of one franc was levied by the French Government on every person who entered the Bourse. This step was taken for the discouragement of speculative gambling, a very laudable object, which we hope the tax has so far effected, that, by making the payment of one franc the condition of admission to the Bourse, it has prevented a great many people from being let in for more.

A CASE FOR THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—We are always being told that "Property has its rights;" but, surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, Property has its Lefts as well as its Rights.

**THE ART OF POLITE CONVERSATION.**

*"Old Sloppy! Who ar' you calling Old Sloppy, you little Half Ounce of Suet!"*

## THE DIVINITY OF COTTON.

THE *New Orleans Delta* has an article on "The Future of Cotton," in which it not only personifies that substance, but idolises it. The high ground which our American contemporary takes for cotton is indicated by the passages italicised (by us) in the extract following:—

"Defended on both flanks, fortified at every point of attack, the institution of slavery diffused as a vital element over all her territory, she will be politically invincible; she may *sit under her own fig-tree*, with *none to make her afraid;* and the production of cotton keeping pace with the demand, *the sceptre will not pass from the cotton king* while there is a Southern soil to be tilled, labour to till it, and intelligence to direct the labour."

The prophetic quotation applied to the "cotton king" evidently shows in what light the writer regards cotton. His other examples of "iteration" refer to the "South," which with him is clearly what the East is to some other people. The South is the Holy Land for this gentleman. His cultivation of cotton is a positive *culte*. He only wants a church in which to worship cotton with divine honours. The church would, of course, have to be furnished with an altar whereon to offer sacrifice to his vegetable deity. The victims to be immolated on the altar would be those of slavery, an institution which he not only proposes to maintain, but to perpetuate by a revival of the slave trade. The future of cotton, perhaps, is, in the opinion of the adorer of that deity, the only future. He therefore praises cotton with psalms and texts of scripture. An advocate of the slave trade may well think that besides the future of cotton there is no hereafter.

### "Loud Laughter."

MR. SPOONER (say the Parliamentary reports) gave notice that he would move for a Committee to inquire into the College at Maynooth. (*Loud Laughter;* in which, it may be added, internally MR. SPOONER himself joined. A bye-stander also informs us that he observed at the time a very broad grin in each of MR. SPOONER's sleeves.)

THE SECRET SERVICE.—Do a man a great service, and you may make yourself perfectly easy that he will never speak a word about it.

## A FEW MANDARINS WANTED.

THE Chinaman has gone down somewhat in the estimation of the thoughtful Briton since GOLDSMITH wrote the *Citizen of the World*. Then, and before then, the Chinese were the most virtuous and the most wonderful of people, because they were utterly unknown. They were painted under most extravagant forms and in the brightest colours, even as they paint their own china; but even as china becomes flawed and breaks, even so has JOHN CHINAMAN gone, in our opinion, smash. The philanthropist has been found to be as cruel as a cat; the sage has the guile, the petty larceny of a magpie; the man of meekness the obstinacy of a hog. Even as we have sweetened Chinese tea, so have we, of our own liberality, sweetened Chinese character. Let us set aside the saccharine, and judge the pekoe in its native bitterness.

Well, we propose as speedily as it may be, to end the Chinese war. It is poor work to shiver tea-pots with Woolwich shells. Let us, then, as a means of putting an end to the strife, seize some dozen Mandarins or so—we must have YEH by all means—and straightway ship them to England. Arrived here, let them be immediately placed under the direction of proper guides and philosophers; so that they may not only learn our astounding resources as a fighting nation, but that they may also become subdued by a profound consciousness of our superior morals and of our excelling virtue. Thus disciplined, they may return to China, there to spread abroad a full report of our might and goodness as a people; qualities that, even backed as they are by the testimony of shells and rockets, they are strangely slow to acknowledge.

For instance, we would desire that LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN should, by means of interpreters, relate to them the most startling passages of the Crimean campaign; by which the gallant officers would, doubtless, deeply impress the Chinese mind with our admiration of the self-devotion of the British soldier when, by the grace of fortune, he happens to be a nobleman.

A visit to the public offices, with an explanation of the uses of such establishments by MR. ROEBUCK, would, no doubt, touch the celestial minds with great respect for the English as a practical people. A piece of red tape, judiciously presented to each of the visitors, might serve to impress the visit and its moral consequences on their memory, to serve for the future.

We would advise that a Ticket-of-Leave meeting should be got up by LORD CARNARVON, in order that the Mandarins might behold the effects of the benevolent English law: LORD CARNARVON pointing out with his usual clearness, the brighter instances of the beneficence of the institution.

Finally, the Mandarins should be taken to the Surrey Gardens to hear MR. SPURGEON on the Christian charities. If this did not melt them, let them be straightway shipped to Canton as incorrigible.

## EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF GEESE.

DURING the frost there have as usual been great numbers of geese seen flying about the ice in the various parks, and their boldness in doing so, in the face of the dangers to which they were exposed, may well be called extraordinary. However thin it may be frozen, the Serpentine is sure to act as a decoy to these green geese, who in their regardlessness of self-preservation, show an instinct not superior to those still greener birds, the boobies and the noddies. In proof of our assertion—should any one be weak enough to doubt a word in *Punch*—from the *Times* of Monday week we quote the following:—

"Large printed bills were stuck up in the various parks yesterday, announcing that the ice was in a very dangerous state, but many thousand persons would insist upon venturing upon it, and a great many accidents took place."

In Hyde Park, we are told, these geese got ducked a dozen at a time and not being divers, it was not without some difficulty that they could be restored to what it were a compliment to call their senses.

For occasions such as this, we think that the Humane Society would be doing not unwisely to enlist into their service a few of the assistants from the Idiots' Asylum, whose experience would fit them for the cases they would have to deal with. It is obviously needed that, so long as fools rush in where icemen fear to tread, there should be more stringent measures taken to ensure their effectual restraint; and we would therefore suggest that to restore them to their senses, the apparatus now in use at the tents of the Society should in future be inclusive of a number of strait-waistcoats.

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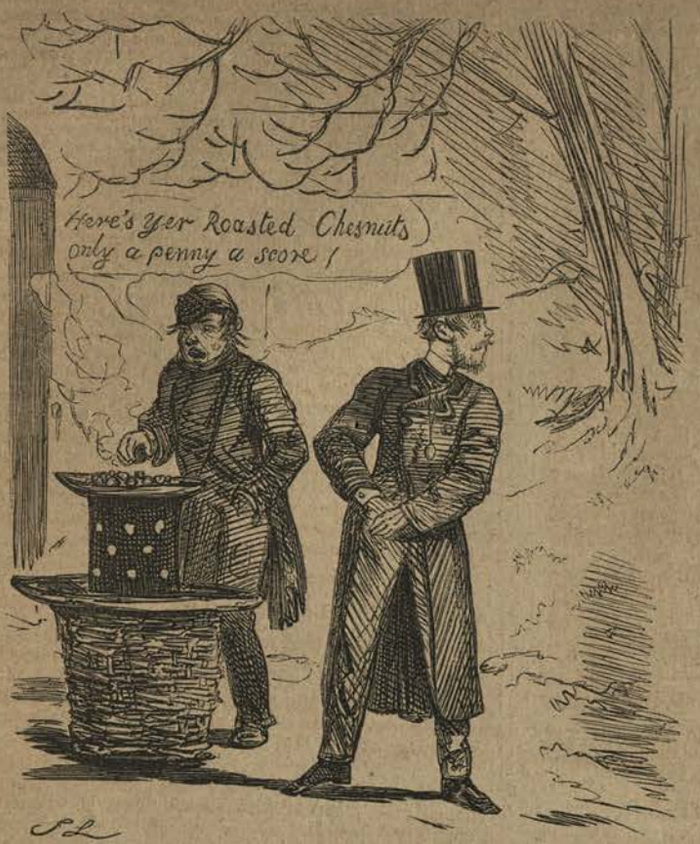


*Mr. Hobble-de-Hoye.* "I'M VERY FOND OF 'EM.—THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING!—DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T—I WILL!—YES—I'LL HAVE A PENN'ORTH!"

## "NE SUTOR."

(*Respectfully Dedicated to the* LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.)

SHOEMAKER CRAN is a well-meaning man,
And a well-meaning man is he,
He's awake to each flaw in the shoes of the Law,
That makes Justice go lame as a tree.

He will humour each corn, soft or hardened to horn,
Each kibe and each bunnion admits—
But in spite of his cobbling, still Justice goes hobbling
For CRAN'S jobs all turn out misfits.

And great the disgust is of poor MADAME JUSTICE,
And no wonder she 's taking to scold,
When, with all CRAN'S endeavour, she 's lamer than ever,
And the new shoes finds worse than the old.

There was Chancery pinched, till she'd sooner be lynched,
Than set foot inside tight Lincoln's Inn;
Doctors' Commons old Law her blisters did draw,
And wore her poor soles to the skin.

And so to mend matters, COBBLER CRAN from the latter's
Upper-leathers a cantle must pare,
And, skilful reformer, to the legs of the former
Sews 'em on, and calls *that* a new pair!

He pares, welts and lops, rotten old feet and tops,
Bought at booths in the Law's statute-fair,
And puffs that to the nation as Consolidation—
Trash that won't last out one day's rough wear.

He claps old stuff on new; to mend one hole makes two;
In short, turns such botch'd work out of hand,
That poor Justice 'gins swear she would sooner go bare,
Than longer CRAN'S tinkering stand!

Then Shoemaker CRAN, though a well-meaning man,
In law-mending find a new tutor;
Or you 'll find, some fine morning, by way of a warning,
O'er your court writ in large hand, "NE SUITOR."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Follow the RED-PATH.

## THE GOBEMOUCHE.

THE Gobemouche (or *Musca Disraelis*) is extremely common in soft climates, such as Italy, the opposition benches, and the Carlton Club, though it has been known to go to the greatest latitudes. It has enormous wings, with which it allows itself to be quietly carried away. It flies instinctively at anything green. Its eyes, too, are enormous, and in political quarters it will see secret things which no one else can see. But its great distinguishing characteristic is its mouth. The aperture of this feature is so accommodatingly large that you can stuff almost anything into it. No matter how preposterous in size or absurdity the thing to be swallowed may be, it gulps it down with the greatest ease and avidity. Its appetite is on a similar scale of capaciousness, and a list of the articles found in the stomach of a Gobemouche would make the abdomen of a shark look very small indeed.

The Gobemouche abounds in clubs, coffee-houses, Capel Courts, BELLAMY'S, and all old women's tea-parties. A very fine specimen of it is to be met with in the office of the *Morning Herald*. In fact, a wonderful dressing-gown is shown to the curious, which was woven out of the different yarns which the Gobemouches have at different times spun in that establishment. The Editor, it is affirmed, puts on this dressing-gown when he writes his leading articles, and is inspired accordingly.

The food of the Gobemouche consists generally of playbills, pamphlets, programmes, prospectuses, and bright gossamer promises of all kinds; an English Reform Bill, a Spanish constitution, an Austrian liberty of the press, a Russian liberation of the serfs, an American abolition of slavery—nothing is too gross, or too far out of the way for its consumption! It is dearly fond, also, of anything quackish. Thus, the Gobemouche falls an easy prey to the ointment-spreader, and other dealers in soft-soap, such as your cheap-jack philanthropist, your flowery preacher, and mouthing politician. During the elections, the Gobemouche may be caught in thousands and thousands. The pledges they take in then, without the smallest examination, would ruin the richest pawnbroker in no time.

On the Stock Exchange, the poor Gobemouche falls a ready victim to the innumerable Kites that fly about the City.

When Parliament closes, the Gobemouche wings its flight into the country, where it can be easily traced from one provincial newspaper to another, changing its food at every place. At one time you may hear of its swallowing an enormous Gooseberry, with no more difficulty than a boa-constrictor bolts a rabbit; at another, you read that it is feasting to its heart's content off a Wonderful Shower of Frogs. Sometimes its powers of digestion are severely tried—as, for instance, after it had been dazzled and made giddy with the report that MR. SPURGEON was about to marry LOLA MONTES, it could not be induced to take the smallest bit of political, or green-room gossip; though again when it really is hungry, it will attack anything, and has been known to seize on a tremendous *canard* of the very wildest nature, and, in less time than you can listen to one of MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches, make very small bones of it, indeed!

## "BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

WE have rarely met with a more pious, a more touching revelation of inward thankfulness than is shown through the subjoined advertisement, and issued by the MISSES S—, of Liverpool:—

THE MISSES S——, on retiring from their sphere of labour in Liverpool, desire to record the mercy of God in having permitted them so long to enjoy the sympathy and kindness of their various friends, and trust that the *bread cast upon the waters* by *their* instrumentality, may be found and enjoyed by their pupils after many days. The MISSES S. will be happy to receive any of their day-pupils *as boarders* after the Christmas recess, at —— ——

Thus, it is evident that the MISSES S—, having, as day-teachers, thrown their diurnal bread upon the waters, feel justified in the Christian hope that the bread may be returned to them as boarding-school mistresses, very thickly buttered.

THE FOG-SIGNALS.—The new system of Fog-Signals is to be tried in the House of Commons on the night of the first heavy debate. Each speaker is to be provided with a Fog-Signal, in order that Members may see in what particular course he is steering. MR. SPOONER is to have two.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 9TH. *Monday.* The next "difference" which is likely to arise between the English and French Governments will be upon the question, whether the Danubian Principalities shall be soldered together, or kept apart. England is for separation, France for solder. Considering that we went to war for the integrity of the Turkish Empire, and considering that the joining these two provinces would speedily throw them into the grip of Russia, we are rather more consistent than our Allies. Meantime, it was agreed that neither power was to say anything on the subject until the views of the parties specially interested, namely, Turkey and the Principalities themselves, had been obtained, and the *Moniteur* has been breaking compact, and LORD CLARENDON expressed his "surprise," which is diplomatic for disgust.

In the Commons, MR. LOWE said that there was no reason for legislative provision against railway accidents, for that out of 125 millions of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who travelled by rail in 1856, only 8 were killed and 282 injured. As the total population of the three kingdoms, including Eelpie Island, was, at the last census, only 25,435,325, we presume that MR. LOWE counted the tickets, not the individuals. SIR B. HALL explained that nothing was to be done with Westminster Bridge at present, as he was waiting for lots of architects' plans for the Downing Street and Westminster Improvements. These designs are to be stuck up after Easter in Westminster Hall, which has been selected, in conformity with the usual policy of Government, because it has the worst possible light for such a purpose. SIR GEORGE GREY then introduced his Transportation Bill. He proposes to lengthen sentences of penal servitude, and give more discretionary power to the Judges, and to enable them to transport criminals to any colony that will take them. Western Australia wants convict labour at present, but is rather fastidious, and will accept none but healthy and handsome convicts (whether their noses are to be Grecian or Roman the colony has not given us orders), and will have no women at all. On the first point SIR GEORGE will be as obedient as he can, but as it is absolutely necessary to send women out, he proposes to remit Irishwomen, who are supposed to be less objectionable than their Scotch and English sisters in crime. A Reformatory School bill, useful, but limited, was also introduced.

*Tuesday.* LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH brought in three Bills, and remarkably queer articles they are. First, a Bill for reforming the system of proving Wills, by establishing a considerably worse system. Secondly, a Bill for reforming the Law of Divorce, by a set of alterations that are not improvements. Thirdly, a Bill for trying naughty parsons by means of a tribunal that cannot possibly work. As the other law lords will take these measures in hand (CRANNY caught it all round for his feebleness and timidity) it is probable that they may be improved, and *Mr. Punch* will refrain from taking them to pieces until he sees in what form it is proposed finally to submit them for his consideration.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON (on compulsion) paid a high compliment to the Crimean Commissioners, but added that nothing more would be paid them. The "Secret Treaty" squabble, raised by MR. DISRAELI, was then renewed, and again on the Thursday. It may as well be disposed of at once. There was no Treaty, but there was a Convention, dated in December, 1854, and this was signed, though PAM at first said it had not been. The purport of this Convention was, that if Austria would help the Allies, France would help to keep Austrian Italy in order. Austria never did help the Allies, but on the contrary helped Russia most materially by taking away an army, and so the Convention came to nothing. If PAM had been a little more frank and a little less rude in his first answer, DIZZY'S overthrow would have been complete. As it is, he has a sort of verbal victory, just such an one as would delight a smart attorney's clerk. MR. HARDY, Conservative Member for Leominster, brought in a Bill for giving the magistrates at sessions more power over beer-houses. Some of the tea-total Members took the opportunity of protesting against anybody's drinking under any circumstances.

*Wednesday.* Nothing particular, except discussion on a Bill for reforming the Liverpool Dock Trust, which was of course resisted, and finally sent to a Select Committee.

*Thursday.* LORD CLARENDON stated that the "protectors" of Greece, namely, England, France, and Russia, were going to overhaul its accounts, and see whether its affairs could not be so managed that something might be available for its creditors.

The Crimean Commander-in-Chief and the Governor of the Bank of England, having been respectively victorious at Greenwich and Southampton, swore, and seated themselves. SIR B. HALL explained that the NELSON column could not be finished for want of money (about £5000), for which he did not mean to ask Parliament. *Punch* sees no hope for the memorial to our greatest Admiral, unless some "influential person" will propose that its completion shall be entrusted (with £20,000 as guerdon) to some BARON MARROWFATTI, or other fortunate foreign pet. SIR ROBERT PEEL was then called to account for his lecture on foreign notorieties. He stated that he had really had no idea of annoying anybody. He had been talking in a "familiar" way. *Mr. Punch* accepts the apology with perfect frankness, not having the least respect for any of the persons quizzed by SIR ROBERT, but would recal to that baronet *Polonius's* advice to his son: "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." A good debate arose as to whether there should not be a Minister of Public Justice, with a separate department, and a motion by MR. NAPIER for an address requesting the QUEEN to take the subject into consideration, was agreed to. LORD PALMERSTON promised real assistance in promoting the scheme, and brought out one of the quaint quotations of which he is fond:—

> "What to avoid requires no great heed,
> But what to follow is the task indeed."

This is true. It requires no great heed to avoid the Disraelite party, but it is a task indeed, at times, to follow LORD PALMERSTON. SIR WILLIAM CLAY brought in his Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, on which our friend SPOONER promised to have a round or two with SIR W.

*Friday.* LORD BROUGHAM came down to the Lords with his carpet-bag, as he was going to France; but, before he went, he desired to move three resolutions touching the rights of married women to property. First, that their present rights were all wrongs. Secondly, that a woman was entitled to her own property; and thirdly, that if our ridiculous theory of marriage prevented a woman from having this justice, at all events a profligate husband should be restrained from wasting her possessions. LORD CAMPBELL, of course, thought differently from LORD BROUGHAM on the most important point, and the debate was adjourned until the latter's return.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER produced the Budget. What he took two hours and three-quarters to say, MR. PUNCH proposes to put into three lines and a quarter. The Income-Tax is to be reduced from Sixteen-pence to Seven-pence on incomes over £150, and to Five-pence on incomes between £150 and £100; and in three years expires altogether.

You may give three cheers, BULL, for no doubt it is something to keep the Nimble Ninepence that used to jump so nimbly from your pocket into the tax-collector's. Cheer away, old boy. Now, if your mind is relieved, sit down and wipe your old face, as we have something to say to MRS. BULL. O, yes, you may hear. MRS. BULL, M'm, you are aware that the duty on Tea is now one and nine? Yes, M'm, but according to the present law it would be reduced, by yearly degrees, to one and three, and one shilling. Yes, M'm, but SIR G. C. L. proposes to make a much longer business of the reduction, and to make it drop to one and seven, to one and five, to one and three, and finally to one bob. He intends to play a similar trick, M'm, with Sugar; and therefore, as MR. GLADSTONE gently specified to him, the question is now whether the Tax on Tea and Sugar shall be increased. What do you think of that, old girl?

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## A NOTE FROM NELSON.

"LORD NELSON presents his compliments to SIR BENJAMIN HALL, and having learned that there has been some talk in Parliament about his unfinished column in Trafalgar Square, desires to state that he in no way wishes to precipitate the Government to the expense of £4000 or £5000 for the completion of the same. Having stood in a state of destitution for so many years, his Lordship has become quite accustomed to his position, and would become rather embarrassed by the novelty of any attention. LORD NELSON'S concluding compliments, and dogs *not* expect the Government to do its duty."

## THE PANTOMIME AND THE WORKHOUSE.

MR. CHUTE is the manager of the Bath theatre; and, a few days ago, in the proverbial darkness of a manager's mind—(a playhouse manager!)—sent to the Bath Union an invitation, through the Guardians, to the pauper children, to come and see the morning performance of *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*. What a burst of sunlight broke through the dulness of the Union, as the thoughtless little sinners prepared themselves in their workhouse best to be at the playhouse-door at 2 p. m.! It was, however, doubtless right that their impatient vanity should be rebuked; and rebuked it was by the pastoral dignity of the Church, lay authority grimly assisting.

Even whilst the children were dressing—(for MR. BUSH, the chairman had all heedlessly accepted the invitation for the little ones!)—the Board of Guardians was gathering. At length the Board met, and delivered itself.

The REV. MR. NEWNHAM thought the idea monstrous that the Guardians should introduce the children under their care to habits of early dissipation!". (*Jack and the Bean-Stalk* at 2 P.M.)

MR. HENRY DALLAWAY agreed with MR. NEWNHAM. DALLAWAY had once seen the *Serious Family* in London: the most disgusting thing he ever saw. (In the piece, cant is gibbeted, and hypocrisy torn to tatters. A very disgusting exhibition, MR. DALLAWAY.)

MR. MURCH, with a worldly-mindedness much to be lamented for pomps and vanities, said—"Heaven knew that these children had little enough to gratify them, and indeed little society of any kind." (Why should pauper children be gratified? Poverty, in fact, has *no* childhood.)

MR. BARNES spoke for the children and the Pantomime. MR. W. LEWIS liked to be a child once a-year. A pantomime was a childish amusement, and when people were there, people were all childish together. (The REV. MR. NEWNHAM silently wondered *where* MR. W. LEWIS thought to go to?)

Finally, it was agreed that the workhouse children should not be permitted to see *Jack and the Bean-Stalk!* But children, on wicked pleasures bent, are quick in their doings. The little things of the Bath Union, fluttering with sinful emotions, had dressed themselves, and under due guidance (authority having been given by weak MR. BUSH) had departed for that Temple of Sin, the theatre. The "poor children," says the *Bath Journal* (but how spiritually rich with such workhouse pastors!) "had reached the very door of the theatre before the counter-order denying them the anticipated pleasure came to their conductors."

Of course, the children, in the ignorance of their disappointment, returned to their prison-house to mope, and sob, and cry. They could not be expected to feel properly grateful to the REV. MR. NEWNHAM, whose Christian tenderness must have been sweetly rewarded by the bitter distress of the little ones. It is said, however, that the Rev. Gentleman took an early opportunity of "improving" the matter for the benefit of his flock of lambs.

Among other things, it is said he bade the infant paupers to rejoice in the misery and helplessness that had brought them under the guidance and ministration of the Guardians of Bath. Had it been their trying lot to be born princes and princesses of the House of Hanover, great would have been their temptations; and, doubtless, great their backslidings; since—it was upon record—the QUEEN herself had more than once taken her little ones, beginning with the PRINCESS ROYAL and ending with PRINCE ARTHUR, to see the abomination of a pantomime played in the morning at a Temple of Disorder called the Adelphi. Now they—the chosen children of the Bath Union—had been stopped at the very doors.

Well, it will go luckily with some sour-faced Christians if, with the fullest belief in their own right of entry of Paradise, they are not "stopped at the very doors."

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## Here follows a Pathetic Ballad, to be Said or Sung by all good Christians in the United Kingdom:—

Now all fond parents who delight
Young people's joy to see,
Come listen to a tale of spite,
Or brutal bigotry.
How hypocrites, to be amused,
Declaring 'tis a crime,
Poor little folks the treat refused
To see a Pantomime.

There is a playhouse in Bath town,
As may be known to you,
A theatre of some renown;
There is a workhouse, too.
JACK should be no dull boy at Bath,
With truth if one might say,
That if he work in workhouse hath,
In playhouse he hath play.

Thus, or on this wise thinking, lo!
The theatre's lessee
Bade all the workhouse schools to go
Unto his playhouse free.
By day to see the Pantomime,
And so their minds recruit
With pleasure for a little time:
Good luck to MR. CHUTE!

He to the Chairman of the Board,
His invitation sent,
The Chairman sent the Master word,
Then to his colleagues went,
Whom he informed of what he 'd done,
And that, with joy elate,
The children, waiting for the fun,
For their consent did wait.

A Parson, one of the "elect"
No doubt, in self-conceit,
Did, in a strain of cant, object
Unto the children's treat.
The playhouse is a sinful place,
Howled this fanatic mean,
Would he, or any of his race,
Howl thus before the QUEEN?

A'lay snob, who, upon the stage,
Had seen himself portrayed
In a sham saint, with wrath and rage
Never, since then, allayed,
With REVEREND MR. MAWWORM did
In sentiments agree:
In short, the children were forbid
The Pantomime to see.

Meanwhile the children, dreaming not
Of disappointment sore,
Had been sent on, and now had got
Unto the playhouse door,
When lo! the counter-order came,
And back they had to trudge.
Shame on you, Puritans! oh, shame,
Their harmless mirth to grudge.

Their little faces beamed with joy,
Two miles upon their way,
As they supposed, each girl and boy,
About to see the play.
Their little cheeks with tears were wet,
As back again they went,
Balked by a sanctimonious set
Led by a Reverend Gent.

And if such Reverend Gents as he
Could get the upper hand,
Ah, what a hateful tyranny
Would override the land!
That we may never see that time,
Down with the canting crew
That would, out of their Pantomime,
Poor little children do!

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## A WONDERFUL WEAPON.

A GALLANT Officer, in writing to a contemporary, describes himself by the following signature:—"A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WHOSE SWORD IS HIS BREAD, BUT WOULD NOT NEGLECT HIS MOTHER'S GREY HAIRS FOR A MARSHAL'S BATON."

We should like to have a look at the extraordinary sword possessed by the Lieutenant-Colonel. What a wonderful weapon! It is nutritious, voluntary, and dutiful. Its master eats it without consuming it; but notwithstanding that, it would not neglect the grey hairs of his mother. What peculiar attention it is in the habit of showing to them we can only guess; perhaps the kind of service that is rendered to grey hair by a lead comb. This sword would also appear to be capable of wielding a marshal's *bâton*; a feat only comparable with that of the celebrated dish which is related to have run away with a spoon.

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### Knowledge of Uncommon Things.

THE French satirist, inveighing against the extravagance of the day, says, "*Le superflu est maintenant le nécessaire.*" This may be said to be literally the case with our young Lords, when a gold latch-key is pronounced in a Court of Law to be a necessary for an Infant.

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### PLAIN SPEAKING.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL, losing all patience one deputation-day with the Board of Works, exclaimed quite petulantly, "I tell you what, Gentlemen, I would take the Babes in the Wood, and swear I would make with them a better Board than you are!"

## DWEADFUL ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE HONOURABLE SPENCER DAWDLE (WHOSE TOTAL ABSENCE OF MIND IS SO WELL KNOWN) HAVING MADE A MORNING CALL IN BELGRAVIA, WALKS OFF WITH A HAT AND STICK WHICH DO NOT BELONG TO HIM!

### PITY THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED.

Good people here thus to appear exposed to public view,
Ashamed, indeed, we feel; but need compels us so to do.
Sad is our case, we 're out of place, of salary devoid,
Commiserate our painful state, and pity the Unemployed.

We hope and pray you never may know what it is to go
Without a berth in times of dearth, whereby we are brought low.
Work could we find we should not mind; we should be overjoyed.
We would turn to, we promise you; then pity the Unemployed.

'Tis near five years since we poor Peers, and Commoners distressed,
Have touched red tape in any shape, of office dispossessed;
'Tis long to wait in such a state, with hope almost destroyed.
Which way to turn we can't discern, so pity the Unemployed.

We gladly would take what we could, although the smallest job;
The truth we speak, we do not seek the public purse to rob.
There is a lot by that garotte that people have annoyed:
But don't suppose we 're such as those; and pity the Unemployed.

Of elbows out we go about and toes come through our boots:
We only ask to have a task, according as it suits,
Dishonesty is that which we are anxious to avoid.
Then labour give that we may live, and pity the Unemployed.

A Premier good there 's one you could, to your advantage make;
Another for the Chancellor of your Exchequer take.
Affairs to mend we do intend, and by the hope we 're buoyed,
That you will try us by and by, and pity the Unemployed.

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CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—MR. JOHN BULL begs to acknowledge the sum of Ninepence in the Pound of exceeded Income-Tax remitted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

### SIR ROBERT PEEL EXPLAINS.

AN "explanation" is an "arrangement." (*Hear!*)

A speech on Russia is the natural result, like "he 's a jolly good fellow" of a "jollification." (*Hear, Hear!*)

A man who is a good fellow himself, would not give "unnecessary pain to any one." (*Cheers.*)

As regards the COUNT DE MORNY, it was said of him that "he was the greatest speculator in Europe." Well, what of it? Are there not picture-dealers in Wardour Street, and elsewhere; and are they not all speculators? (*Laughter.*)

A "frank and open-hearted sailor" is, I conceive,—as in the case of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE—"a man of great powers, great grasp of mind." (*Cheers in which* SIR CHARLES NAPIER *joins.*)

The PRINCE OF LIGNE, in a familiar way, was said to be a muff—no, not a muff, but a ruff, but a QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ruff; stiff and starched; a thing of lace, but lace without point. (*Roars of Laughter.*)

To paint a few light and airy sketches, why what is it, but as WILLIAM POPE, the Swan of Avon, observed, "to hold the mirror up to nature," or in the phrase of ALEXANDER SHAKSPEARE, the bard of Twickenham, to "catch the manners living as they rise?" (*Reiterated Cheers.*)

If the manners were bad, was that his fault? (*Hear, hear!*) No. Let them mend their manners, and as a natural consequence, he would catch them all the better! (*Reiterated cheering, and congratulations from all sides of the House.*)

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### A Happy Couple.

AN American paper—it must be American—tells a story of a wedded couple who, with one table and one bed, have not spoken to one another for eight years. They are on the best of terms, and no doubt for that reason. The Yankee, however, tells us that "each is too proud to speak first." If such are the fruits of pride, how foolish it is to attempt to teach women humility!

# SEVEN PENCE TO THE BANK.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "HOW MUCH NOW TO THE BANK?" PALMERSTON. "WE 'RE DOWN AGAIN, MA'AM. ONLY SEVEN PENCE!"

## SOME MORE CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

*How* JOHN BULL *came to hear of what was going on. How he flew into a rage when he discovered the truth; and the steps he took to bring the blame home to the right people.*

WHILE all this was going on, and the poor lads were dying by dozens, JOHN BULL continued to receive very comfortable letters from the old head-keeper, enclosing flaming reports from the under-keepers, how all was going on as well as could be expected, and how NICK's rascals were being thrashed every time JOHN's watchers came within arm's length of them. The latter part of this news was quite true, for never did poor fellows fight more lustily than JOHN's watchers, in spite of empty bellies, rags, aches, pains, frost-bites, and fevers. But they could scarce have held their ground for all their pluck, but for a large party of LEWIS BONEY's servants hard by that helped JOHN's to deal with NICK. This BONEY had lately come into old LEWIS BABOON's property, some folks said not quite fairly. But, be that as it may, he was in possession of the BABOON estates, and, being a long-headed fellow, had made up to JOHN BULL, instead of going to law or loggerheads with him, as BABOON had been used to do. BONEY had sworn to stand by JOHN BULL in this affair with NICK, and, sure enough, he had kept his word so far like a man; so that the two, between them, were more than a match for NICK, for all he stood six feet four in his shoes, and had as many rag-a-muffins at his orders as MR. BULL and LEWIS BONEY could muster honest good fellows, between 'em.

All this while, you may suppose, JOHN's poor starving lads were grumbling, and sulky at the usage they got; but not a man left his post so long as he could handle a cudgel; and, of course, the keepers took care none of their complaints should reach JOHN BULL. Not but what some of these keepers were good men and true, and did their best to make the watchers under their orders comfortable, and took their own chances alongside of their lads, rough or smooth. But what could *they* do? The knot of lazy incompetent rogues round the old head-keeper had his ear, of course, and fobbed off on him what tales they would, and very little truth reached JOHN BULL's ears, I can promise you.

Nevertheless, the truth did ooze out at last, for all their manœuvring to keep it close. For there happened to come that way a sharp-witted lad, a pen-hawker, who was used to visit outlying farms, to look after the geese, in the way of his business; and, going about everywhere, he used his eyes and his ears, and sent home accounts to his employers of what was going on, mighty different from those JOHN BULL was in the habit of receiving, and which he would read aloud to all his friends and acquaintances, bragging at the same time what servants he had, and how famously matters were going on up at the moor-farm, and so forth.

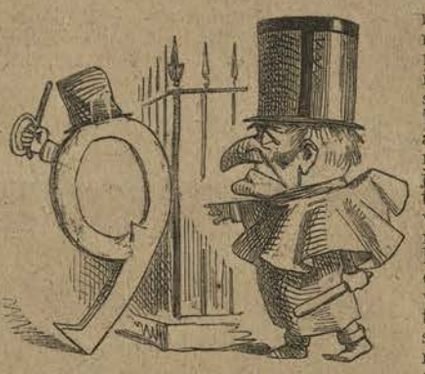
Now when JOHN BULL saw the accounts sent home by the pen-hawker, he was a good deal staggered at first, and handed them over to his Steward—an old Scotchman, by the name of GORDON—who only pooh-poohed them for traveller's tales, and swore the pen-hawker was a lying vagabond, who deserved to be set in the stocks for a scandal-monger, and a makebate. But at length, as some of the friends and relations of the watchers got news, from time to time, of the sad state the lads were in, and how they were dying fast of starvation and neglect, JOHN grew fidgety, and determined to inquire a little more closely into matters. To this he was mainly spirited up by one STAG, a clerk in JOHN's counting-house, and an honest fellow, though with a temper as sharp as verjuice, and a tongue that spared nobody.

The old Scotch steward set himself against any inquiry, and was so stubborn and pig-headed on the point, that at last, JOHN BULL fairly lost temper with him and turned him out of his place, setting up instead of him one PAM, a sharp, shrewd, plausible fellow, who had held different situations in the family, from steward's room-boy upwards, and had always been liked, as a pleasant companion, and one too, that had more in him than you would guess from his jaunty manner, and his off-hand way of going about his work. PAM tried at first to stave off STAG's interference, declaring he'd do the work better, if left to himself; but finding that this tone set JOHN's back up, he changed his note, swore he was all for inquiry, and protested that STAG was the very man to conduct it—none better. Accordingly STAG had his way; the inquiry was duly set about, and some of the keepers, who had come home (having had enough of the work) were examined, and some of the watchers, who had been sent back to their friends sick, and not a few strangers, besides, who had visited the farm out of curiosity; and a pretty story they made of it among them! JOHN BULL's hair fairly stood on end at the ugly facts that came out, and I promise you, never was a man seen in a greater trouble. Sometimes he would curse, and anon he would whistle, and then stamp, and swear, and wring his hands, and cry like a child. In short he went on in a way that the oldest inhabitant of the place had never seen the plain, hard-headed, sturdy, silent old fellow behave in all his life before. It was as much as a servant's ears were worth to go near him now. He cuffed here, and he cursed there: was for knocking down everybody at best, and for hanging a good many. He even neglected his business; would take no rest at nights; went without shaving, lost his appetite, and sulked about his premises, as the saying is, like a bear with a sore head.

PAM saw it was no use smoothing matters over, so, in his pliant manner, he fell into his master's angry way, and used the same sort of language about the keepers, swearing that nothing was too bad for them—that they deserved cashiering, every rogue of them, and so forth. But when JOHN talked of sending them about their business at once, neck and crop, PAM hinted that he had better have matters looked into on the spot first, and named a brace of Scotchmen—cool, shrewd, long-headed men both—who, he declared, were the very men to find out the keepers' mis-doings, and lay the blame at the right door. One was looking after the business of some of JOHN's poor relations in Scotland at this time, and the other was an old soldier in JOHN's establishment. But, old as they were, they both consented cheerfully to turn out of their snug berths, and undertake the business PAM wished to charge them with. JOHN BULL was standing by when PAM gave them their orders. "Mind," he said, "we must have neither fear nor favour—no shirking facts, or smoothing over shortcomings. Overhaul everything and everybody, speak truth, and shame the Devil; and, never fear, my friends, but that every one in this house will stand by you." JOHN BULL backed all the steward said, and off the two Scotchmen started, with good will to their work, and much comforted, you may be sure, by PAM's hearty and straightforward way of talking.

(*To be continued.*)

## TAKING OFF THE INCOME-TAX.



THE more serious-minded of our readers may think that in dealing with so grave a subject as the Income-Tax, we should have abstained from the remotest approach to jocularity, and have treated the matter with as much sedateness as though a pun had never issued from our pen. But although we quite acknowledge that a tax so heavy should in no way be made light of, we cannot well admit that ponderosity of language would have added weight to the arguments against it. We do not think our advocacy for obtaining its reduction would have gained much in force had we only used strong language; and although the Income-Tax may have made us laugh a little on the wrong side of our mouths, we have considered it our duty to grin as well as bear it. A tax of one and fourpence in the pound was a tax upon our temper as well as on our income, and by far too heavy we admit to be treated with an undue levity. But having all its inequalities before our eyes, as we viewed the imposing of it as in fact an imposition, we have thought ourselves justified to hold it up to ridicule, as well as reprobation: and in treating its absurd injustice in the way of caricature, we have felt assured that the Income-Tax was of all things one which no one would object to see taken off.

### The Chancellor's Bills.

IT is told of a certain Chief Justice, that he never travelled on circuit unless attended by a favourite goose in his carriage. This goose, the learned lord was wont to consult for aid and help in his decisions; and found from its inspirations the best aid in his worst need. It is said, that in imitation of this learned judge, the LORD CHANCELLOR has a pet owl, by whose eyes he draws the bills that he submits to Parliament. This being the case, there can be no wonder, that his measures, being too weak to bear the light, go out, one by one, "like winking."

### Diplomas of the Dangerous Classes.

MANY convicts who have obtained tickets-of-Leave appear to be rather proud than otherwise of those distinctions. We expect that philanthropists, who are in the habit of visiting the abodes of this class of persons, will, in many instances, find the Ticket-of-Leave converted to an ornamental purpose, by being framed and glazed, and suspended over the chimney-piece of the crib.

## PAM'S VALENTINE TO BRITANNIA.—1857.

Do declare, my dear BRITANNIA,
I love no other sweetheart than yer;
You is a duck and darling, you is,
Now just see what I've done with LEWIS.
That Sixteen-pence that made you shrewish,
He'd have kept on by dodge so Jewish,
But I have made him cut it down
To Seven, so now you need not frown;
There, ducky, since I've cut off Nine,
Accept me for your Valentine.

CUPID.

*Feb. 14th.*

## MEDDLERS WITH MATRIMONY.

A PIECE of sound philosophy is a rarity in these times. Here, however, is a genuine sample of that scarce commodity, extracted from a leading article in the *Times* paper:—

"It is certainly observable that the subject of marriage is one upon which false religion is remarkably tender."

In illustration of this truth are cited the following instances:—

"The Manicheans would not allow the elect to marry; the Roman church does not allow the priests to marry; the Hindoo religion does not allow widows to marry."

To the above list of examples may be added this one more:—Certain inconsistent and unreasoning Protestants refuse to allow a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister.

### The Belles Lettres.

A BOND STREET Milliner, with more truth than elegance, sent home a lady's dress with a letter, which began thus:—"My dear Madam, this comes *hoop*-ing," &c.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.—Instead of attempting to deodorise the Thames, would it not be as well to begin first by deodorising the Court of Aldermen?

## PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

*Being a Series of Dialogues, composed by that gentleman, with the aid of the Ingenious Doctor of Medicine,* ARTHUR HILL HASSALL,* *and by means of which a young Tradesman may work his way to Respectability and Prosperity in this World.*

### No. I.

MR. RANCID, *the Butterman.* PATTS, *his Apprentice.* SCRAPE, *the Boy.* *The shutters have just been put up.*

*Mr. Rancid* (*turning down the gas nearly out*). Well, PATTS, thou hast been with us a month. How do'st like the butter-shop, PATTS?

*Patts.* If, dear Sir, I give you as much satisfaction as you can expect from a beginner, I am perfectly happy.

*Scrape* (*privately to a firkin*). Walker!

*Mr. Rancid.* A becoming answer, PATTS. To the willing and respectful apprentice, it is his master's duty and pleasure to impart all the instruction in his power.

*Patts.* Dear MR. RANCID, you shall indeed find me grateful for instruction.

*Mr. Rancid.* I doubt it not, PATTS. Now, PATTS, what is Butter?

*Patts.* You jest, dear Sir. [*Laughs heartily.*

*Mr. Rancid* (*not displeased*). I did not mean to jest, my good lad.

*Scrape* (*aside*). Don't see no jest. Old bloke! Young humbug!

*Patts* (*rigidly grave*). I humbly ask your forgiveness, Sir. Youth is prone to levity. I will amend in future. You were pleased to ask me what Butter is. I suppose it to be made from cream, which is collected, from time to time, in a covered jar, and when it becomes sour, is churned, washed, and kneaded, and, if intended for salt butter, salted.

*Mr. Rancid.* Good boy, good memory. Thou hast described to me the original article, and that which purchasers believe that they buy from thee across my counter.

*Patts.* And do they not, dear Sir. Surely we do not defraud them?

*Mr. Rancid.* Use no untradesmanlike language, my lad. When I tell thee that did I sell that article to my customers, I could keep no gig for thy dear mistress, and that she could have but few new dresses within the year, thou wilt feel, for thou art a kind boy, and lovest the ladies, (nay, blush not, to do so in honesty is good for thee,) that I pursue the right course.

*Scrape* (*savagely, aside*). Wish there wasn't no gigs in the world, and then they wouldn't want no cleanin'.

*Patts.* Can I doubt it, Sir?

*Mr. Rancid.* Listen then. It is needful to make, out of a pound of the original article, as much more than a pound as we can. There are various ways of doing this. One is to incorporate—dost understand the word?—

*Patts.* I do, Sir.

*Mr. Rancid.* Explain it.

*Patts.* I can't, Sir.

*Scrape* (*scornfully, aside*). A pretty specimen of a prize jackhass you are!

*Mr. Rancid.* To mix up with it large quantities of water. This is done as follows:—The butter is brought to the melting point, and water and salt are then stirred in until the mixture has become cold.

*Patts.* May I ask what proportion is thus gained, Sir?

*Mr. Rancid.* I like thy query, it speaks of arithmetic. The original article should contain 2½ per cent. of salt and 10 per cent. of water. The manufactured article, my good lad, and especially that which Guardians of the Poor permit us to supply to the Paupers, oft contains 14 per cent. of salt and 15 per cent. of water.

*Scrape* (*aside*). Ah, don't it just, and don't I know it!

*Patts.* And are there no other ways, dear Sir?

*Mr. Rancid.* Of a surety there are. At particular times, of which I will hereafter instruct thee, starch, usually potatoe flour, may be added. We can also do somewhat with curds. And sometimes, but less often, animal fats and lard are used by us.

*Patts.* But, dear Sir, if I might speak?—

*Mr. Rancid.* Speak, good lad.

*Patts.* Why not take a simpler way of making more of the pound?

*Mr. Rancid.* Let us hear thee, boy.

*Patts.* Why not, dear Sir, privately affix a piece of lead below the scale in which we weigh the butter?

*Scrape* (*aside*). So they did at my last place, and didn't I inform, in rewenge for kickin'!

*Mr. Rancid.* Firstly, boy, because the law employs minions to hunt up such contrivances, and punish them, though but slightly; and, secondly, because they are not considered respectable. But thou art right to think, and to ask. Art an early riser?

*Patts.* Early to bed and early to rise is the way to be—

*Mr. Rancid.* Good. To-morrow morning thou wilt rise at three.

*Patts.* At two, Sir, if it will please you.

*Mr. Rancid.* At three. I will show thee another of the secrets of our business. I have some Epping Butter to get.

*Patts.* And are we going to Epping, Sir? O, I love the Forest!

*Mr. Rancid.* Thou shalt go thither, some day. But to-morrow our Epping is in yonder kitchen. I have some Irish salt butter, of a very inferior character, out of which we will wash the salt, and then we will wash our butter frequently with milk, and we will add a little sugar, and the best fresh Epping (which thou wilt be able to say arrived this day), will be ready for our customers to-morrow. I have a reputation for my delicate Epping.

*Patts.* And a profitable one, dear Sir, doubtless?

*Mr. Rancid.* Of upwards of one hundred per cent., my good lad. Live, and let live. (*Observes* SCRAPE, *who hastens to swallow something.*) Profligate parish brat, whose destiny is the gibbet, thou hast stolen a piece of my cheese.

*Scrape* (*piteously*). A werry little bit, Sir, and I had no dinner, Sir.

*Mr. Rancid.* Because, loitering on an errand, thou didst miss it. Idle, and a thief, how canst thou hope to prosper? To-morrow, I will take order that thou shalt be imprisoned and whipped. To bed, PATTS, my good lad, for thou hast to be astir with the lark.

*Scrape* (*bitterly aside*). A jolly lark, I don't think.

[*Weeps, but recovering himself, with the elasticity of youth, wipes his eyes and bursts into the now popular street refrain*

"Black yer shoes and brush yer clothes,
Two black eyes and a—crimson—nose—
I'll WARM yer."

[*Goes to bed under the counter.*

* Not to put too fine a point upon it, *Mr. Punch* may as well state that the Doctor, or rather his extraordinary work, called *Adulterations Detected*, must be made the victim of the mercantile vengeance which these Dialogues will arouse in the British Tradesman.

## THE PRESS IN PARIS.

MONSIEUR the Editor of the *Moniteur des Hôpitaux* (according to the *Daily News*) announced its intention to examine the question of the assassin VERGER'S insanity, but could not carry that design into effect, having been forbidden to discuss the subject. In what a state of slavery is the Parisian press! Again, in the course of an action against the Lady Superior of the Picpus Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, the advocate for the plaintiff pitched into the ARCHBISHOP OF CHALCÉDOINE, but what the learned gentleman said of the venerable prelate hath not appeared, because the Government ordered the journals not to report the case. Really they do not manage these matters in France much better than they do here. In England a newspaper is liable to an action for libel and a verdict of heavy damages for reporting proceedings which contain abuse of anybody. In France, things are not quite so bad as this; but the publication of such intelligence is prevented. Thus is the journalist deprived of the liberty of printing, although he may not be punished for its exercise; so that, on the whole, the Press experiences almost as much hardship under a French despotism as it does at the hands of a British judge and jury.

In connection with the French lawsuit above alluded to a remark may be made, without reference to the subject involved in the foregoing observations, which will, perhaps appear natural to many of our readers. The Picpus Convent of the *Sacré Cœur* was accused of having fraudulently induced a person of weak intellect to make a will in its favour. If this accusation is well founded, the Convent may, with a pardonable licence of speech and pronunciation, be described as being more of the pickpurse than of the other thing.

## REFLECTION FOR THE PEW.

THE subjoined statement is made by the correspondent of a Bristol paper:—

"Selecting a book of Common Prayer in a stationer's shop in Bristol a few years ago, I saw some Prayer Books having a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover. I have no doubt that the fair owner might be enabled to arrange her hair, and admire herself during the service."

This device the writer stigmatises as a vanity almost profane, but perhaps the profaneness lies merely at the door of some enterprising bookseller. There is, moreover, something to be said for looking-glasses in ladies' Prayer Books. It is a little better to contemplate the reflection of one's own face at church, than to be looking about at the reality of other faces. Besides, a young lady may sometimes even make a better use of her eyes by employing them in the looking-glass than by keeping them fixed on the parson. The former direction is generally preferable to the latter, when the reverend gentleman is a divine of the class commonly called pet. By the way, we should like to know whether looking-glasses in the inside of the lids of religious manuals is a vanity peculiar to fair devotees. May not the like vanity be, in some instances, indulged in on the other side—on the side of the recipients of certain tributary slippers, and other like offerings of fashionable devotion? If all manuscript—or lithograph—volumes could be overhauled, is it not highly probable that not a few looking-glasses would be found within the covers of pet parsons' sermon-books?

### Greenwich Election.

LIEUT.-GENERAL CODRINGTON, with certain Government advantages at his back, has been returned for Greenwich, against "COLONEL" SLEIGH, who demurs to the election, and expresses himself prepared for further measures. It is confidently reported that the Lieut.-General's opponent is quite ready to "file his petition."

## LINENDRAPERS' ANATOMY.

A VAGUE and indefinite idea of horrors mingles in the conception, generally entertained, of the unseen economy of a linendraper's establishment. Close, ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms, an atmosphere tainted by the products of the combustion of gas, the reek of goods, and the respiration of a number of people, associated in the public mind with the hidden arrangements of the house, suggest unpleasant suspicions of disease and mortality. How will our many readers, who are haunted by such horrible imaginings respecting linen-drapers' shops, shudder in perusing the following advertisement, extracted from the *Manchester Guardian?*

WANTED, in a large Retail Drapery Establishment, a DISSECTING CLERK, who thoroughly understands his duties.—Address, stating how long lived in last situation, and salary required, K. 45, at the Printer's.

What?—can it have come to this? Has the unhealthiness of drapery establishments arisen to such a pitch as to give peculiar facilities to the foundation of private schools of anatomy in connection with them? And have their proprietors begun to derive a new emolument from that frightful source? No, no—the thought is too shocking!

We think we may venture to assure any lady, upon whose nervous system the foregoing speculations may possibly have produced a painful effect, that no anatomical proceedings whatever are conducted in the establishment of any draper, except such as may be requisite in regard to the Skeleton Petticoat. It may be added, that the increasing adoption of the Early Closing System will go far to remove any supposition that linendrapers are in the habit of doing anything more dreadful than what is implied in furnishing funerals in the regular way of trade, and that their business is of such a nature as to supply any material for dissection in the St. Bartholomew's sense of the word.

## CANZONET ON CRINOLINE.

BY A WRETCH.

WHEN lovely woman, hooped in folly,
Grows more expansive every day,
And makes her husband melancholy
To think what bills he 'll have to pay:

When in the width of fashion swelling
With air-balloons her skirts may vie,
The truth—(what hinders *Punch* from telling?)—
Is that she looks a perfect—Guy!

## A ROYAL MASON.

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH, of Hanover, (better known in England by his earlier title of PRINCE GEORGE OF CUMBERLAND,) has, we learn, just been made a Freemason. The gallant sovereign is stated to be the first Continental monarch who has braved the unimaginable terrors of the gridiron and red-hot poker; but is not understood to sit less comfortably on his throne for having condescended to join an association of his subjects. "The Craft" has little in common with Kingcraft, and may read salutary lessons to a royal Apprentice. Brother KING GEORGE, Brother PUNCH, G.M., congratulates you.

### Another Insult to Scotland.

MR. EWART has already given notice that he intends to assimilate the law affecting capital punishments in Scotland with the law in England! The effect of this insolent measure will be to throw the whole monopoly of hanging into the hands of the Southron CALCRAFT! If this new insult fails to arouse all the might and ire of Scotland, why Scotland must be already dead, and hanging of no further use or interest to her.

TO THE COMMONS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN is an M.P. the worst of M.P.'s?
When he's an M.P.ric.

(*Mr. Punch* suppresses the name of the Member who instinctively solved the question.)

LIFE IN THE DRAMA!

THERE is yet life, there is yet judgment in play-going people; for only last week, the Haymarket audience "damned" an Irishman!

NOT ONE IN TWENTY THOUSAND!—The man must be poor and friendless indeed, who, at some period of his life, hasn't received a Testimonial of some sort!

## HAVING A PAIR ON!

*Skater.* "HI!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"
*Skate Proprietor.* "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"

## THE SURGEON'S WIND.

THE Wind is North-East—so let it be!
The North-East Wind is the wind for me,
To me it blows good if to none besides;
For the boys on the pavement cut out slides,
And the passenger on the hard flagstones
Comes down, ha, ha! and breaks his bones.

I have had a *radius* to do,
And a compound fractured *tibia*, too.
And that had been scarce ten minutes gone,
When in came a case of *olecranon*.
There was next a dislocated hip,
Resulting also from a slip.

Zymotic diseases lend a charm
To genial Autumn, moist and warm.
We have Scarlatina and Typhus then,
And Cholera good for medical men:
But practice is best, I always find,
In the bracing air of the North East Wind.

When the North-Easter whistles shrill,
It makes me think on the little bill
To many a patient that I shall send,
Whom that wind calls me to attend.
And though its music may seem severe,
'Tis a strain to gladden a Surgeon's ear.

### Shameful Practical Joke.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN, seeing a respectable old gentleman looking into a book-shop in Piccadilly, pinned his Ticket-of-Leave on the back of the respectable old gentleman, and sent him walking down the street with that decoration between his shoulders.

## THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

"*By* DAY AND MARTIN, *this is wondrous strange!*"—SHAKSPEARE (*Princess's Edition*).

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY has again taken tea with his young friends, the Shoe-black boys of the red, blue, and yellow. The young gentlemen, who set such a noble example of self-respect to the younger branches of the aristocracy, assembled in St. Martin's Hall; and made a brilliant show. The living DUCHESS OF ARGYLL cast the radiance of her benevolent face upon the assembly, and "much admired," as the late MR. PEPYS, or the present COLONEL PHIPPS would say, to see the boys drink their tea, and eat their bread and butter and plum-cake. An Earl or two was also present; M.P's as thick as plums; amongst them, it was whispered, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, for Glasgow, who had come to be especially polished. It was afterwards discovered that the visitor was the MACGREGOR JAMES, M.P. for Sandwich, upon whose boots there rested no speck of mud. The Church was also excellently represented on the occasion; and the attendance of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is hopefully expected at the next gathering. We should have been happy to record the presence of several young gentlemen from the army; and others from Oxford and Cambridge, who haply might have left the meeting wiser and slower men; such was the general impression made by the Shoe-black Brigade on the feelings of respect and esteem of the spectators. The appearance of the boys was very gay. As they clustered in their bright new shirts, a young peeress playfully likened them to beds of human tulips,—these boys and brothers!

But the boys may, in very truth, be called the children of light: for they owe their professional existence to the year of the Great Exhibition, to the *invention* of the Crystal Palace. If the boys, as the peeress prettily said, are tulips, they were assuredly caused to be reared and cultivated by the gardener PAXTON. And these boys, originally things of London gutter mud, and London alley filth, are now admirable living proofs of the convertible uses of poor human nature. Even as London sewage may be converted, by the chemistry of nature, into roses and lilies,—so may forlorn ignorance and childish depravity be cultivated into social utility and refined to self-respect. These boys had, in the past year, earned nearly £3,000; averaging 12*s.* per week for each boy. They are worthy citizens of the pavement. Industrious, energetic little fellows, who, of their own forthright accord, take up the freedom of London and Westminster.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, as is his wont, addressed the boys in words of kindness and affection, exhorting them in plain, impressive speech, to a course of honesty and a due fulfilment of their religious duties. The responses of the boys proved that they fully understood and valued the truths that were uttered to them. For LORD SHAFTESBURY, as a missionary of highways and bye-ways, fever lodging-houses and typhus alleys, has learned—(a greater achievement than to compass Sanscrit)—to speak plain matter to plain people. His Lordship does not twiddle fine sentences; he does not stoop to patronise; but just talks God's simple truths, spontaneously and freely, as God's air comes and goes.

His Lordship, however, ventured to touch the string of human ambition that, no doubt, is somewhere in every heart, however small the object of its vibrations. WORDSWORTH'S shepherd had but one wish:—

> "The bound of all his vanity to deck
> With one bright bell a fav'rite heifer's neck."

Whereas LORD SHAFTESBURY awakened bolder thoughts in the bosoms of the Blacking Brigade. His Lordship said: "They might be Lord Chancellor; Prime Minister; for in this free country the noblest positions were thrown open to all. He wished them to be something even higher, to be chairman of even a ragged school meeting." Now, we could wish that his Lordship had omitted, at the present time especially, all notice of the dignity of Chancellor; for, as the boys will be, if not already, studious readers of the newspapers, we do not think their ambition very likely to be quickened by the example of LORD CRANWORTH. Considering how long his Lordship has been occupied in attempting to brush away defiling dirt and to substitute a fine reflective polish, we fear that any ordinary blacking-boy will deem his Lordship by no means the man to emulate. Now, it is otherwise with the example of the present Prime Minister before the children of original Crystal. LORD PALMERSTON should be considered as the *beau idéal* of the whole purpose and object of the Blacking Brigade. For, let his Lordship tumble into Fleet Ditch, and, ere a blacking-boy with brush in hand could say "bristles," his Lordship would somehow reappear as neatly elegant as though dressed for a wedding-breakfast, with a whiff of *eau de millefleurs* from his linen and a moss-rose in his button-hole. But this is the wonderful art of PALMERSTON alone. He has beautifully said, that all dirt was only matter in a wrong place. Thus, what would be very noisome and filthy on a hearth-rug would be ministering to perfume and beauty about the bulbs of lilies. Hence, from this time forward, PALMERSTON must be the great model for the Blacking Brigade. Even as the inspired youth, giving utterance to a great emotion, cried—"And I, too, am a painter!"—so may the earnest indomitable blacking-boy, blacking the highlows of some young Hebrew destined some day to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, exclaim, looking upward in his Caucasian countenance—"And I, too, am a judicious bottle-holder!"

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## A BACHELOR-TAX.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I VERY seldom read the papers except the Marriages and the Murders, the Births and the Accidents: but in this dreadful time of dear tea, and understanding that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has his finger in everybody's caddy, I was induced to read something about what is called a Deputation,—thinking it might affect the black and green. Well, the tea-pot was not at all touched upon; and not a word about the massacre that is going on in Canton, which, sending up tea as it does, brings home the horrors of war to everybody's fireside. But there was a subject upon which, as an unmarried woman, I feel very strongly—I allude to Bachelors. For myself, I feel if I was a man I should be ashamed of myself to be a Bachelor. It's mean and cowardly, and altogether sneaking away from that position to which, there can be no doubt of it, Providence from the first intended to call you.

"Therefore, what I read at the Deputation pleased me mightily: everything that goes with my notions in print always does. Speaking of the Income-Tax, one of the Deputies told the CHANCELLOR that he knew hundreds of bachelors living at Clubs (that ought every one of them to be pulled down, and salt and mustard sown on the foundations) that never paid the Income-Tax at all, and therefore ought to pay a Bachelor-Tax; and if I had only the laying of it on, I can tell you it should be a pretty smart one.

"Heaven knows! poor spinsters are taxed—which is a subject I will not go into at present, but am quite ready to do if provoked—and why not Bachelors? Besides, if spinsters *are* spinsters, is it altogether their own fault? I will answer for myself—certainly not. It's given to a man to be allowed to ask where he likes; yes, man may open his mouth to all the world; whilst a poor woman is expected to sit, with her lips as close as an oyster, and, whatever may be her feelings, to say nothing. Young men may never think of the compliment that's frequently paid them; but how often are they quietly, silently chosen for husbands, whilst—gay and heartless—all the while they know nothing of the matter?

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, a man having all these advantages over a woman, —ought he not to be brought down a peg or two by the tax-gatherer? And then their impertinence is, at times, enough to make one's blood run cold. You will see a young gentleman look at the wonders of the creation before him (need I say I allude to my own sex?) just as if he was looking into a basket of peaches, and didn't know which to pick; or, what is worse, didn't know or care whether he wanted a peach at all, but still just looked at the fruit for the curiosity of the thing. Well, nine times out of ten, he may—if so properly minded—*choose his peach;* and, oh dear! the lovely peaches I *have* seen plain young gentlemen take to themselves, as if they were only brought into the world for them and nobody else! Well, I don't so much complain of that. No; but this. Of course the gentleman *may choose his peach*, but whoever heard of the peach *choosing the gentleman?* No: Sir, the peach may be a lovely peach, with such a velvet cheek, and such a tint and colour on it,—but there it must lie, Sir; lie as cool as it can in its leaves, with its heart melting, but with never a tongue to say as much. *Mr. Punch*, —I am now—no, it matters not, and why should I tell it—still I am now so many years old; and I myself *was once a peach!* I have been gazed at; I have seen others selected; I have not been removed from my basket, and the leaves have shrivelled and gone yellow—not positively yellow, but just a little turned,—but at the present writing, and I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say with no fault of mine—I am *a spinster peach!*

"Which brings me back to a Bachelor-Tax. And I will say this: if a man will not pay his money in the way of wedding-rings, he ought to pay it in another. I look upon a wilful bachelor as a man who defrauds the commerce of his country, and robs the Government of soldiers and sailors. Such a man is a lawful subject for what I believe is called an impost. At such a man I would have every tax-gatherer point the finger of scorn,—with a pen in it!

"Believing as I do that every *sane man* who is single (if there is such a thing) is, at the age of five-and-twenty, a proper subject for the marriage ceremony, I would have a graduated tax, beginning at that time, and ending at sixty—at sixty to be legally and morally exempt. I haven't yet settled in my mind the amount of tax to be paid by the bachelor, but I would have it made *as crushing as possible* to bring it as near as it might be to the expenses of the holy state.

"Trusting, *Mr. Punch*, that you will give the subject your best consideration, that heartless bachelors may be punished, and spinsters with *only too much heart* avenged, I remain, your constant admiring reader,

"INVITA MINERVA."

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"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WE'VE been very much pleased with a notion that we've read in the paper about taxing bachelors; which we think *delicious;* and—the wretches!—hope it will be done. But there is a sort of bachelor who ought to be taxed until he cried for mercy, and couldn't any longer bear it; and that is, the *bachelor flirt*, that goes about society like a bee about a garden, and *settles for good and all no where.*

"Nothing so teazing, *Mr. Punch*, to a serious mind, as to seem to play with what we've heard called (my aunt used to name 'em so) the responsibilities of life, which the bachelor flirt continually does, always outraging—as one of our parlour-boarders says—the *purest and the holiest expectations!*

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, you're always so good, and therefore do fix a proper rate of taxes on *the bachelor flirt.* For instance:

"How many bouquets ought to signify something like a declaration?

"How many squeezes of the wedding-ring finger ought to go for honourable intentions?

"How many times going on one knee, and presenting therefrom a plate of cakes, ought to be taken as "your slave for ever?"

"And none of these intentions properly carried out, do name what ought to be the rate of tax on the bachelor flirt.

"We remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, your affectionate readers,

"MARY, JANE, AUGUSTA, MATILDA, ANNE."

*Mr. Punch* prints the above two letters from a large number received on a question of evidently increasing interest—a Bachelor-Tax. He may possibly feel it his duty to print two or three other epistles on the same important subject.

## THE SWELL'S DICTIONARY OF SNEERING.

BORE, *s.* (commonly pronounced BAW). Anything or anybody claiming attention which a Swell is disinclined to vouchsafe: whosoever or whatsoever compels him to think.

DEMONSTRATIVE, *a.* Expressive, by outward manifestation, of any emotion whatever except scorn and malice.

DIDACTIC, *a.* Instructive in any particular wherein a Swell does not want, or does not wish, to be instructed. Assertive of anything which he dislikes to have asserted.

INDIGNATION, *s.* A real emotion of anger, mingled with contempt and disgust, excited by injustice or insult inflicted on oneself.

VIRTUE, *s.* Bosh. Vulgar sentiment cherished by the middle classes.

VIRTUOUS, *a.* Unreal, fictitious, vulgarly sentimental, snobbish.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION, *a. and s.* An unreal and inconceivable emotion of anger with which some people pretend that they are affected by injustice or insult inflicted on others. See VIRTUE and VIRTUOUS.

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### The Silent Shell.

A PUFF in the corner of a Newspaper, pretending to be a critical paragraph, commences with the statement following:—

"The narrative of ADMIRAL NAPIER'S Baltic Campaign has burst upon the political and naval world like a bombshell."

Yes; very much like one of those bombshells which the gallant Admiral poured into Cronstadt. The explosion has made a wonderfully small noise.

## VERMIN IN PRINT.

WE have for some time been pretty free from the vermin of the press; the *Wakeful Weasels* and the *Penny Polecats* sent forth to use their wicked teeth, and exhale their filthy odour to the hurt and discomfort of timid, decent people. However, we have now a thing—let us call it the *Carrion Fly*—published by WILLIAM MANGE, JUN., who has been duly consigned to gaol, with the notorious BUGDALE, for the dirtiness of publication. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE required bail in the sum of £100; but somehow, sureties for the precious MANGE were not forthcoming at so costly a risk. Hence, MANGE is under a lock.

PRINCE ALBERT, in an after-dinner speech, once declared constitutional institutions to be upon their trial. Well, for our own part—though we have an inborn reverence for the British Constitution, the Bill of Rights, *habeas corpus*, and all the liberties indigenous to the British soil—we are now and then apt to yearn for the exercise of a little judicious despotism; to be especially administered in the attempted reformation of satyrs like BUGDALE, of mandrils like MANGE. The publisher of the *Carrion Fly* will, doubtless, in due season be remitted to the care of the Governor of Coldbath Fields. He will there be inducted into the process of oakum-teazing. Very good. But not even the sanative tar can cleanse the dirty fingers of the dirty publisher who seeks his daily bread in daily filth, in daily slander.

Now, by means of a little gentle despotism, we would have MANGE, in a manner made to live upon his publication even in gaol. As thus: To his morning gruel should be added one or two copies at least of the *Carrion Fly* reduced to pulp, which MANGE should be compelled to swallow, on pain of no gruel whatever. Granting that the pulp may be a little insipid, or, from the taint of the bad printer's ink, a little acrid,—we would allow it to be further seasoned with a judicious mixture of hyssop-juice and vinegar. As black-beetles are killed with poisoned wafers, so would we physic the vermin of the press with the poison of their own prints.

## NELSON AND THE NATION.

IT was stated in the House the other night, that the completion of the NELSON Column (which was entrusted to the Government in 1844), had been delayed solely by the want of money; and that although the sum which was required would not exceed £5000, "it was not thought desirable" just now to apply for it. In other words, the nation, as the world well knows, is thoroughly hard up, and cannot yet afford to pay its debt of honour, although it has already taken rather more than half a century's credit. No wonder that the *Constitutionnel* should talk of English pauperism! Nor that other amiable dovesquills on the Continent should speak of our "declining power," when to raise £5000 is thought by Government to be beyond it!

All things considered, it is fortunate for our credit that the wish of the more thoughtless of us was not realised in the late war, and that the navy-list failed to produce a "Second NELSON." We should otherwise have been plunged still more inextricably into debt; for, of course, a century or so hence we should have voted him a column: and equally of course, having only just completed the present one, the nation being then as now upon the very brink of bankruptcy, would have been told by its advisers that it "was not desirable" to pay its debts at present.

### "As You Were" in France.

IN a speech otherwise intelligible enough, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is reported to have informed the Chambers that—

"The rivers of France, like the revolution, return to their bed that they may never more issue from it."

This simile appears to signify that revolution in France, like the inundations, is ultimately to subside into the old state of things. This declaration on the part of NAPOLEON THE THIRD must be rather good news to the COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

## LORD BROUGHAM AT CANNES.

THE papers tell us that LORD BROUGHAM has left London for Cannes. And for this good reason. His lordship would avoid the cold winds of the next two months; and so return to the Lords, again to ply that well-worn historic broom among the cobwebs of law, fighting as, for almost fifty years he has fought, the spiders of abuse. There was a time when HARRY BROUGHAM would have set his teeth against a tornado, giving it something stronger than it brought; but even giants feel the touch of time, and disdainfully think, but still must think, of flannel and the east wind. And so BROUGHAM flies from smoky Westminster and the muddy Thames to sapphire-bright Cannes, and the deep-blue Mediterranean. And there—it is the hope of *Punch*—of *Punch*, who in his day has had his joke with the giant, but still a joke with no abatement of reverence—there may the great law-reformer, the great national schoolmaster, amid orange groves, and beneath an unclouded heaven, find health and strength visit him with their best influences. There may his blood run clearly and sparklingly; and there, whilst March winds bite sharp British attorneys to the bones, there may gentle gales impart another freshness, a newer vigour to the brain of the great man who, for two-score years and more, has wrestled with ignorance and wrong, and again and again trod them howling in the dust! The labours of BROUGHAM have made him in his old age almost a sacred man among men. It is well that we should look reverently, tenderly towards the light that still remains to the world; a light that may burn the longer that it burns sometime in a gentle air; a light, too precious to be carelessly visited by an east wind, even though blowing in hallowed Westminster.

## THE CIRCLE OF FASHION.

A COMMISSION is to be shortly appointed by Government to take the exact measurement of the Circle of Fashion. A prize of a very large amount will be awarded to the clever mathematician who succeeds in ascertaining the right dimensions. Several old Calculating Boys, who have grown grey in endeavouring to measure the Quadrature of the Circle, are hard at work upon the problem; but very little hopes are entertained of their succeeding, as the present *Modes de Paris* have, in width and extravagance, completely outgrown the recollection of the oldest JENKINS on the fashionable press, and are diametrically opposed to anything that has hitherto appeared in any one of the numerous Circles of Fashion.

## THE MISERIES OF A WHITE NECK-CLOTH.

*Good-Looking Swell.* I declare I never will wear a white neckcloth again!

*His Facetious Friend.* Ha! I suppose, my dear fellow, if the truth were known, that some one has been mistaking you for the waiter?

*Good-Looking Swell.* No, Sir, it was a thousand times worse than that, for an ugly old maid began making sentimental love to me under the delusion, I really believe, that I was a pet parson! I suspected every minute that she would be asking me to send her my measurement for a pair of embroidered braces!

### "Give your Orders! The Waiter's in the Room."

FROM the *Times'* account of the recent *Ordens-Fest* at Berlin it appears that KING CLICQUOT manages to keep some 550,000 courtiers, soldiers, and *employés* happy on very poor pay, at the cost of £3848 per annum in stars, crosses, medals, and bits of ribbon. We often hear of people being held by the button; official Prussia appears to be held by the button-hole.

TRANSLATION OF A PROVERB BY A GENTLEMAN WHOSE CLASSICAL EDUCATION MUST SURELY HAVE BEEN MUCH NEGLECTED.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!"
Thank goodness, washing day is over!

### A Fruity Anecdote.

JUSTICE MELLOW dearly loved his glass of port. When a more than usually good bottle was brought up, he would smack his lips, and exclaim, with the greatest gusto, "Come, my boys, this is none saw-dusty!"—*The Old Gentleman's Magazine.*

A HOME TRUTH FOR THE HOME OFFICE.—Our legislators cannot well express themselves surprised at the failure of the Ticket-of-Leave system. Any man of business would have told them that "early returns" are commonly attended with "small profits."

REMARKABLE FUSION.—DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, in their present state of alliance, are not to be thought small beer of. At least, they have entered into a combination which may be entitled Double Ex.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 16TH. *Monday.* In the Lords, "honourable mention" was made of MR. SHEEPSHANKS, who has presented his magnificent collection of pictures to the nation, on the simple condition that a building shall be erected at Kensington to hold them. He modestly adds a "wish" that the Exhibition should be open to the working classes on Sunday evenings. As the Government have violated the only condition imposed by MR. TURNER in bequeathing his works to the country, it is not probable that they will be more conscientious with regard to MR. SHEEPSHANKS. We have got his deed of gift, and he can't help himself, hooray!

The Commons kicked MR. JAMES SADLEIR (member for Tipperary county) out of the House, for fraudulent practices. There was no division, and therefore the public, and more especially Glasgow, had no opportunity of seeing MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, late governor of the British Bank, record his vote in testimony of his high-minded and ready-tongued indignation against such persons as SADLEIR. The House soon rose, but a false alarm that the opposition intended to storm the Treasury benches cost MR. HAYTER some violent whipping, and ministerial members some violent language against the faithful official who had needlessly summoned them from pleasure to duty.

*Tuesday.* LORD GRANVILLE did not believe that ADMIRAL SEYMOUR had been proceeding to conciliate the Canton people with red hot shot. The LORD CHANCELLOR announced seven bills for consolidating the criminal law. LORD BROUGHAM said, sensibly enough, that to pass a digest of law through Parliament was absurd. Let them employ first-class lawyers and adopt their work. CRANWORTH, by the way, promised his seven bills "perhaps at the end of the week." It is needless to say that nothing more had been heard of them when the Lords rose on Friday.

SIR CHARLES WOOD said that the Government had not decided whether they would send a new expedition to the Arctic regions, and that the *Resolute* had not been pulled to pieces. LORD PALMERSTON refused to give MR. COCHRANE any information as to Naples, unless BAILLIE would say that he represented BOMBA. There was talk this evening and on Friday about the *Megæra* frigate, supposed to have been sent out leaky, but the only good that was got by the debate was the First Lord of the Admiralty gaining, at length, a definite conviction that there was a difference between a ship's bows and her bottom. SIR C's enlightenment was effected by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who has of late given much attention to the best means of imparting instruction to helpless persons. LORD PALMERSTON obtained a select committee on Election Bribery, HENRY BERKELEY deriding, and MR. HORSMAN brought in a Bill for the abolition of the oppressive custom of taking tolls at turnpikes in Ireland. Again the House was up before dinner-time.

*Wednesday.* SIR JOHN PAKINGTON introduced an Education Bill. He described it as neither compulsory nor general, and nothing worse can be said against such a measure. But there is no immediate hope of the sort of legislation required, for two hostile parties unite to hinder it. The Church party, English and Scotch, will permit no education unless the priest prescribe it, and the Liberals insist upon being so liberal as to leave it to a parent to say whether his children shall be taught or not. The Bill is meritorious in intention, but will be of little avail. The wisdom of the Legislature prefers building gaols to building schools.

*Thursday.* LORD DERBY gave notice of his intention to throw squibs into the Cabinet, *apropos* of the bombardment of Canton; and LORD CLANRICARDE proposed a resolution condemnatory of our system of Government in India. The DUKE OF ARGYLL replied that things had been bad there, but were mended, and that general abuse was unpractical. What particular business CLANRICARDE has with India one hardly knows, except that his father-in-law, GEORGE CANNING, was going but did not go out as Governor-General, and that his son, ULICK CANNING, singularly misconducted himself there, a point to which *Mr. Punch* specially alludes for the sake of also expressing his satisfaction at reading that this young fellow (best known as LORD DUNKELLIN), performed an act of real because rational gallantry in the Persian expedition.

In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY promised a Bill for reforming the Corporation of London; but assigned as a reason for delay, the fact that the LORD MAYOR and Common Council had been passing resolutions on the subject. This kind of excuse is very characteristic of SIR GEORGE. MR. LOCKE KING moved for leave to bring in a small Reform Bill, which was to make the franchise for counties the same as in boroughs. LORD PALMERSTON opposed it—as opposed to our theory of representation—LORD JOHN RUSSELL supported it, stating that the country did not require any large measure of reform just now. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, Peelite, supported it, and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, Peelite, opposed it; and on the division the Government was placed in the peculiarly enviable position that it would have been beaten by its own men, had not the Conservatives come to the rescue, and saved it by 192 against 179.

*Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to the public, and begs to tender his sincere congratulations upon the fact that MR. SPOONER'S motion against Maynooth was promptly got rid of this Thursday evening. After a few volleys of mud from the ultras on both sides, and a little easy-going sophistry from men who felt that the topic should be dropped, MR. SPOONER was defeated by 167 to 159.

LORD PALMERSTON gave some technical reasons why COLONEL TULLOCH had not been promoted for his Crimean services. These reasons of course were the most everlasting humbug; but it would not do for him to say that the Horse Guards insisted on snubbing the man who had done so much to expose the blockheads who destroyed an army.

*Friday.* That furious ultra-radical, the EARL OF STANHOPE, made a proposal (and actually carried it) for giving more publicity to the proceedings of the Lords, especially by printing the names and numbers on divisions. Several of the inferior officers of the House fainted away at this abnegation of dignity, and were so weak throughout the remainder of the brief sitting, as to be reduced to make tolerably civil answers to strangers. One of these officials actually used the word "Sir" in replying to a gentleman, a phenomenon not within the memory of the oldest *habitué* of the chamber.

In the Commons the Battle of the Budget began. MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE, two gentlemen who conceive themselves miserably misplaced—the one on the wrong side of the Speaker, and the other on the second row below the gangway—delivered themselves of attacks upon the Government scheme of finance. MR. DISRAELI thought that the whole Income-Tax ought to be now taken off, because taking off the Ninepence would leave a deficiency, which would render it impossible to remove the rest of the tax in 1860; and MR. GLADSTONE, who possesses a good deal more capability of argument, urged "economy," which is doubtless a good thing, but which, recommended by one of the statesmen who starved the war with Russia, has a meaning rather distasteful to the public, who had to pay awfully for ABERDEEN stinginess. *Mr. Punch* always desires to do justice, and will therefore add, that MR. DISRAELI omitted all pyrotechnics in dealing with a grave subject, and that MR. GLADSTONE'S oratorical power has seldom been more vigorously put forth than in the vindication of his own financial system. SIR GEORGE LEWIS and MR. WILSON made the formal defences, but bigger guns were reserved for the final struggle. The debate was adjourned by MR. JAMES MACGREGOR of Sandwich. (N.B. Copy this address, to prevent painful mistake.)

## THE LATE PRESTON BROOKES.

THE man who struck down SOMNERS is himself levelled. Almost as suddenly has death assailed and beaten the champion of the slave-whip and the slave-coffle. The members of Congress wear black about their arms for three months in memory of the departed BROOKES. MR. SOMNERS, in memory of BROOKES, has worn black a little longer. But the man is gone to his account, where we hear of no distinction of skin, and where even PRESTON BROOKES may be on a level with a Papuan nigger. Very brief has been the triumph of BROOKES. A short while ago, and grateful slave-owners were in many ways recording their gratitude to their champion. A short while since, and how many were the gold-headed canes sent to BROOKES? Canes of testimony. And now has BROOKES himself gone to Styx!

## DISAPPOINTMENT!

"HERE, ALPHONSE, take away this canvas."

So spoke AGNES, of Spanish Chesnut Place, Manchester Square. I leaned anxiously forward. I thought the lovely creature had been dipping her pretty shell-pink fingers into the *Canal of Venice*, or had been giving the last stroke of execution to some ferocious *Bandits at Bay*, or wasting her precious moments in the vain pursuit of *Finding the Body of Harold*,—but no—instead of some fascinating copy from the teeming portfolio of Nature, or some poetic transcript from the many-tinted easel of Fancy, my astonished eyes rested on a vulgar poodle-dog, with a long knitting-needle stuck through its curly tail, that was resting on a cushion in the middle of a large Berlin Wool frame!

MR. SPOONER'S ANNUAL DEBATE.

MAYNOOTH comes but once a year,
But when it comes it is severe.

### Livery Looking Up.

BY accounts received from Athens we learn that, for one of the Financial Commissioners who are to be established in that City, "France has named M. DE PLUCH, who is represented as being a very able person." One would have thought that M. DE PLUCH was less adapted for a public office than for a domestic situation.

## THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.

*Master* (*with pumped-out horse*). "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"

*Rascally Boy* (*with delightfully fresh animal*). "OH DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! *I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE?*"

DIS—ELI. G—DS—E.

# THE BALANCING BROTHERS OF WESTMINSTER.

## THE ANTI-CRINOLINE ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

It is with no less pride than pleasure we announce the fact that, fired with philanthropy and watered with the tears of joy and gratitude of gentlemen in general, and their own husbands in particular, a number of noble-minded and self-sacrificing ladies have associated for procuring the collapse of Crinoline, and imposing some restraint upon feminine extravagance. We understand that for this purpose it is proposed forthwith to send a deputation to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, to whom, as Queen of the Fashions, it is believed we mainly owe the wide dresses which are now in vogue, and the long bills which as husbands we are forced to pay for them. By pointing out the sufferings both in purse and person which have been caused by Crinoline, it is hoped her Majesty may be induced to break off her adhesion to it, and conduct her fashionable government upon principles more moderate. If this be granted, we may look upon the air-expanded petticoat as being quite exploded, for the game of follow-my-leader is nowhere played more regularly than in the highest, or we now should say the broadest, fashionable circles.

In case, however, of the failure of the deputation, it is proposed to set on foot a Female Temperance Society, in which ladies of confirmed intemperance in dress may enrol themselves as members, and take the pledge against extravagance. Lecturers will be despatched throughout the kingdom to advocate the cause of soberness in feminine attire, and will each be attended by a travelling assistant, who will exhibit herself nightly as a "frightful example" of the now besetting vice of over-dressing. Statistics will be furnished of the fortunes which are lost in following the fashion, and of the families who have been reduced because the petticoats have not been: and whose present narrowness of means has mainly been induced by the wideness of their dresses. And, moreover, illustrations will be brought in the pictures of our ancestresses, whose costumes we were used to think the breadth of absurdity, and only fit to figure in the broadest of broad farces; but which it will be shown by comparative anatomy were structures far less monstrous than those which have been raised by their crinolineal descendants.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"Now, if you please, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I think I have got something to say to which you will hardly dare to fasten any of those ridiculous little notes of yours, which I know are meant good-naturedly enough, but which I do not think it is quite fair to add to what one of your contributors sends you. Let the readers find out what is wrong in what I say (if there is anything, which of course I deny), and do not you be so inconsistent as to print a thing in your columns, and then try to show that it ought not to be there at all.

"I have been to Parliament. Papa took LIZZY HAMERTON (who is staying with us) and me last night. It was a dreadfully stupid subject, and I told Papa so, and suggested his taking us another evening, but he declared that we should see Parliament to great advantage, as it was what he called a field-night. We girls were put behind a grating, for fear we should fascinate the members and make them forget their precious country, and Papa went to the other end of the place, and we could see him in a sort of pew over a clock, sitting near LORD OVERSTONE, who I believe is a remarkable man, though I never knew anything remarkable about him, except that when he was MR. LLOYD he spelt his name with only one 'L.' There was an old gentleman in the right hand gallery who came up, and deliberately laid himself down at full length, and, because the light troubled his eyes, he opened a great Parliamentary paper, and wrapped up his old bald head in it, entirely hiding himself, like a ridiculous ostrich, and, I suppose, fancying nobody could see him. LORD STANLEY I saw, too, in the opposite gallery, writing notes of the speeches, and working as hard as the men who sat below us, scribbling those columns upon columns which spoil the newspapers. And dear SIR BULWER LYTTON, I saw him, sitting next to the other novel-writer, MR. DISRAELI, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who I don't believe can be a clever man at all,—why, there looks to be nothing of him—and I could just see my dear LORD PALMERSTON for a moment as he came up the place to his seat; but of all the insulting holes to thrust ladies into, where they can scarcely see or be seen, and hear very badly, that grated hutch is the worst I ever saw. I would not keep rabbits there.

"The talking was all about the Budget, and it might all have been said in half-an-hour, though when we came away they had been at it for hours. How MR. GLADSTONE can go on for such a time, never stopping, and never seeming at a loss for a word, I cannot imagine. He talked for two hours and a half, and I thoroughly agree in all that he said; and if you come to consider, it is a shame to have any taxes upon the poor old people's tea and sugar. Why not take it off such things as those, and lay it on double and treble, and twice that, if you like, upon men's cigars and racehorses, and especially upon liquors of all kinds, which it would be a very good thing to discourage the drinking, for you can never take up a newspaper without finding that some very shocking thing has been done by persons under the influence of drink; and if you made it so dear that they could not buy it, there would be nothing tyrannical in that, and half the crimes would not be committed, especially those against poor women and children. MR. GLADSTONE perfectly convinced me that he was quite right, and though I could not see LORD PALMERSTON, I am certain that he must have been convinced also, and that he made up his mind to vote against that stupid CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who is always doing stupid things, and I read of him only the other morning that he had brought in three bills into the House of Lords, about divorce and other matters, and proved that he did not understand them the least bit in the world. A person who would impose taxes upon a poor old creature's tea and sugar, when you know that these are almost the only comforts they have, and I wonder how *you* would like to be obliged to give up your pale ale, and your claret, and your iced punch, and your gin slings, and have no comfort but tea, and that to be taxed, I say that I quite agree with the *Times*, that such a man is quite unfit to be LORD CHANCELLOR. As for his speech last night, it had nothing whatever to do with the question, and I did not listen to a single word of it. I was very sorry that SIR BULWER LYTTON did not speak, but I suppose that his mind is far too great to descend to such rubbish as they were talking. Fancy a man who could write *Zanoni* condescending to debate whether tea shall be one and threepence or one and sixpence! There ought to be clerks and such kind of people kept to settle such trash, and the clever men ought only to discuss noble subjects, like wars, and alliances, and the marriages of kings and queens.

"But the more I see the more I am convinced that men are—I wish I might use the word—it begins with H. I am certain of it. Talk, talk, talk, I, I, I, gabble, gabble, gabble round and round subjects, which they could settle at once if they were not thinking of something and somebody else, beside the matters they pretend to be minding. Humbugs!—there—it 's out, and now scold away at

"Your affectionate

"*Saturday.*" "MARY ANNE."[1]

[1] We append one note only to this intolerable epistle, and that is to say, that any other letter resembling it will most assuredly be the last of the series.

## SANCTITY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

A PROCLAMATION, published by the Inquisition, has been posted up at Rome, declaring one CATHERINE FANELLI, who has been passing herself off as a saint, to be an impostor, and to have been sentenced by the Holy Office to twelve years' imprisonment. Her impostures it describes as having consisted simply in certain supernatural pretensions, for which an imprisonment of twelve years appears rather severe. One month at the House of Correction would probably be considered to meet the corresponding case in this country; and we are almost tempted to regret that we have no Inquisition, to commit, as rogues and vagabonds, our Sabbatarian humbugs and antidramatic *Mawworms*, who endeavour to pass themselves off for saints.

### Curious Calculation.

THE united ages of the several jokes that met together in a Burlesque on a recent festive occasion, amounted to not less than 1573 years. This gives an average of 85 years to each joke. Several of the old veterans showed no visible signs of decay, but on the contrary from their vigorous condition gave every promise of delighting the public for many a long year to come.

SINGULAR DELUSION.—MR. SPOONER has got into his head the curious notion, and nothing apparently will ever get it out again, that he is an APOSTLE SPOONER!

## THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN THE DARK.

IN the House of Lords the other evening, LORD BROUGHAM began to brush up the LORD CHANCELLOR a bit as to how the Statutes were progressing towards that consolidation so devoutly to be wished; and in reply, LORD CRANWORTH stated, that during the recess certain bills had been prepared, which would consolidate the Statute Law affecting criminals, and that—

> "It was his wish to proceed with them at an early period of the session, but he would not go further until he saw his way clearly."

Giving the LORD CHANCELLOR all honour for his wish, we fear there is small likelihood that we shall see it realised, so long as he imposes the condition which his last words seem to indicate. If his progress with the bills be made dependent on his ableness to "see his way clearly," we think the "early period" will prove a mere period of speech, and the words "at the Greek Calends" would come nearer to the truth. We say this without meaning to depreciate too much his lordship's powers of vision, but it can be no news to any one to hear that they have somewhat suffered from advancement, both of time and place. The fogs of Chancery, we know, are such as must impair the strongest mental eyesight; and are a sufficient cause why those who grope their way in their proceedings through the Courts should make such tardy progress. At the same time, when we find so bright a luminary of the law as the LORD CHANCELLOR, who ought by rights to shine the foremost light of the profession, acknowledging thus candidly that he is in the dark, we can but think that to prevent his getting in bad odour, it would be but right to give him an extinguisher.

### SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

SIR CHRISTOPHER TAWNY (a great favourite in the North) has some wonderful old Port Wine, which he says he laid down at the time of the birth of his eldest daughter. The wine is, undoubtedly remarkably fine, but the most wonderful thing about it is that, whereas the wine is thirty-two years old, the young lady, who is still unmarried, is only just entering her three-and-twentieth year! SIR CHRISTOPHER says that his daughters so far differ in body and temper from his wine, that the longer he keeps them the younger he finds they grow!

### Orators Dumfounded.

THE move of the Government in bringing in the Budget so early in the Session has had all the effect of an Early Closing Movement on the mouths in opposition, and has even shut up MR. DISRAELI himself, by forestalling all the questions he had prepared himself to ask.

## SOME MORE CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

*How* JOHN BULL *was humbugged after all.*

WELL, my brace of Scotchmen went up to the farm, and like shrewd hard-working men of business, as they were, at once set about the inquiry PAM had charged them with. At first the keepers tried their grand airs on the pair—were snappish, and saucy, and humorous, and mighty short in their answers, with "marry, come ups," and "you ask me no questions, and I 'll tell you no lies," and "don't you wish you may get it," and so forth. And, truly, if the two old fellows had not been as tough as nails, and as patient as a brace of JOBS, they might have lost temper a thousand times, and most likely flung up their task in disgust.

Then the rogues, finding their sauciness without avail, tried flattery, and mighty civil they were, I promise you, with their tongues in their cheeks all the while. But this plan succeeded no better than the other. The two old fellows stuck to their work, regardless alike of big words and bluster, or soft sawder and flummery. They were up and about early and late. They saw and questioned everybody; looked into everything; had up the poor old fiddler under examination for days; overhauled all the contents of the store-rooms, where they found a precious mess, I can assure you; took an account of all that JOHN had sent up for the use of the watchers; in short, made a thorough good job of what they were sent to do, as PAM had bade them, "without fear or favour." And having completed their task, they set off home, to report to their employer.

Meanwhile, during the time spent on their inquiry and report, the affairs of NICK had fallen into a very bad way. The old rogue's rag-a-muffins—stout fellows as they were—were thrashed again and again, till at last they were beaten out of the old stone house they lived in, and the roof was fairly burnt over their heads. Old NICK had died some time before this happened of sheer heart-break, it was thought, for a terrible drubbing JOHN BULL's watchers had given his blackguards against odds of six to one, and his son, ALICK, a decent lad enough (considering who was his father), had come into what the old man had left behind. The lad was ready enough to renounce his father's tricks, and to promise anything for a quiet life. So on condition of his marching his blackguards off the ground, and keeping out of arm's-length of the Turkey-pen, and giving sureties for good behaviour, JOHN agreed to let him go scot-free, to break up his own establishment of watchers and keepers, and to allow bye-gones to be bye-gones.

Many of his friends thought JOHN was a little too easy with his enemy. But that was always his way, as all readers of his history know. He never won a law-suit, but he gave away half the damages he received, and in most cases, to the man he had been at law with. Mighty glad, I promise you, were all the family at the manor-house to see the poor fellows from the moor-farm safe home again. JOHN BULL ordered half-a-dozen oxen to be roasted whole, to feast 'em:—a row of butts of October were set abroach on the lawn: there was jumping in sacks and grinning through horse-collars, fireworks at night, and a dance and a supper in the servants'-hall—and who but the watchers and keepers!

Some of the latter, indeed, who had come home before this, had given themselves mighty great airs among the servants, on the strength of their doughty deeds against NICK and his blackguards. As usual 'twas the emptiest puppies that talked loudest and made the bravest figure. The best men held their tongues. But when it came to finding places for the lads that had come home, I am afraid it must be owned JOHN's upper servants did not act fairly by their master. At least, it happened somehow or other that if ever there was a good berth to be filled in the stables or in the saddle-room, harness-room, or gun-room, it was sure to be given away to one of those very lounging, swaggering, dandified JEMMY JESSAMIES, or LAZY LAWRENCES who had so neglected their business up at the moor-farm, and thereby been the death of so many a lusty honest poor fellow of the watchers.

These bouncing, big-mouthed gentry told their own tales, of course; and PAM, the steward, and FOXY,—a whiskey-drinking, good dinner-loving, unscrupulous old reprobate, who had charge of the gun-room,—either believed, or pretended to believe, every cock and bull story they told. Anyone who ventured to hint at what STAG's inquiry had brought to light about these very fellows, or to suggest that 'twould be well to wait for the Scotchmen's report before giving places to these men, was pooh-poohed, and put down, as a factious, discontented, mischief-making spirit.

But when at last the two old Scotchmen brought out their report, I promise you there was a fine commotion in the stables and gun-room. Here were the very men whom the Scotchmen exposed as the authors of all the sufferings of JOHN's lads, now pocketing his best wages, and wearing his smartest liveries, and eating and drinking of the best in his servant's hall!

Now, some simple folks might have expected—considering how savage JOHN had been only a year before with the conduct of these very fellows,—that he needed but have been told how they had been smuggled into berths on the manor, to have at once made examples of the

scheming, saucy, shameless rascals, and turned every one of them out of his service, with a good rap over the knuckles to PAM and FOXY, for daring to recommend such puppies for employment. But he who argues in this fashion knows but little of JOHN BULL. That gentleman's way has always been,—after flying into one of his tremendous fits of passion,—at the earliest opportunity to mop his forehead, re-settle his wig, put down his cudgel quietly in the corner, call for a pipe, a tankard of home-brewed and the paper, and smoke and soak, and talk and read himself back into good humour as fast as possible.

So it was now. Instead of kicking out the JEMMY JESSAMIES and LAZY LAWRENCES, from stables and gun-room, and thanking the two Scotchmen for opening his eyes, JOHN BULL allowed the JEMMY JESSAMIES and LAZY LAWRENCES to stay where they were, and even to go about complaining they were ill-used and calumniated men, and that the Scotchmen were a pair of impertinent old meddlers, who had vamped up a story for the purpose of ruining them.

Nay, finding that JOHN allowed this sort of talk to go unpunished, they went so far as to propose putting the Scotchmen upon trial, in *their* turn; charging them with back-biting, false witness, defamation of character, subornation, and other crimes too numerous to mention. To this proposition PAM and FOXY were foolish, or knavish enough to give way, and one morning the two Scotchmen—who were just then expecting a handsome testimonial for their services—found themselves, somewhat to their astonishment, called on for their defence against a charge of slanderously stabbing the reputations of better men than themselves!

## COMICALITIES OF THE SECTARIAN PRESS.

ANYBODY who reads the Papers with a view to mere amusement, would do well frequently to take up the so-called religious journals. He will find more absurdities in them than he will find in this periodical, or any other—whether he chooses a Popish or a Protestant paper, it will not much signify. Here follow a few extracts from one of these publications, which may be perused with as much gratification as is capable of being afforded by folly. The paper in question is a Roman Catholic one—apparently not venomous: the *Weekly Register*. It contains, firstly, a decree of the "Holy Inquisition" against the abuses of "Magnetism," by which term animal magnetism seems to be particularly intended; but this is not quite clear. The abuses indicated are the alleged phenomena of somnambulism and clairvoyance: and in all these matters a heretical deception is declared to be practised when physical means are employed in order to produce effects not natural—"*Cum ordinentur media physica ad effectus non naturales.*" As if natural means could produce any other than natural effects. When HERR FORMES in the opera, toasts a skull in red fire on the point of a cutlass, and summons *Zamiel*, who presently appears in thunder-and-lightning, it is not the physical means employed, but the invitation, which is supposed to cause the apparition of the demon. If a man makes magnetic passes, inwardly invoking the devil all the while, if the devil should come, or any other non-natural effect follow, the physical means would have nothing to do with the result; the metaphysical volition everything. Besides, what are non-natural effects? There was a time when the Inquisition would have deemed the agency of the electric telegraph preternatural; would perhaps have roasted MR. WHEATSTONE alive, and probably dug up and calcined the bones of OERSTED.

Next, in noticing a book bearing on Natural History, the reviewer, in connection with the subject of cruelty to animals, demands, "Where does this curiously morbid feeling of Protestants about animals come from? Have they forgot that all inferior creatures were placed under man's dominion by their Creator?" As if that circumstance rendered Protestant sympathy for the sufferings of brutes morbid. A new version of a popular Protestant canticle may be recommended to this writer, for the purpose of being sung through the nose to a new and doleful tune:—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go-o-o-o,
Tell me not to wollop him! Wouldn't I though-o-o-o-oh!"

A little further on, there is an account of the funeral of an excellent Roman Catholic lady, with a heading of "PROTESTANT BIGOTRY AT HER GRAVE." The bigotry was exhibited by a Church parson, and is thus described:—

"Notwithstanding the just remonstrances of MR. SUTTON, the parson insisted on reciting over the remains of this Catholic lady, an alien service, equally offensive to the living, and useless to the dead."

Would a Roman Catholic priest, in a Roman Catholic country, have served a Protestant corpse so? Not he, truly. He would have taken good care that it should not come into the churchyard at all. Which does the *Weekly Register* consider the more violent bigotry: to insist on reading prayers over a body, or to refuse it interment in consecrated ground?

## BLUE RUIN.

FROM a statement in the *United Service Gazette*, it appears that some little difficulty is experienced in getting young officers for the Royal Horse Guards Blue. A commission in that distinguished corps is rather expensive, not only to procure, but also to retain. The costume and equipments are so costly as to render this regiment the heaviest of the heavies, and the mess expenses are such that the young gentleman involved in them very soon finds himself in a mess indeed. Horses, inclusive of hunters, which animals of the chace are necessary to these British *chasseurs*, run away with a deal of money, and an additional sum is carted off in a dog-cart, which is a vehicle necessary to the young officer, rendered so perhaps by the puppies with whom he is brought in contact. He is obliged to keep an opera-box, for which he has to pay to a pretty tune, and the only particular wherein he is not obliged to live high is that of lodgings; for he must not reside in a two-pair back, but is compelled to establish himself in handsome chambers.

In addition to all these expenses, he is called upon to meet the calls of Society, which are as onerous as those of the Royal British Bank: and thus, in one way with another, the Cornet in the Blues is forced to spend from £500 to £1000 a-year, besides his pay and allowances. Such involuntary expenditure as this is taxation worse than the Income-Tax, and is calculated to make any thinking Blue, if there is one, look blue indeed, and his respected governor, if the latter has to provide the needful, look still bluer. Colonels of the Blues, who are accustomed to say "It is useless for a young fellow to come to us unless he can spend his £500 a-year," will probably soon be reduced to the necessity of advertising for officers as recruiting serjeants advertise for private soldiers. The advertisements will perhaps have to run in some such terms as these:—

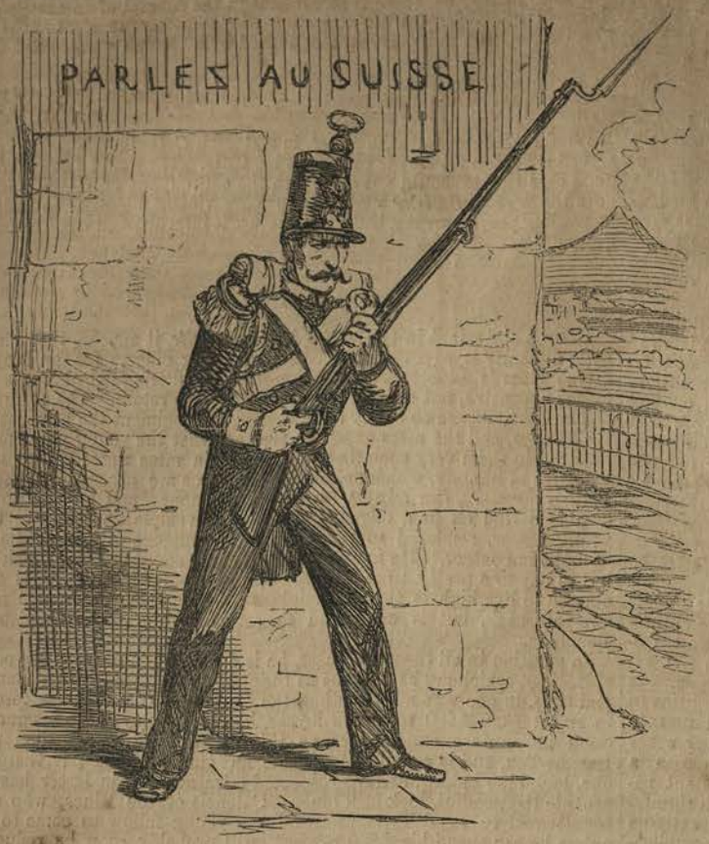
WANTED A FEW FINE YOUNG GENTLEMEN of £500 to £1000 a-year and upwards, willing to serve the QUEEN as Cornets in HER MAJESTY'S Regiment of Horse Guards Blue. Apply to LIEUT.-COL. DE BLANK, at the Spendthrift's Arms.

## LITTLE TYRANTS AT HARROW.

WE understand that the fagging system has attained to a high state of development at Harrow School. A correspondent informs us that the juveniles of the sixth form have lately improved very greatly upon the petty tyranny which they were content to practise heretofore. Formerly these young gentlemen were satisfied with indulging their imperiousness by summoning a fag to hand them a book from a shelf within two yards of their august hands. They now, however, go the length of calling the fag to desire another boy, in the same room with themselves, to speak with them. The head-master of Harrow, perhaps, does not know that certain other faculties of the human mind than the moral and intellectual are in course of cultivation at the school over which he presides. The passions and propensities are also receiving an education on the principle of mutual instruction, and the scholars are schooling one another in pride, insolence, cruelty, and servility. We would suggest that these evils constitute just that exceptional case wherein the rod might be advantageously flourished as a corrective, and we should see a little despot whipped not only without pity, but with extreme pleasure; with the same delight as that with which we should behold a great one—say KING BOMBA—under the infliction of a good hiding. We hope these few and mild observations may cause the life of a junior boy at Harrow School no longer to resemble that of a toad under the agricultural implement of the same name.

### A Board that will not Give Way.

THERE have been published lately some wonderful experiments in bending timber. Encouraged by this success, SIR CHARLES NAPIER attended with a long catalogue of grievances upon the Admiralty Board, but though he had a lengthened interview with the First Lord, and pressed his very hardest, still he could not in the least succeed in bending WOOD.




THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

## THE SWISS BOY.

AIR—"*Come arouse thee, arouse thee.*"

COME, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!
Come, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!
From gaoler's lash, and victim's scream,
To the Alpine crag, and the mountain stream—
Come, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!

Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?
Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?
TELL smiles on BOMBA'S carbineer,
And PIO NONO'S halberdier—
Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?

For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!
For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!
And let the Switzer sword at last,
In the scale of right, not wrong, be cast;
For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!

### Latest from Berlin.

OUR own Correspondent informs us that the British Ambassador had yesterday the honour of dining with KING CLICQUOT, when, or rather after which, his Majesty addressed to his Excellency the following speech, in justification of his threatened invasion of Neufchâtel:—"I shaynow—you Brish! Lookwhat you Brishabeendoinnchina! You've been pish'ninto *your* Canton. Why shou'n't I pishinto *mine?*"

THE ADMIRALTY.—A Bank for Land-Swells.

## THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY.

THERE is a Novel written by a clever lady under the above title. We do not know what the particular Sorrows may be that Gentility uses its cambric handkerchief over in that sorrowful book, but we fancy that the following are such as have cost the fine old lady in her lifetime many a scalding tear:—

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, when a rich uncle, or a fine pompous relation, from whom one has expectations, drops in at the last moment to dinner, and there happens to be nothing but mutton chops, or mince veal, or cold meat in the house.

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, when a lady is looking over the clean linen to see whether it wants mending, or counting it to learn that it is all right, for a stupid servant to show a visitor into the very room, where the sheets are basking before the fire, and the shirts, &c., are lying *perdu* over the different chairs and sofas.

It is a Sorrow of Gentility to be caught doing any needlework, excepting one's fingers are employed on a Berlin Wool hippopotamus, or are morally engaged in embroidering a butterfly or a snail on a beautiful pair of mediæval braces for a Puseyite pet parson.

It is a most mortifying Sorrow of Gentility to be caught in the act of crying over a book, or weeping during a tragedy, or in fact giving way to any foolish emotion that common people are subject to.

It is an overpowering Sorrow of Gentility to have plain-looking or vulgar people, with cottage-bonnets and big umbrellas, shown into one's pew on a Sunday, simply because there happens to be plenty of room in it.

It is an acute Sorrow of Gentility to be seen on a Botanic or Horticultural Fête Day, in one's fine clothes, getting out of an omnibus a short distance from the entrance-gate.

It is a humiliating Sorrow of Gentility when a number of very genteel persons are waiting, or supposed to be waiting, for their carriages, for a big calf of a man-servant to dart prominently forward, and announce, in a tone loud enough for the shadow of BEAU BRUMMELL to hear, "Your cab, Mum's, at the door!"

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, quite sufficient to make one faint, to be seen in London, or anywhere near London, when everybody else is hundreds of miles out of town.

It is an aggravating Sorrow of Gentility when it becomes reported that all your jellies and blanc-manges and creams and "sweets" are made at home.

It is a perplexing Sorrow of Gentility when the youngest daughters get married first, and the eldest, in spite of balls, fine dresses, jewellery, portraits, puffs, and paragraphs in the *Morning Post*, &c., &c., still remain heavily on hand.

It is a most distressing Sorrow of Gentility to be caught by some carriage visitors at an early dinner, and, after explaining to them most elaborately that it is only your luncheon, for some ungovernable unbirched brat of an *Enfant Terrible* to let the vulgar secret out.

It is an exquisite Sorrow of Gentility to have, on a Drawing-Room Day, the effect of your beautiful dress completely spoilt by some fat, unwieldy, stupid, clumsy City Alderman treading upon it just as you are being ushered into the presence of Royalty.

It is an agonising, and uncurable, and inconsolable Sorrow of Gentility to move all the stars and garters of the aristocracy and fashion in order to get into Almack's, and, after many rubs and snubs, to fail in one's endeavours.

## SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.

THE Vienna Correspondent of the *Times* states that—

"The statue of the Virgin, which is to be erected at Rome in commemoration of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is finished. While the statue was being cast, the Priests chanted the Litany to the Holy Virgin, and the workmen gave the responses. 'Thanks to these excellent arrangements,' says the Ultramontane *Volksfreund*, 'the cast was perfect.'"

We shudder in imagining the scene described in the above paragraph. Nobody can very well, in the natural course of business, do two things at once; and if there are any two things that we should be disinclined to attempt simultaneously, those two things are singing responses and casting a statue. We should tremble very much to see a lot of Irish bricklayers at work on a scaffold, or climbing ladders and carrying hods, whilst they were also engaged in chanting litanies with their priests; but the idea of workmen's attention divided between a chant and the management of melted metal overwhelms us with fright. That no horrible accident attended such a process, conducted in such a manner, is indeed wonderful; and we have not for some time met with anything that looks so much like a miracle, as the successful casting, under the circumstances, of this molten image.

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## THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

*Clara (emphatically).* "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, FRANK—I SHALL ALWAYS THINK IT A *NASTY, ODIOUS, DIRTY, FILTHY, DISGUSTING,* AND *MOST OBJECTIONABLE* HABIT!"

*Frank.* "HAW!—NOW I'M REALLY SURPRISED, CLARA, TO HEAR SUCH A CLEVER GIRL AS YOU ARE RUNNING DOWN SMOKING IN SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE—FOR IT'S ADMITTED BY ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, THAT IT'S THE *ABUSE OF TOBACCO* THAT'S WRONG!"

[*Which little bit of sophistry completely vanquishes* CLARA.

## A NUISANCE CORRECTED BY ITSELF.

To show to what an abominable extent the nuisance of Encores has grown in Italy, we may as well mention that at the Scala, the other evening, the audience was so taken with the *Piscatore dell' Onda*, which is the last new production of VERDI's, that they encored the entire opera. Such an ovation was never known before, and probably never will be again! Musicians fainted over their violoncellos, and the prompter fell asleep in his cabriolet-hood box. However, the mischief did not stop there, for at two o'clock in the morning it was discovered by a watchman accidentally dropping in, that the singers could no longer sing, and the audience could no longer hear. The former, by dint of screaming, had lost their voices, and the latter, from listening to so much noise, had lost their hearing. How long the singers had been singing without making any sound, and how long the audience had been listening without hearing anything, it is impossible to conjecture; but it is very clear that it only requires a few more salutary examples like the above, and the annoying system of Encores must be effectually abolished.

### A Profitable Tax.

IT is proposed, in the event of there being any deficiency in the Revenue next year, that MR. GLADSTONE, every time he taxes the patience of the House, should pay an *ad valorem* tax, of not less than sixpence for the first hour, a shilling for the second, and so to go on increasing every succeeding hour. The intrinsic value, it is true, will not be much, but it will be amply made up during the session by the tremendous quantity.

DOCTORS DIFFERING.—One Doctor says that Puseyism is to Popery as Cow-pox is to Small-pox. Another, on the contrary, says that it is as Typhus Mitior to Typhus Gravior.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 23RD. *Monday.* As LORD CRANWORTH'S Wills Bill goes to a Select Committee, no more need be said about poor CRANNY'S initiatory mull beyond mentioning that to-night, on the second reading, the real lawyers spoke of it with the most aggravating contempt.

It is no longer necessary to attend to the delicate precaution which *Mr. Punch* suggested last week in reference to the name of the Member for Sandwich. There is but one MR. MACGREGOR in the House of Commons. JOHN of Glasgow has accepted—and any acceptance of his is a thing worth noting—an office under the Crown, and vacates his seat. He did not ask for any Hundreds—this time—but took the Stewardship of the Manor of Northstead. It has an almost inappreciable, though disqualifying salary; but small as it is, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR will no doubt place it at the disposal of the assignees of the institution that did him—not to say gave him—so much credit.

The Battle of the Budget was renewed. LORD JOHN RUSSELL volunteered his aid to the Government, and in fact it is supposed that there is no amount of assistance which he would withhold from almost any Government *de facto*, even to the discharging a portion of their duties. MR. WHITESIDE explained, still more distinctly, that he and his Conservative friends wanted office, and SIR F. BARING said that he knew that very well, and should do all he could to keep them out. MR. WALPOLE, of course, was ready to vote anything that should enable him to change places with SIR GEORGE GREY. MR. CARDWELL deserted his friend, MR. GLADSTONE, and joined the Government voters. He could not be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Ministry of which MR. GLADSTONE was a member. MR. MILNER GIBSON had listened to everybody else's speeches with an attention not altogether reciprocated by the House, and expressed his wish that the Budget should be amended. SIR CHARLES WOOD, of course, contended that it was so good as to be incapable of being amended; and the House, after rejecting MR. GEORGE BENTINCK'S proposal for adjournment of the Budget until the Estimates were disposed of (really so sensible a course that there is no wonder only 25 supported it against 477) divided upon the Main Question, which was whether the Balancing Brothers of Westminster should take office *vice* the Bottleholder, and decided that they should not, by 286 to 206.

*Tuesday.* LORD DERBY fulfilled his promise of bombarding Government in retaliation for the bombardment of Canton. Everybody who wished to injure the Government was conscientiously convinced that the assault was unjust, unnecessary, and cruel, while all the Ministerialists were as clear in their conscience that nothing could be more righteous and expedient, or more humanely effected. The important question, whether English subjects residing abroad were never to have any redress or protection until their case had been sent home and instructions obtained from Government, was at issue in the case, and the Lords' decision, luckily, is that a *Civis Romanus* is not to be left in that highly comfortable situation, but that his QUEEN'S flag is to be flapped *instanter* into his enemy's eyes. The sentimental part of the case was worked as gravely as if noble lords who talked of the innocent, polite, and friendly Chinese, had never heard that in Canton itself MR. COMMISSIONER YEH had tied up thousands of men and women at his place of execution, and had them flayed alive, and cut into slices, and that only a little time back the amiable Cantonese tortured a French missionary for three days, and then burned him. To these people it was urged that we were to serve out "justice in its most winning guise, and lofty truth and forbearance." The Lords, after a debate to-night and on Thursday, voted that bombshells were more to the purpose, by 146 to 110.

The remarkable WALMSLEY achieved another of those remarkable failures for which he is chiefly renowned. SIR JOSHUA persists in believing that it is he who is specially called to reform the representative system, and though everybody assures him that he is under a mistake, and snuffs him out, counts him out, and serves him out in every practicable way, he will never comprehend his true position. This evening he wanted to refer the British Constitution to a Select Committee, and it took some time before he could be abated. SIR CHAS. WOOD said that the Government had decided not to send a new expedition in search of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, believing that it would be useless. That it would discover the Arctic hero it is almost impossible to believe; that it would ascertain where he and his brave companions had died, it is almost as impossible to disbelieve, the only unexplored region being attainable with slight peril and complete precision. It would put new heart into our sailors on a thousand coasts, to learn that their England is as true to them as they are to her. But the Admiralty thinks this "useless."

*Wednesday*. The Irish Fish that invariably make their appearance early in the session, were seen this day, but speedily dived and disappeared. In other words, a plan of MR. M'MAHON'S, which he says is intended to give Irishmen the right to catch their own fishes, and which the Irish Attorney-General, who has caught his (and some loaves with them), disapproves, as leaving all the fish in Ireland unprotected, was rejected by 185 to 10. An astrologer would remark that MR. M'MAHON is a good lawyer, that his fish bills are unacceptable, and though Libra, which means justice, is typified by scales, he had better leave the scaly tribe to those born under Pisces. He will find the legal flesh-pot answer better than the illegal fish-pot.

*Thursday*. Before going to China, LORD CAMPBELL obtained a Select Committee to consider whether the law ought not to protect a newspaper from actions for truthful reports of public meetings. JOHN thinks that speeches in Parliament, Convocation, and County and Borough Meetings, ought to be published without danger; but not so in regard to some other assemblies, without limitation, and he believes that if perfect impunity be given, men will always be getting up public meetings, in order to spout calumny for the press to report. There is a singular, not to say insolent idea entertained by some lords and others that the press has no discretion, and unless kept under the eye of the police, will always be trying to injure some worthy man or other. In the case of this proposed legislation, the journals have the remedy in their own hand—short-hand. If Parliament refuses them immunity for publishing its debates, let them cease to publish them. A week of "no gallery" would send any reasonable measure very rapidly through both Houses.

MR. EWART'S annual motion against Death Punishments is to be limited this year to the abolition of the last penalty "except for treason and murder." The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that a report of the Commission on Decimal Coinage was in preparation; and that every attempt had been made to understand the subject. Several members of the Commission were already aware that *decem* means ten, and that it is easier to multiply by ten than by four, twelve, or twenty. It is suggested that some decimal nursery rhymes would materially aid the Commission in saturating the minds of the English people with the new system, as in about the time that darlings now baa-ing to black sheep, thanking pretty cow that gave, and riding to Banbury cross, are bothering for latch-keys, or angling for husbands, the decimal plan will be ready.

MR. CORDEN brought up the China business. He moved a resolution condemnatory of the bombardment, and for a reference of the whole subject to a Committee. MR. LABOUCHERE'S answer was of the windiest. SIR BULWER LYTTON thought that we ought to treat the Chinese much more gently, and SIR JOHN RAMSAY thought that we had been treating them much too gently for fourteen years. SIR ERSKINE PERRY would have voted against the motion, if it was intended to turn out Ministers, but would support it because it was just, a neat distinction. LORD JOHN RUSSELL went his hardest against Government, and the debate was adjourned until

*Friday*, when (the Lords doing nothing) eleven more speeches were delivered on the subject. Of the five by lawyers we need say nothing, and of the others little more except that SIR CHARLES NAPIER defended ADMIRAL SEYMOUR for having displayed spirit and resolution, articles of which SIR C. is a judge, that ADMIRAL BERKELEY, with that sentiment of true piety for which the BERKELEYS are notorious, took credit to SEYMOUR for not having begun to fire until Sunday was over, and that SIR JAMES GRAHAM, seeing a good chance of doing mischief, went in for it with his wonted *gout*.

This evening people lounged about the clubs declaring that the Government was going to be beaten that night, that MR. HAYTER had whipped five new lashes off in flogging up his men, and that Dissolution was to be proclaimed forthwith. *Mr. Punch* therefore went down to the House, and found SIR RICHARD BETHELL gracefully waving a very nice pair of dark kid gloves (with his hands inside them) in the face of the Commons, at midnight, MR. GLADSTONE taking acres of notes, and LORD PALMERSTON hushed in a grim repose, which indicated that he did not expect his evening prey that evening. The debate was adjourned. Before the world is gladdened with this number of *Punch*, Britannia may be trimming her bonnet with China crape, as mourning for a defunct Cabinet.

## Dizzy and Misty.

MR. GLADSTONE is so generally considered to be misty, that no great liberty can be taken in calling him so, and suggesting that SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is much more likely to see his way than either, or both together, of two ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, one of whom is MISTY and the other DIZZY.

### THE MAN FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

IF ever the Manchester party should get into power, MR. COBDEN, of course, will be the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Of all foreign Secretaries that old England has ever seen, the honourable Member for the West Riding would be the most thoroughly foreign.

## "IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?"

*(The Answers of a few Ladies to the above Question.)*

MRS. BROWN (*of Bloomsbury Square*). "Most decidedly! Doesn't it injure the curtains!"

MRS. JONES (*Sea-Shell Cottage, Brighton*). "There can't be a question about it, and I am only surprised how persons can be so foolish as to put one! Doesn't it stick in the gentlemen's hair? and get embedded in their whiskers? and hang about their clothes for hours and hours, and sometimes days afterwards? So much so, that any one can tell a mile off whether the nasty things have been smoking or not. I'm sure it is downright terrible to be shut up in a railway carriage with a party of confirmed smokers—for though they may not be smoking at the time, still the unpleasant smell of their garments is such as to make one regret that LORD PALMERSTON will not bring in an Act of Parliament to make every filthy smoker consume his own smoke."

MRS. ROBINSON (1002, *Old Gower Street*). "It not only injures the complexions, but the carpets also. Why, you have only to look at the carpet of a room, in which the gentlemen have been smoking overnight, and your own eyes will tell you whether it is injurious or not? I have seen carpets (beautiful carpets, that must have cost 5*s*. 2*d*. a yard, if they cost a penny,) in such a disgraceful state that a blackbeetle, I'm sure, would eat himself rather than walk over them!"

MRS. BLUE STOCKEN (*Minerva Hall, Bath*). "If it is not injurious, perhaps you would have the kindness to inform me the reason why *we* ladies are not allowed to smoke?"

MISS TWENTYMAN (*Willow Lodge, Brixton*). "It's all fuss and nonsense, and I quite lose my temper when persons question me about the injuriousness of tobacco. Of course, it *is* injurious! Doesn't it kill spiders? Doesn't it stifle gnats, and flies, and even earwigs? Isn't it used in noblemen's and gentlemen's gardens to fumigate the plants? Are not our hothouses and summerhouses smoked, when we want to get rid of the vermin? and really I half wish sometimes that it would have the same effect on the gentlemen, when they will persist in injuring themselves (and annoying *us*) by smoking hours after hours to the abominable extent they do! If I was called upon to say what a man was, I should answer it by giving this definition: 'Man is the only animal that smokes.'"

MRS. BLOOMER (*Lecturer on the Rights of Women, &c.*). "It is indisputably of injurious effect, for that which has the unnatural power of separating for so many consecutive hours the husband from the partner of his joys, cannot well be beneficial in its results, any more than it is humanising in its relations. It is my firm conviction that it brutalises all those who partake of it, for it has been a source of sorrow to me to notice that a husband, when he has been smoking to a late hour at his club, invariably returns to his home in a much worse temper than when he left it in the morning. He leaves happy and smiling—he returns spiritless and discontented!"

[*More answers, as they are dropped into our Tobacco-box.*

## "GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

THE following appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post* last week:—

A Gentleman accustomed to sit with a recently deceased relative, who was many years an invalid, is desirous of a similar Occupation. References most unexceptionable.—Address, &c.

The sitting with a relative, recently deceased, is, of course, one of those acts of attention which, though they may be founded on a somewhat lowly psychology, are not to be derided. But why this gentleman should advertise that he wishes to sit with another defunct relative, demands explanation. Is he at enmity with his family? Are his relations rich? The advertisement is suggestive; so much so, indeed, that we have cut off the address, and shall take counsel's opinion as to sending it to the Liverpool police.

## LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in granting the following Leaves:—

To MR. GLADSTONE, 14 days, to recover from his mortifying defeat on the Budget.

To the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, 5 weeks, to prepare his next onslaught on the Ministry.

To SIR ROBERT PEEL, a fortnight at Easter, to enable him to lecture in the provinces.

To MR. HUMPHREY BROWN, until such time as the liabilities of the British Bank are paid in full.

To MR. SPOONER, till the Greek Kalends, or as soon as he attains his majority on the Maynooth question.

To SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, up to the end of the session, for his general powers of boredom.

A QUESTION TO MR. LINKLATER.—MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, late Member for Glasgow, having very handsomely accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, are they in any way available with the gentleman's after assets as a dividend in the matter of the British Bank?

## THE CHINESE BOY.

THE Chinese Boy to the war is gone,
In the House of Lords to floor 'em,
His friend YEH's sword he has girded on,
And his potlid set before him.
"Land of Tea," said the Noble Lord,
"For sauce though Justice pays thee,
*One* Peer at least, without reward,
Shall back, defend, and praise thee."

The Champion failed—his attempt was vain,
But ambition won't knock under;
He 'll up and at 'em yet again,
With a roar of empty thunder.
And say, "No stain shall sully me,
No dodge of factious knavery,
I fight, the chief of the pure and free,
With disinterested bravery."

## FELINE INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the enigmas of the second column of the *Times* we have been lately not a little puzzled by the following:—

LOST, on Monday evening, the 16th inst., near Fitzroy Square, a large TABBY CAT, with white throat and feet, aged 10 years. Whoever will take it to MR. ——— ———, ——— ——— shall receive ONE POUND REWARD. No further reward will be offered.

Considering the visits and the shillings we have paid to the Regent's Park Gardens and to WOMBWELL's Menagerie, our acquaintance with zoology can be scarce below the average. But we must confess to utter ignorance of the fact, that the age of cats may be discerned like that of horses, and that each year of their lives is distinguishably marked in them. We cannot help inferring this to be the case when we find the years of a lost cat precisely stated, as being one of the clues by which the finder may identify it: only we cannot help thinking that for the guidance of people as ignorant as ourselves, the advertiser should have added some instruction as to how the age of the animal is to be discovered. We might recognise a rabbit by its length of ears, but the years of a cat are not so plainly visible; and were we to catch a stray one in our present want of knowledge, we could no more ascertain if it were then in its tenth year, than we could undertake to say in which of its nine lives it was existing when we caught it.

### A Card.—For Naples.

MR. MIVART presents his Compliments to his Catholic Majesty, FERDINAND, King of the Two Sicilies, and begs to be allowed to state that, at the present critical juncture, he can accommodate at his well-known Hotel, any Uncrowned Head seeking temporary retirement, with a most commodious suite of Apartments, admirably appointed and fitted up with the most delicate regard to Royalty in distress. N.B. A Porter sits up all night. Italian spoken on the Premises.

## DUST FROM A BATH BRICK.

NINE hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of *Mr. Punch's* correspondents are compelled to be content with the certainty, that for a fraction of one of his golden minutes they have engaged his intensest attention—and that justice will be done. The thousandth sometimes obtains public answer. MR. HENRY DALLAWAY, of Bath, is one in a thousand. He, of all the personages referred to by *Mr. Punch* in his remarks upon the mode in which the poor little children at Bath were baulked of their pantomime, has addressed *Mr. Punch* with a protest.

MR. DALLAWAY states that he "has sustained an unblemished character for twenty-five years." Upon this fact *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate MR. DALLAWAY, even while temporarily unable to discover its exact bearing upon the subject. Next he states, that on MR. CHUTE's offering the Guardians of the Bath Union a free admission for 300 children, he, MR. DALLAWAY, objected to the acceptance of such offer, on the ground that "it was calculated to do persons of that class more harm than good." *Mr. Punch* has not, and never expressed, the least doubt that such was MR. DALLAWAY's opinion, and it is upon the sentiment that would deprive "that class" of amusements which are thought to be salutary to HER MAJESTY's children, and *Mr. Punch's* children, and the children of rate-payers, that *Mr. Punch* makes, and, D.V., intends to make, incessant war. Thirdly, MR. DALLAWAY states, that the offer having been courteously refused, "here the matter would and ought to have rested, but MR. CHUTE and some of the pot-house Newspapers took up the subject very angrily, and have been stirring up Earth and Hell in throwing abuse on the unfortunate Guardians." That MR. DALLAWAY's character is unblemished, *Mr. Punch* is perfectly ready to believe upon the *ipse dixit* of a gentleman of whom *Mr. P.* never heard in his life until he read of MR. DALLAWAY's ridiculous conduct in the Pantomime and Pauper case; but MR. DALLAWAY's language, as above given, rather befits some savage porter, of the class posted at the gate of certain London workhouse doors to bully away the poor, than the calm, just, but kindly Guardian, who, from within, directs rational relief. We must leave the epithetical D. to settle with the journals what is to be understood by pot-house Newspapers; but if the term imply that the humbler class, during the hours of refreshment, seek instruction from such publications, *Mr. Punch* is happy to state that His journal, studied at Windsor Castle, is also bethumbed in the pot-house. The other figure of speech indicates an amount of topographical theology creditable to the supporter of the REVEREND MR. NEWNHAM, the anti-pantomime clergyman of Bath; but the metaphor is slightly confused, and all that *Mr. Punch* can make out of it is, that MR. DALLAWAY is in a vulgar passion and uses coarse language.

MR. DALLAWAY next enters into details as to the comforts of the Bath Union, and his statements are so gratifying that their entire irrelevance may be overlooked. He then draws a contrast between the happy Bath pauper and the unhappy Bath rate-payer, in numerous cases a lodging-house keeper who has but a few months for extortionate charges, and during the rest of the year lives upon his plunder and his basement floor. The contrast is afflicting, but fails to establish, irrefragably, that the poor little children ought to have been prevented from seeing *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Feeling this, MR. DALLAWAY, on his sixth page, finishes off *Mr. Punch* with some logic. His objection was, that the taking the children to the theatre would have been "the placing them in an unnatural position," (does MR. D. think that the spectators stand on their hands, like the clown?) "raising their tastes and ideas to a false standard" (poor brats—up to the top of the *Beanstalk* at least), "and perhaps implanting a propensity for sight-seeing which they *might* rob their employers to gratify."

This last is a home-thrust, and must be applauded by every Bath lodging-house keeper, as she looks out the "other" key to her lodger's tea-caddy. A far-sighted friend is MR. DALLAWAY—a real Guardian of the Poor. From what may not those 300 children have been saved by that act which dashed their merriment, and blighted their hopes? The *Beanstalk* might, who knows? have eventually turned to Hemp; *Jack* might have prefigured another inevitable Jack, fatally known at Newgate; every trap that opened might have hinted at the drop, and *Harlequin's* black cap have symbolised that of the judge who ten years hence shall go the Western Circuit. MR. DALLAWAY has floored us, and needed not instantly proceed to weaken his case by a reference to "late hours" which has really little to do with a morning performance, or by the discomfiting sneer which, as an *arrière pensée* he has written on his envelope, "Represent the Union children going in state to the theatre, and the rate-payers sweeping the streets for them." No, MR. DALLAWAY, and do not you be petulant, even on the strength of twenty-five years of a good Bath character. Your logic has prostrated *Mr. Punch*, and that gentleman has barely strength to hint, in getting away from so formidable an antagonist, that all *Mr. P.* ventured to say against MR. D. was to reprint his own declaration that he had seen the *Serious Family*. He will hardly see one in Bath when this epistolary feat of his is the subject of family discussion.

N. B.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING.—THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.

[*Vide Public Streets, particularly St. James's Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, and Her Majesty's Park of Hyde.*

## THE EXPECTED COMET.

(To DR. CUMMING.)

AIR—"*Draw the Sword, Scotland.*"

HEY! a Comet 's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
Ho! a Comet 's coming, expected very soon;
Unless folks are humming, humming, humming,
The Comet will be here on the Thirteenth day of June.
Prognostication
Spreads consternation,
And with prostration,
Old women swoon,
Thinking of the Comet, coming, CUMMING,
The Comet that is due on the Thirteenth day of June:

Because the Comet coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
Because the Comet coming, astrologers declare,—
Silly people humming, humming, humming,
Silly people humming,—will blow us into air,
Fouling this planet:
Goodness!—how can it,
If we but scan it,
The spheres so untune,
By the Comet coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
By the Comet coming and due this blessed June?

We know better, CUMMING, don't we, CUMMING?
We are sure that any astrologer 's a loon,
Or else a knave and humbug, humming, humming,
Who says the world is coming to its end so very soon,
Three years, if not more,
Lease it has got more,
May be a lot more,
Along with the moon,
Though a Comet 's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
Though a Comet 's coming—possibly in June.

If the Comet 's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
If the Comet 's coming, ice will be a boon,
When the flies are humming, humming, humming,
When the flies are humming on a sultry afternoon.
Hotter weather may prevail,
If it switch us with its tail,
How very like a whale,
Stung by a harpoon!
Let us hope the Comet, CUMMING, CUMMING,
Won't come it quite so very strong as that in June.

## THE NEW BEER BILL.

WHO would expect to find a coffee-mill or a tea-pot in a beer-barrel? Nevertheless, here is a new "Sale of Beer Bill" introduced into Parliament, a Bill, in fact, not so much dealing with the sale of beer, as with the sale of tea and coffee. The thing is a publican's measure. We hear the voice of BONIFACE speaking from the bung-hole. Coffee-shops are to be especially subjected to the official eye of the police, and the evil eye of the informer, for the larger licence of the Bunch of Grapes and the Horse-and-Anchor. For instance, every keeper of a coffee-shop is to be licensed at petty sessions by two justices of the peace! Why? As well should MRS. PARTINGTON be licensed ere she be permitted to fill her tea-kettle. Next: the price of the licence is to be £2. Why not £5? If cost is to convey a sense of importance, why not the larger instead of the lesser sum? But will the cost of the licence, whatever it may be, fall upon the coffee-house keeper? Certainly not. It must be defrayed by his customers; by that abandoned class of society that is found throughout the Metropolis by hundreds with their elbows on coffee-house tables—coffee, and haply the further dissipation of a muffin beside them—and spread before their meditative eyes the pages of *Punch*, or some such revolutionary print, whose sole purpose it is to turn the throne into a three-legged stool, and the monarchy into a republic.

Again, these pestiferous coffee-shops, under the new Bill, are to be closed at nine o'clock at night; that conspiracies may no longer be hatched over the thin-veiled pretence of bohea and mocha. What then? If the "Talfourd coffee-house," in Farringdon Street be shut at nine—and the shade of the gracious judge must be pleased and mollified that under his name flourishes the tea-shrub and the coffee-plant—if "Talfourd" be closed at nine, is not the neighbouring Red Lion open until twelve? Away, then, with thin libations, and welcome the frothing "heavy!" Shove aside the effeminacy of cups and saucers, and give us the manly pewter!

We trust that this new "Sale of Beer Bill," which is, in fact, a "Bill to discourage Coffee-shops," will be narrowly watched. Politicians owe it to their own poetic character to guard the interests of the Mocha's sober juice:—

"Coffee that makes the politician wise,
To see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes."

Coffee must not be put upon by the beer-cask; and the Bill before us is evidently a Publican's Bill; a Bill, in fact, made and provided for those who are given to their cups, but rarely to their saucers.

### Latest Intelligence from China.

(*By Ethereal and Mesmeric Telegraph.*)

*Canton*, 12·30 *p.m. Feb.* 26.

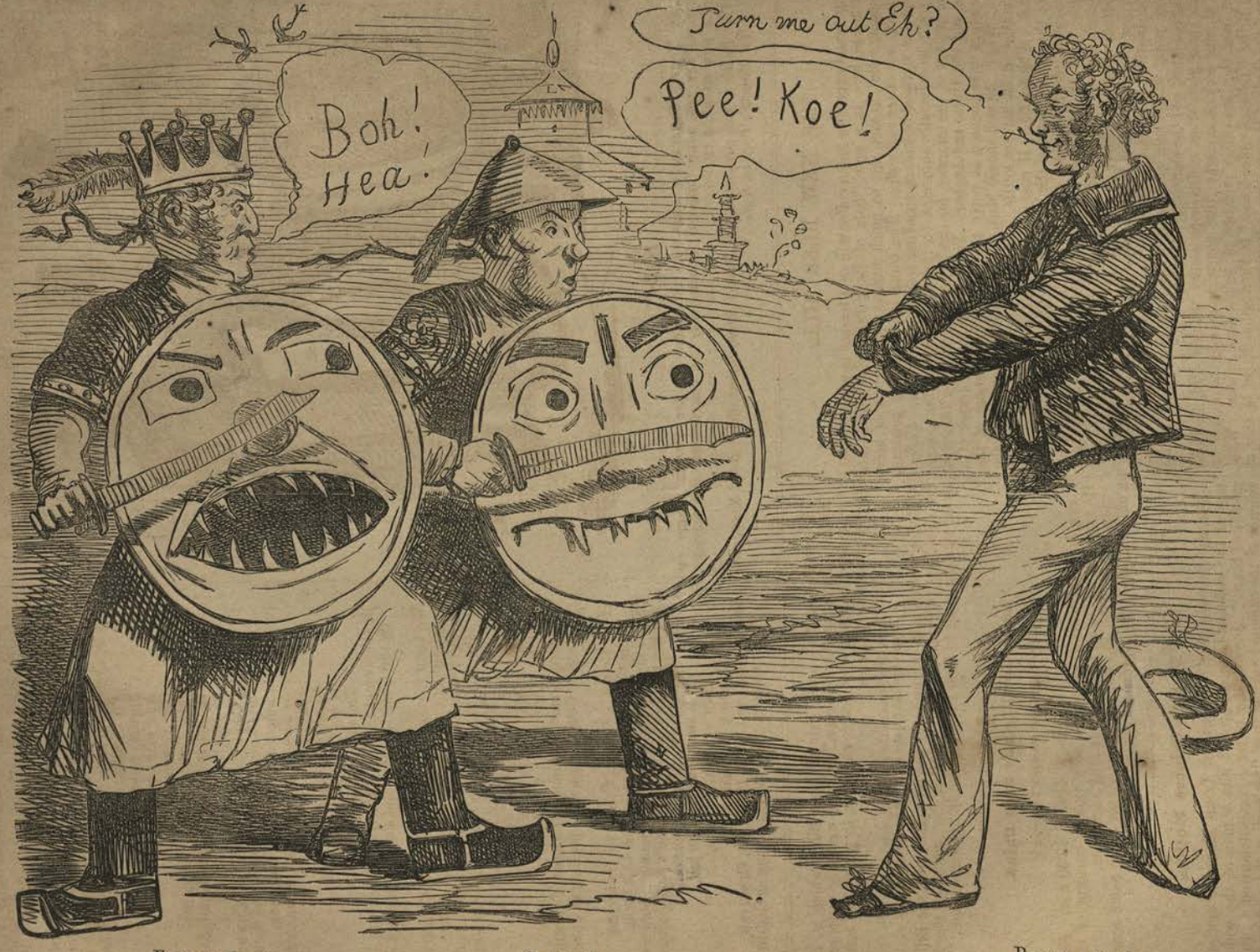
SIR JOHN BOWRING complains of a violent burning of the ears. He says that he knows people are talking about him.

ADMIRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR has experienced the same sensation in a milder degree, and expresses a similar opinion.

### Lord Derby's Chinese Motion.

BROWN observed that "he thought LORD DERBY'S motion on the part of the suffering Chinese, proved him a man of the widest geography of heart." JONES—the bitter JONES—demurred to the benevolence of the opinion: saying that "he saw in the motion nothing more than a shabby attempt at *tea and turn out*."

A CHINA BASIN FOR SIR JAMES GRAHAM.—The pathetic SIR JAMES—weeping over the amiable and innocent YEH—proposes "to wash his hands." How very dirty the water will be!




EARL OF D—RB—Y. C—BD—N. P—LM—RST—N.

# THE GREAT CHINESE WARRIORS DAH-BEE AND COB-DEN.

## PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. II.

MR. GRIG, *of the Italian Warehouse, is at breakfast with* MRS. GRIG, *several little* GRIGS, *and the Shopman.*

MRS. GRIG. Don't gobble up your breakfast as if the house was on fire, MR. GRIG. Remember that it is Sunday morning, and you have nothing to do except to take us out.

*Mr. Grig.* So it is, JEMIMA, but habit 's habit. JACK, I 'll smack your head if you pull SALLY'S hair again. JIM, sit further from MARY, you do nothing but squabble. If you don't live together in love like Christian children, I'm blessed if I don't whip you all round.

*Mrs. Grig.* Don't be cross with them, MR. GRIG. If you 'd talk to them instead of burying your head in that newspaper, they 'd be quiet. Will you have an anchovy?

*Mr. Grig.* No, thank you, I should think not.

*Mrs. Grig.* Don't be frightened. These are not out of the shop.

*Mr. Grig.* Are they what your brother brought home? Then hand 'em over. JACK, where do anchovies come from?

*Jack.* Off the third shelf, right hand side, next the pickles.

*Mr. Grig* (*boxes his ears*). Take that, Sir, for your impertinence, and I've a good mind to say you shan't go out to-day.

*Mary* (*intercedingly*). He knows quite well, Pa; it 's only his fun.

*Mr. Grig.* When I ask a question, I expect a respectful answer, and I 'll have it. Now, Sir, if you do know, say.

*Jack* (*sullenly*). Common on the coasts of Portugal Spain and France has also been taken on our own is found all along the Mediterranean the Romans made a liquor called garum from it it is fished for at night and imported in barrels preserved in brine made with rock salt.

*Mrs. Grig.* I can't think how you can be so harsh with the child. He learns very well.

*Mr. Grig.* Let him learn his duty to me.

*Shopman* (*in order to make peace*). He 'll remember another time, Sir. His heart 's in the right place.

*Mrs. Grig* (*pleased*). Some more tea, COBBOLD? Yours is cold.

*Shopman.* Thank you, M'm, I don't know but what I will. MR. GRIG don't tell us, M'm, that there 's a little more to do to the anchovies before the public gets them.

*Mr. Grig* (*glad of an excuse to be good-natured again*). First catch your anchovy, COBBOLD, or rather first don't catch it. Catch your sprat.

*Mrs. Grig.* Sprats are very good things.

*Mr. Grig.* No doubt of it, my dear. And if you put them into the brine in which the real anchovy has been, and especially if you colour that brine rather highly with bole Armenian——

*Jim.* That 's a red earth full of iron.

*Mr. Grig.* Right, JIM, and iron 's healthy in some diseases, and so as I said, if you do that, or, if you like, you may make your bole Armenian of chalk and Venetian red——

*Jim.* Which often contains red lead.

*Mr. Grig.* Well, I dare say that 's good in some diseases too, if we only knew it. That 's the way to make anchovies.

*Mary.* But what 's the red mixture for, Pa?

*Mr. Grig.* Why, my dear, if a customer asked me, I should say, to improve the appearance of the fish, because customers ought not to be too curious. The reason I should give to you is, that the colour hides the dirty state of the brine.

*Mary.* I wonder people like to buy such things. Why, in that sample Ma opened yesterday, you might take the red earth and mess out of the bottles by tea-spoonfuls.

*Mrs. Grig* (*laughing*). Somebody 's doing it now, I dare say, for we sold a good many bottles last night.

*Shopman.* Eleving, M'm.

*Mr. Grig.* If people don't complain, it 's no business of ours. I know this, that out of twenty-eight samples of trade anchovies that were examined by a party I know, not one-third were the real thing.

*Mrs. Grig.* These here are capital, these of TOM'S. Look at the fish, now. How anybody in their senses can take a sprat for an anchovy!

*Mr. Grig.* You would, only you are told first. The squeezing and mutilation in bottling, and the red stuff, does the trick for almost everybody. By the way, did the potted things come in?

*Mrs. Grig.* No. What did you go buying more for? We've a precious stock in hand.

*Mr. Grig.* Because these are more advantageous. There 's a good deal more flour put into them.

*Mrs. Grig.* Plaster of Paris is just as good.

*Mr. Grig.* Yes, or chalk, like those in the shop. But I had a chance to buy well. I've bought some anchovy paste too, and mind you speak of it, COBBOLD, as first rate. A man I know has made it. He bought a lot of sprats and cheap fish, and bruised them up, well seasoned, and coloured with Venetian red, and I'm blow'd if you 'd know 'em from the right thing.

*Mrs. Grig.* I wonder if that Venetian red is poison. The bloater paste made JIM ill one day.

*Mr. Grig.* Hang it, JEMIMA, you never let the child have it, did you? Hang it all! Why, it 's most deleterious. I wouldn't give it to anybody on any account.

*Mary.* But you sell it, Papa.

*Mr. Grig.* That is not giving it, MOLLY. And that 's in the way of trade. You don't understand the difference. There are the bells, by George! Be off to church with you, and I 'll have my cigar, in the mean time.

*The Females.* But you take us out in the afternoon?

*Mr. Grig.* Well, we 'll see. If you young uns give me the text and a good account of the sermon, perhaps I will. (*To Shopman, slyly*). I think the profit on the new anchovies will pay for a chaise to Hampton Court.

## ANALYSIS OF OUR COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

A CAREFUL analysis of the Parliament of 1852, as it is at present oddly constituted in this its moribund year, gives the following results:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Members, who drop their H's, and are periodically the victims of misplaced aspirations | 49 |
| Members, who wear white hats | 7 |
| Ditto, who part their hair down the middle | 3 |
| Fanatics, who cheer SPOONER | 111 |
| Enthusiasts, who believe in LORD JOHN | 5 |
| Ditto, who place confidence in DISRAELI | 2 |
| Lawyers, who have gone into Parliament in the hopes of political preferment | 108 |
| Commercial and Railway men, whose object is to puff their own schemes and support their own Companies | 109 |
| Red Tapists, and Members holding office, or connected with persons holding office under Government | 100 |
| Sanguine, speculative, or seedy Members, with the hope or promise of holding office under Government | 79 |
| Army and Navy Members, who have an interest in backing up, or currying favour with, the Admiralty or Horse Guards | 32 |
| Members under the influence of petticoat government, and voting precisely as their wives, or mothers-in-law, or any congenial-minded old women bid them | 21 |
| Men of letters, science, and proved ability | 20 |
| Vacant seats, and by no means the worst filled | 7 |
| High-minded patriots—(say, so as to be on the safe side) | 3 |
| Total | 654 seats. |

We only hope that the next general election will have the effect of presenting the nation with a more favourable analysis. If not, we shall move that an Analytical Commission, under the presidency of DR. HASSALL, be formed to inquire into the corruptions and adulterations of Government.

## EPISCOPAL.

LAST week it was maliciously reported in the lobby of the House of Lords, that the BISHOP OF OXFORD—much moved by the powerful speech of LORD DERBY on the Chinese broil—had offered himself as ready to proceed to Canton as a bearer of a flag of truce; and further, to present a letter of invitation from his Lordship to GOVERNOR YEH to pass a few weeks with the PREMIER expectant at St. James's Square and Knowsley. We may, however, state that on the part of one reverend member of the Bench such an offer has really been made, but the name of the enthusiast has not yet transpired. Indeed, perhaps it may never be disclosed.

### Very Ironical.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH thought he applied a terrible cautery to SIR J. BOWRING, when sinking his knighthood, the noble lord resolutely called him "Doctor." Very stinging this. But his lordship should take heed. Is he not open to reprisals? What, for instance, if GOVERNOR BOWRING, in his future despatches, studiously forgetful of the fullness of his Lordship's dignity, should determine upon calling him nothing but "ELLEN?"

## A CHALLENGE.

WE wager six haunches of Southdown mutton against twelve buffalo's humps, that an English postman will go through more rapping on St. Valentine's Day than an American spiritualist on all the other days of the year put together; and moreover, that a medium (either in the shape of a cook, or a housemaid, or a young, or elderly, lady) shall answer in every case, and answer, too, at the very first rap, without keeping the spirit-rapper waiting longer than is just necessary for him to spell his letters. If our Yankee spiritualists decline this challenge, we shall infer that there is no longer any spirit left in them.

## GESLER'S HAT.

ONCE upon a time, the spirit of Switzerland, working in the unbonneted WILLIAM TELL, looked defiance at GESLER'S Hat, stuck upon a pole, to test the manhood of a free people. And now Switzerland sends her children—or permits them to depart and take livery in the odious service—to mount guard about the pole, and to compel men, women, and children, to do servile obedience to the POPE'S triple crown, to the double diadem of the Two Sicilies. Pity is it, that Switzerland, who knows so well how to be free at home, has become a bye-word and a proverb as the nursing mother of a family of flunkeys, with plush in their souls, with their very minds in livery, devoted to take wages from the blood-dripping hands of a FERDINAND, to eat the dirty bread of a PIUS THE NINTH.

Oh, Helvetian lion, and must it be ever thus? It was bad enough when you were turned into a poodle for the Kings of France; and when, watching faithfully, and biting bravely, you were knocked on the head by republican clubs one very noisy day in Paris. Poodle as you were—the leonine majesty clipped closely as any *caniche* on the Pont Neuf—you died game; and THORWALDSEN has carved you, restoring the leonine form, in everlasting rock, great lion of Lucerne. The mighty Dane has cast the sentiment of fidelity about your dying moments; the arrow has sped to the vital place; the thick blood oozes round the shaft; and the leonine paws, the claws tangled in its folds, grasp with the grip of death the lilied flag of France. Down went the Bastille! And Helvetia's lion—in that bloody time of Paris—what was it more than a butchered calf? Indeed, of not so much serviceable account as so much dead veal in which were the probabilities of many a *fricandeau!*

And now, transformed to a shepherd's dog, the Helvetian Lion is the hired property of the Pastor of the Seven Hills; and worries the sheep—for the Shepherd thinks it good that his flock should know the teeth of the dog—and, all for their health's sake, even bites the little lambs.

In Naples, the lion of Helvetia, turned to a blood-hound, has lost its roar, and hunts silently as coming death. Ill-favoured, sinister beast! It carries a golden collar charged with the arms of the Two Sicilies; and licks its jaws red with man-hunting. And was this beast bred in the mountain-home of Switzerland? Was this badged brute of slaughter a thing of the land of TELL? A thing to be patted by the hand of BOMBA, and fed upon his scraps?

Will Switzerland remain silent? Will she not, with the voice of an indignant mother, call back her children, or denounce them as hirelings for blood—as turnkeys and torturers for daily wages? Will she consent to share in the shame of tyranny by licensing its instruments? Let us see to what iniquities Switzerland, in the person of her soldiers—her despot's guards upon blood-wages—lends herself and ministers. How fare the Neapolitan state prisoners in the castle of Monte Sarchio where BOMBA keeps his victims, as the ogre POLYPHEMUS kept *his* supplies, to be devoured in due season? How goes it with POERIO? With the undaunted man, stubborn to the death in his championship of truth and right? Well, POERIO—with manacled body—has lost one eye; total blindness is fast coming on, speeded by racking rheumatism, and a cough so deep, so wearing, that it might almost move the bowels of the king gaoler, FERDINAND himself. Nevertheless, Switzerland continues at once the guard and turnkey of well-nigh extinguished POERIO. Switzerland with her eagle glance of freedom, can accustom her eyes to the charnel darkness of a dungeon; and still have vision sufficient to see that her wages are no counterfeit, but of the right metal. Switzerland, with her ear attuned to foaming cataracts and bounding streams, can critically listen, when she rings her homicidal wages, to know if the coin be of the right and true musical vibration.

Besides POERIO there is SCHIAVONI, also blind of one eye; and threatened with blindness total as the stone-blindness of FERDINAND'S heart. One STENO—by last accounts sent to the minister of merry England—has no stomach for prison fare, all food being rejected. VINCENZO DONO has been on the rack of rheumatism for five months; NISCO is tortured by incessant pains of the stomach; and ALPHONSO ZEULI, aged twenty-four, died of consumption; and died in chains. In chains, Switzerland! But still he rebelliously died; there being no possible gag or barring-iron to keep in the rebel soul that, haply, flew accusingly to God, accusingly of the monster who holds bloody carnival with his own thoughts at Caserta. Near ZEULI, lay PIRROTI, a judge in chains, and almost motionless as a corpse. Justice in manacles; and Switzerland, in the persons of her children, keeping hireling guard of the victim of the blasphemer!

We will not pause to look into the Roman dungeons, with locks turned by the keys of ST. PETER-PIUS. We will not count the harried, bitten, half-flayed sheep—the ruddled property, for is not the cross upon their backs?—of the pastoral Pope. Enough that he has hireling dogs from the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, the vaunted home of freedom, albeit the breeding-places of the liveried lackeys, and the ready-money slaves of tyrants.

Can Switzerland, in the face of this reproach—a reproach, eating canker-like into her fair name—can Switzerland pause ere she calls back her Swiss from Rome, her Swiss from Naples; and being called, and coming not—ere she fails to cast them off and for ever to denounce them—no children of hers but bought and sold soulless carcases, the working-tools of tyrants?

If Switzerland will not do this, let us hear no more of the Helvetian Lion. For with Swiss guards at Rome, with Swiss guards at Naples, truly for the Helvetian Lion we must have the Helvetian Hyena.

### The Advantage of Earnestness.

IT would perhaps be going too far to say, that nothing could have exceeded the eloquence of the EARL OF DERBY'S appeal to the House of Lords in general, and the Bishops in particular, on behalf of the peaceable, much-enduring, honest, straightforward, mild, gentle, forbearing, barbarously outraged Chinese. The noble Earl would have made a much more spirited and energetic speech, if the rupture at Canton had occurred under an Administration of his own, and if, therefore, he had been obliged to speak on the other side of the question.

### Mr. Gladstone's Game.

MR. GLADSTONE has been playing a deep game of chess. Under cover of attacking the PREMIER'S Castle or Tower of Strength, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the honourable Puseyite is supposed to have been really manœuvring with a view to check LORD PALMERSTON'S (Low Church) Bishops.

LOST.—A few nights ago, somewhere in the House of Commons, the self-command of a late RIGHT HON. CHANCELLOR OF THE EX—Q—ER. The Right Hon. Gentleman is well-assured that he carried the article about him until a late hour of the evening; when it must have accidentally fallen from him in the heat of debate. A handsome reward will be given to whosoever shall restore the article in question, as it is more than probable that its late owner will, in the course of the next few months, have the most pressing need of it.

## REFORM YOUR SOLDIER'S BILLS.

(OR "A ROW IN WAR OFFICE BUILDINGS.")

H dear, what can the matter be!
Oh dear; what shall we do!
Here 's JOHN BULL in a passion
With us and our Estimates too!

Here 's GLADSTONE by anticipation
Our budget proceeds up to blow:
Here 's D'IZZY in dang'rous flirtation,
With GLADSTONE and GRAHAM and Co.

Here 's the country, against the War-Ninepence
Protesting with stamp and with frown:
Here 's PAM swears JOHN BULL must be humoured,
And Estimates *must* be cut down.

Here 's PANMURE, premature in disclosure,
To his friends at Arbroath has declared,
He hasn't a doubt twenty millions
From last year's accounts may be spared.

Though such after-dinner reduction
The morning's reflection won't bear,
The mischief is done, and the point is
As we *must* cut down costs, to find *where*.

Of course, with the Staff we can't tamper,
Of course, we can't touch the Horse-Guards;
We must stand by our friends and relations,
And not meddle with well-earned rewards.

With two Colonels for every regiment
We can't think of doing away:
One is wanted to look to the duty,
The other to pocket the pay.

Private secs, A. D. C.'s are appointments
To be kept up in spite of the snobs:
To the service they 're most ornamental,
And we all must "take care" of our "DOWBS."

In the higher-class posts of the service
We don't see room for sparing a man:
And to live on the sal'ries now paid them
Is as much as such officers can.

But we 've reason, by all we can gather
From Heads of Departments' remarks,
To believe, that each branch of the office
May dispense with a batch of its clerks.

Then, for those paid too little already
For their work (as they saucily say),
It can't matter much, from that little,
If a trifle be cheese-pared away.

There are works, too, that may be suspended,
Which won't involve much turning out,
Save of lab'rers, and that sort of persons,
Whose int'rests we can't think about.

Such suspension, 'tis true, will make useless
Cost, to which we already have run:
Will cripple much-needed improvements,
And arrest useful plans just begun.

Clothes, harness, and stores may lie rotting,
Or be sold out of hand, for a song:
Guns and mortars may lack shells and shotting,
And rifles and rockets go wrong.

Land-transport and hospital service,
As in the late war, may break down:
Commissariat duty, befildered,
With starvation our blunders may crown.

But JOHN BULL is determined on saving;
And, of course, to his bidding we bow.
Hit or miss, we 'll slash down the sum-totals,
To what his close-fist will allow.

But as for "selection of items,"
"Remod'lling the service," and all,—
We 'll cut where we least feel the knife, Sir,
On JOHN BULL let the consequence fall.

## WHY LADIES CANNOT SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

ONE of the pet grievances of those strong-minded women, who lose their time and temper in talking of their "Rights," is that by the law as it at present stands, ladies are not suffered to have seats in Parliament. Now, without being ungallant enough to show the absurdity of making a complaint of what they ought to feel rejoiced at, we will be content with simply proving that to comply with their demand would be at present quite impossible. Granting that a Female Parliament, or House of Ladies, were to meet, we need scarcely dwell upon the difficulty that there would be in stopping them from speaking all together: nor how impossible the Speakeress would find it to proceed with public business, without enforcing some such order as that not more than six (say) should be on their legs at once. But it seems to us that were the memberesses properly returned, it would still be quite preposterous for more than one in twenty of them to expect to have a seat, for the simple reason that, unless their numbers were extremely limited, it would be impossible to find a room to hold them. In their present state of Crinoline, ladies on an average require at least a dozen yards of sitting room a-piece; and were they to return as many members as the gentlemen, it has been estimated that the space which would be covered by above six hundred petticoats would considerably exceed a couple of acres. Such a room as this of course would have to be constructed specially; and until the present Houses are completed, it would be preposterous to vote supplies for new ones. It is probable, however, that by the time of the completion of the now erecting structures—that is to say, by the end of the next century—the fashion will have changed, and the present blown-up petticoats have become exploded; in which case the erection of a Female House of Parliament would then be no more necessary than, we are so ungallant to think, it would be at this present.

## A HOUSE OF MENTAL CORRECTION.

THERE is much need of an institution intermediate between a House of Correction and a Lunatic Asylum, to which magistrates might have the power of committing a certain kind of persons, evidently half-knaves, half-fools, who are continually presenting themselves at the police-courts, and accusing themselves of having committed murder. Here is a case in point, of recent occurrence:—

"CONFESSION OF A MURDER AT HALIFAX.—On Saturday afternoon, a middle-aged man, named James Smith, by trade a blacksmith, made the following confession of murder at the Halifax Borough Police Office:—I have come to give myself up. Another man and myself killed the Governor of Carlisle Gaol about fourteen years ago by throwing him over the banisters. I have been uneasy in my conscience many years, and now I am determined to get rid of it."

Of course this story, when investigated, turned out to be all fudge. The fellow was discharged, having been ordered to pay the expenses which he had occasioned. But, in addition to having been lightened of a certain sum of money, it might have been advisable that he should have been subjected to a certain amount of bodily depletion. Here is a partially crazy, partially vicious creature, going about with ideas of murder in his head, and surely it would be desirable that a head with such notions seething in it should be shaved. A few doses of blue pill, followed by the customary draught, might be further beneficial in such a case, in conjunction with the regimen commonly known as low diet. This antiphlogistic treatment would be calculated to reduce that inflammation of the love of notoriety which is the exciting cause of these sham confessions; and might perhaps prevent that disorder from breaking out in some form seriously mischievous. Such cases are, to use a Baconian phrase, frontier instances between lunacy and crime; and to meet the latter element in their character, a brief course of good hard labour might also be imposed on the patient-rogue: the moral hybrid or mule, combining some of the vagabond with a very large proportion of the jackass.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The next time you send us over any canvas-back ducks, please have the kindness to send an American cook over with them, because our stupid English cooks are not as yet sufficiently advanced in culinary civilisation as to know how to dress them, and the consequence is that those far-famed delicacies are invariably spoilt, much to the loss of the appetites and tempers of the guests assembled.—PUNCH.

## THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Alphonso.* "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"
*Tom.* "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DOOSED EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"

## COMPLETION OF THE NELSON COLUMN.

*(A Paragraph extracted by Clairvoyance from the Times, March 2, 1901.)*

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the work of completing this monument will shortly be resumed, and indeed we think we may with confidence predict that within another year or so we may expect to find such progress made as may induce a hope that we shall live to see it actually finished. Those who are old enough perhaps may recollect that the erection of the Column was entrusted to the Government in 1844, when the work was commenced in the most energetic manner; two men and a boy being at once employed upon it. This activity, however, proved so exhaustive of the funds which had been voted, that within a very few months there was a stoppage of the works; and the question being put to Government in 1857, it was stated that "it was not thought desirable" just then to grant the needful. The matter then rested till the spring of 1889, when in consequence of their resuscitation of the Income-Tax it was discovered that the Government had in hand sufficient money to resume the works, and an order was thereupon given for the purpose: but as this had to pass through the formalities of several departments, we considered at the time that there was little chance that we should find it acted on within the current century. It will be owned that our prediction has been fully verified, and if the Column be completed within ten years' hence, the country will have every reason to be satisfied.

It may perhaps be urged by captious oppositionists, that had the building been entrusted to any other hands than those of the Government, it would probably have been finished in less time than half a century. To say nothing, however, of the great saving to the nation in the interest of the money which will now be spent upon the works (it being indeed calculated by an eminent economist, that had the whole amount been advanced in 1844, the Column would by this time have cost the country nearly double), the Government have ample precedent for this delay in the course which has been taken in cases not dissimilar. So long a time elapsed before the Peninsula medal was awarded, that by the time they received their decoration, the veteran survivors only numbered a few dozen; and although a century has almost passed since NELSON died for us, our non-completion of his Column has at any rate served to keep him in our remembrance. And it affords, we think, a striking proof of how much confidence is felt in the solvency of England, that in paying these her debts of honour, she is still allowed so long a credit.

## A ROMANCE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

TUNE—"*Lord Lovel.*"

LORD PERKINS he wooed LADY MARY BRANDE,
JOHN THOMAS her maid, MARY ANN,
LORD PERKINS he was the master, and
JOHN THOMAS he was the man.

"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,
"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS," said he;
"Dost thou think thou would'st marry my lady's maid,
An thou could'st have my ladye?"

"Now marry, good master," JOHN THOMAS replied,
"Now marry, good master," he said;
"I would rather the lady were my bride,
Than marry the lady's maid."

"And what is thy reason," LORD PERKINS, he said,
"And what is thy reason," said he;
"My lady is fair; but my lady's maid
Is fairer than my ladye?"

"But she hasn't the grace," said JOHN THOMAS, "poor wench,
And she hasn't got the manner;
And her ladyship speaks Italian and French,
And plays on the grand pehanner."

"What good, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,
"Will French and Italian do man?
If a wife has got one tongue in her head,
'Tis enough for any woman.

"And singing and playing are pretty things,
But who, except a gaby,
But knows that no wife ever plays or sings
After bringing her lord one baby?

"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS, now tell me, I pray,
Can MARY ANNE sew and cook?
For those things, I own, are more in my way,
When I for a wife would look."

"My Lord, she can cook; my Lord, she can sew;
My Lord, she can stitch and hem;
But I own that, for my part, I doesn't go
Into marriage for things like them."

"Enough, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,
"Enough, JOHN THOMAS," said he;
"I will go and marry my lady's maid,
And you may have my ladye."

At St. George's Church, in Hanover Square,
They were married all in one day:
LORD PERKINS he wedded the maiden fair,
And JOHN THOMAS the lady gay.

The marriage service a Bishop read,
In a most impressive manner;
LORD PERKINS went home to his quiet homestead,
JOHN THOMAS to his pehanner.

And so they were suited and so content,
And rejoiced in both their wives,
And, which I wish to every gent,
Lived happy the rest of their lives.

## LARGE FIGURES OF SPEECH.

MR. COBDEN fixes the population of China at 300,000,000. The DUKE OF ARGYLL said on the same evening, that it was 200,000,000. Here is the difference of only 100,000,000! A hundred million souls (if the Chinese are allowed to have souls) are certainly not much in taking the census of a country! Now we propose that the two gentlemen be sent out on a mission to ascertain what the precise population of China is, and not be allowed to return home until they have satisfactorily settled the difference between them. In the meantime, MR. ROWLAND HILL can occupy the DUKE OF ARGYLL'S place, and as for MR. COBDEN, it will be no great loss to the nation, if his place is not filled up just at present.

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## COBDEN'S CAPABILITY.

TUNE—"*British Sailors have a Knack.*"

RICHARD COBDEN has a knack,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!
Of hauling down the Union Jack,
Assailed by any foe, boys.
Come POPE, come CZAR, come Savage—why
I know not, still his best he'll try
To make old England's colours lie
In degradation low, boys.

RICHARD COBDEN is at sea,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!
Upon foreign policy,
A thing he doesn't know, boys.
When he thus has got afloat,
An old simile to quote,
He's like a bear on board a boat;
What you call no go, boys.

RICHARD COBDEN runs ashore,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!
RICHARD then becomes a bore,
Troublesome and slow, boys.
RICHARD COBDEN, be content
In your proper element,
That of a commercial gent,
To DEVILSDUST and Co., boys.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*March 2nd, Monday.* "Pheasants crow," says the almanack composer to *Household Words*, speaking of this week. Well they may, this March, if they read the papers, and are weak enough to imagine that if a senator is obliged to waste April and May, he will sit through September—and October—to make up. But we fear the pheasants are crowing under an erroneous impression of the patriotism of the British sportsman, and that when the autumnal crocuses are in blossom, the poor birds will find out their mistake.

For—to pack the matter as with a hydraulic press of extra condensing power—Parliament has been and done it. The House of Commons which assembled on the 4th of November, 1852, has but a few days to live. It has deliberately destroyed itself, and CORONER PUNCH, sitting upon the moribund body, appeals, by anticipation, to the country for the verdict once returned by a rustic inquest, "Justifiable suicide and recommends to mercy, and we wants our money."

The tale is brief and instructive. On the second night of the Chinese debate, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL finished the discussion for that week. He politely intimated that he should not bother himself with answering arguments used in the House in which he spoke, but should confute the Opposition in the Lords, and then he was pretty sure to have smashed anything that had been advanced by the Commons. And SIR RICHARD, haughtily measuring himself against foemen worthy of his steel, did certainly make out a complete legal case for the Government. On the Monday, the battle was renewed, DR. PHILLIMORE abused the Bishops for supporting the Ministry, SIR GEORGE GREY called his conduct indecent. MR. ROBERTSON (formerly a Canton merchant), told stories illustrating the cruelty and treachery of the Chinese. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON felt so ashamed of the bombardment that he could not be silent, but said nothing of which he should not have felt more ashamed, MR. COLLIER was for going on as we had begun, and SIR FREDERIC THESIGER told a marvellous tale of a "voice" which after NELSON'S bombardment of Copenhagen "came out of the ruins, and inquired of Britain whether it was really She who had been doing that work." He did not mention whether the "voice" spoke Danish or English, or LORD NELSON'S reply. SIR W. WILLIAMS of Kars conceived that the Chinese insult to the British flag had been premeditated, and SIDNEY HERBERT, attacking the Government, protested against acting with party spirit. SERJEANT SHEE thought the insulted vessel was an English one, and supported Government. Then came

*Tuesday.* A memorable date. The adjourned debate was opened by MR. ROBERT PALMER, who spoke as a Derbyite, as did a Shropshire Conservative colonel, HERBERT, to whom a Cornish Conservative captain, KENDALL, replied that he preferred PALMERSTON and Evangelical Bishops to LORD DERBY and High Church. After some peacemongering from MR. MILNER GIBSON, a squib or two from MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, a grumble from MR. HENLEY, some mock pathos from the other PHILLIMORE (member for CORNELIUS NEPOS and other elementary authors who supply quotations), MR. CHAMBERS pitched point blank into MR. COBDEN for his peace nonsense, and then MR. ROEBUCK and MR. GLADSTONE both attacked Government. ROEBUCK particularly grieved that our conduct was unChristian, and GLADSTONE that it was not straightforward. The BOTTLEHOLDER at last rose to reply, and in a very plain-spoken speech exposed the cant about the Chinese, expressed his perfect understanding that it only meant that the Government bench was wanted by his opponents, and cautioned the House not to sacrifice the honour of their country and the safety of Englishmen abroad to the greed of a hungry faction. MR. DISRAELI, feeling the truth of all this, could only answer the charge of coalition by a vulgar *tu quoque*, and MR. COBDEN finished the debate with a flippant answer. The division took place about half-past two in the morning, and the numbers were:—

| | |
|---|---|
| For Hauling down the British Flag, apologising to the Chinese, and putting DERBY, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE in office . . . . . | 263 |
| For maintaining the honour of England, and keeping PAM in place . . . . . | 247 |
| Chinese majority . . . | 16 |

*Wednesday.* A Bill for Promoting Industrial Schools came before the Commons at their morning sitting. It was read a second time. MR. EDWARD BALL had the effrontery to say, that if gentlemen spent less upon dogs and horses, and more upon reformatories, we should have fewer criminals, an offensive remark for which he would certainly have been expelled, but for the political crisis then impending.



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*Thursday.* LORD PALMERSTON came down to the House, and with the blandest courtesy apprised the Chinese members, that in consequence of their vote on Tuesday, he might have turned out, if he liked, only he didn't like, and should turn them out instead. It would be, he gently hinted, ridiculous to ask the factious to make a Government, because they could not do it; and therefore he had arranged with the QUEEN that as soon as some necessary votes for money and soldiers had been taken, Parliament should be DISSOLVED.

(*Mr. Punch's* cheering might have been heard at Canton itself, and will be when the next mail arrives there.)

MR. DISRAELI, with a face about twice as long as was consistent with beauty, intimated that he would not prevent the dissolution, but MR. COBDEN was not so gracious, and demanded that somebody should chivy the Indian mail, now on its way, and give the postman a note to ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, desiring him to make peace and apologies. SIR CHARLES WOOD laughed good-naturedly, as he always does, and said that long before the debate, he had sent off plenty of frigates and gunboats to China, that they had arrived by this time, and that Government would take care to do what was desirable. This put the Chinese members in a dreadful rage, but though they got some more "explanations," they got no better terms, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL was quite affecting about the "penal dissolution" inflicted on the House for having voted according to its conscience. At this word, in such context, PAM fairly exploded, but when he had done laughing, he hoped that nobody would call the dissolution penal, as surely, if members felt themselves in the right, it must be the greatest happiness to them to meet their constituents. This was a cruel poke at the Chinese, who took to flight, and the House was actually counted out at 8 o'clock.

This seems to afford a good opportunity for mentioning that in the Lords, on Monday, LORD DERBY complained that the *Press*, (usually understood to be MR. DISRAELI'S organ) had given an inaccurate report of a meeting of his Lordship's supporters. The journal replies that its report was substantially correct. The Earl was represented as having blown up certain dissentient Conservatives with some vigour. Next night LORD CRANWORTH'S Divorce Bill came on, and was read a second time; but the dissolution will enable C. C. to make a more decent affair of it. LORD DERBY abused the Bishops for not attending on such a question—twenty-three, he said, could come to the Chinese debate, and only two to that on Divorce. On Thursday LORD GRANVILLE announced the dissolution, complimenting the Lords upon their having shown more sense than the Commons on the Canton affair; and on Friday LORD SHAFTESBURY gave notice of his intention to administer a very mild opiate to their lordships on the following Monday.

On *Friday* the Commons made a sort of Tea Party, excessively dull as tea-parties usually are, and which ended in the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S defeating MR. GLADSTONE, and fixing the duty on tea, for a year from April next, at one and fippens, as it would be called by the poor old women whose beverage is being perpetually stirred by great financiers. To-night there was a perfect storm in a tea-cup, but the Government majority was 187 to 125, namely 62. The reduced Income-Tax Bill was read a first time, LORD PALMERSTON, like a careful man, putting everything in its place before Going to the Country.

## SOMETHING NEW ON HEADS.

E thought what it would come to. We long ago predicted (to ourselves, that is; for we never tell our prophecies until they are fulfilled ones) that in reviving the hoop petticoat, the ladies would revert to other fashions of their ancestresses, including perhaps that of wearing their hair powdered. And our prediction has been verified (or we should not have called attention to it); only to keep pace with the march, or rather gallop, of extravagance, the operation it seems now-a-days is performed with gold dust. This we learn less from our own personal observation (for we are somewhat short-sighted, and are afraid to look too closely for fear of getting some of the gold dust in our eyes) than from a writer on the fashions in a fashionable contemporary—by JENKINS! what an intellect must be demanded for the post!—who enlightens and astonishes our weak mind as follows:—

"The custom of sprinkling gold dust on the hair is becoming, we perceive, more and more in vogue. It produces generally the most captivating of effects, and especially enhances the charms of the *coiffure* where the hair is light brown or of an auburn tint; to which it imparts that shining golden hue, which to the poetical observer, appears as though a sunbeam had been broken into bits, and scattered among the tresses."

This is very fine, really: and will probably produce quite a run upon the diggings. Nevertheless, we have some doubts of the value of gold dust as a hair powder, and confess that we are tempted to inquire with vulgar people, Will it wash? It seems to us, being purely practical observers, that any "fair one with the golden locks" which nature has bestowed on her, would soon take the shine out of artificial sunbeams, and make their wearers cry out with vexation to their lady's-maids on getting home, "Here, bring me my gold-dust pan, and sweep away my sunshine!"

But there is really no accounting for fashionable taste: and as we have even seen artificial flowers worn in preference to real ones, it would not at all surprise us to find that the false sunbeams still should keep in fashion, notwithstanding even our attempts to put them out. We suspect indeed that there are many ladies who would be among the last to allow of any silver being seen in their hair, and yet would be among the first to show a little gold in it. We ourselves, however, incline to think that there is "metal more attractive" in beauty unadorned, than when it is got up at that regardlessness of cost which the use of gold dust as a beautifier seems to us to indicate. We shall therefore be prepared, ourselves, at half a moment's notice, to assume the part of the "stern parient," and resist all entreaties on our *Judy's* part that we come down with the gold dust for our dearest *Punchelina*. We do not think that any application of the dredging-box, whether aureous or not, would at all add to her capillary attractions; and we confess that we have little wish to hear our daughters spoken of, like walking-canes, as being gold-headed.

## A CASE OF TENDER CONSCIENCE.

AS MOLIÈRE asked of Virtue, we may ask of Conscience—Where may she not be found? She is now to be taken out of a gutter, and now pulled out of a cellar. Now she squats upon the form of a ragged school, and now she—picks a pocket! This last truth has, of late, been curiously illustrated in a Paris Court of Justice. A gang of boy-thieves, from eight years old to fourteen, have been tried and severally sentenced. The gang, like all things French, had a military constitution. There was a chief, sub-chief, and lieutenants. There was a wide range of plunder from sausages to hundreds of francs. Now, we are told that a number of Jewish boys who belonged to the gang, insisted upon being organised apart, so as not, as they expressed it, to "work" with Catholics. Now this is a case of conscience that must delight MR. SPOONER. With all his sincere abhorrence of Maynooth, we feel assured it would be a great consolation to the hon. gentleman, were his pocket to be picked, to know that he had been robbed by a conscientious Hebrew thief, who scorned association in common with a Catholic felon. It is said that the distinction insisted upon by the little Jews originated in a quarrel that arose in the gang, touching a booty of sausages.

### A New Tea Service.

WE recommend MESSRS. MINTON, WEDGWOOD, &c., to get a new Tea Service ready immediately, with portraits of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, ROEBUCK, and RUSSELL, done as "CHINA MUGS." Let the portraits be life-like, and the Mugs will be just the things to hold milk-and-water for the use of juvenile M.P.'s, and little Lords who have not yet learnt their political A B C.

## COBDENISMS ON CHINA.

THE Chinese are the most humane of all the peoples in the world. All their punishments are of the mildest nature possible. In cases of theft, or any other offence short of murder—a crime very seldom indeed committed, the punishment for the first offence is a gentle reprimand. A second conviction subjects the delinquent to a good scolding, and a third renders him liable to bodily chastisement, which consists in a slight caning, administered with a small bamboo cane. Incorrigible offenders, however, are sometimes punished with flagellation nearly as severe as that inflicted at Eton or Harrow. In addition, the malefactor is confined for some hours, or has an imposition set him in *Confucius*, being kept in, and obliged to learn and repeat a certain number of lines of that author before he can be let out. But even these punishments are very rare in China, for the simple reason that the laws are very rarely broken. Robbery, swindling, and depredations on property in general, are nearly as uncommon as crimes of violence; which last are scarcely ever heard of. The earliest lesson inculcated on the mind of children is, exactly as in the Manchester school, the necessity of strict veracity; and the truthfulness of the Chinese can perhaps only be matched by that of their Parliamentary advocates. Hence the word of a Chinaman is quite as good as his bond; and the sincerity of the Chinese is as remarkable in their acts as in their words; for they are most particular as to the justness of their weights and measures, and the purity and freedom from adulteration of all their articles of commerce; so that impurities in tea, as it leaves their hands, are as seldom to be found as shoddy and devil's dust in certain British manufactures. Fraudulent practices in trade are visited with the punishment of the collar, which is simply a stiff leather stock that holds the head upright, and, being worn for some hours, serves to admonish the guilty party, by analogy, of the duty of rectitude. The horror of the Chinese for bloodshed is such that most of them faint at the sight of anybody's nose bleeding; hence they labour under a peculiar disadvantage in warfare, their soldiers being disabled by beholding the effect of their own arms on the enemy. This feeling, in connection with a singularly sensitive benevolence, is strikingly evinced in the method of their capital executions, of which spectacles an instance occurs about once in a hundred years. The science, too, whereof they were in possession long before Europe had acquired any idea of chemistry, is humanely applied in mitigation of death-punishment. The criminal is privately—to avoid brutalising the populace by a revolting exhibition—suffocated with the fumes of charcoal or carbonic acid, having been previously deprived of sensation by means of chloroform.

## GOG AND MAGOG TO PAM.

"DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,

"You are about to break up your establishment in Westminster for a time; *do* come into the City. Depend upon it, we will give you a hearty welcome here, and a triumphant return to your old house at home. Don't use any delicacy towards little LORD JOHN, because, as he has so lately shown, he is above any such sort of nonsense as regards yourself. You fought his battle when he couldn't fight it himself at Vienna; and now he joins COBDEN and DIZZY, and throws a tea-pot at your chivalrous head. Well, strange accidents do happen. Who knows but, unawares, he may yet sit upon the pieces.

"But again we say, come to the City. Any way, we will not again have LORD JOHN. To return him would be to endorse his opposition to the valiant Minister who took the forlorn hope of the war, and muzzled the Bear. Come, dear PAM, to Guildhall. MAGOG and myself will give you plumpers. Come, come! We say we will return you for the City; crown you with Chinese roses, and chair you in a tea-chest.

"Faithfully yours, dear LORD PALMERSTON,

"GOG AND MAGOG.

"P.S. We propose to give you, as a testimonial, a very handsome tea-service, with, in commemoration of the number that voted against you, no less than two hundred and sixty-three spoons."

## LINES TO THE COALITION.

LORD DERBY, I rather would hold your position,
Than any one else's in your Coalition,
Because, as a Peer, you 've a safe situation;
You 've nothing to fear beyond mere execration.

Far worse are your Commons accomplices' cases,
I shouldn't at all like to be in their places;
For out of those places, no more to be trusted,
They 're like to be turned by a nation disgusted.

Betrayers of old England's honour and glory,
Will they be supported by any true Tory?
Regarded with COBDEN and you in conjunction,
They 'll have to resign their political function.

The yeomen of Bucks will no longer stand DIZZY.
They 'll send him his brain with romances to busy;
Unless such poor hawbucks of Bucks are those yeomen,
That they 'll choose a member who backs Britain's foemen.

Will merry Carlisle, do you think, rest contented,
By PEEL's dirty boy to be still represented?
More dirty than ever now, since his last traction
Through foullest of mud by the Manchester faction.

For GLADSTONE at Oxford there's some chance of keeping;
Because, into office in case of his creeping,
Tractarian prospects he 'll render much brighter,
And give, if he can, DR. PUSEY a mitre.

With poor LORD JOHN RUSSELL 'twill go hard in London,
Where his reputation is thoroughly undone;
And if disappointment he meet in the City,
GREYS only, and ELLIOTTS, his downfall will pity.

And, COBDEN, if you dare contest the West Riding,
Oh won't you just get, as the boys say, a hiding!
Unless that same Riding, whose saddle you sit in,
Indeed, is a province of Russia, not Britain.

Confederate crew, your appeal to the nation,
Your failures and blunders your recommendation,
Will teach you that England of honour so jealous,
Loves not coalitions composed of such fellows.

## IMPORTANT!—WE STOP THE PRESS.

As no doubt the subjoined *Errata*—which we hasten to copy from the *Morning Herald*—very deeply affect the peace of many distinguished Hebrew families, we give the correction the benefit of our circulation, not forgetting, by the way, our best wishes to the bride and bridegroom of the House of ROTHSCHILD:—

"ERRATA.—In the notice of the marriage festivities at Gunnersbury, in our impression of yesterday, in the description of the head-dress of the bridesmaids, it should have been stated that it was '*lilies of the valley*,' instead of '*orange blossoms*,' that composed part of the wreath; and that it was light blue '*velvet*,' instead of '*violet*,' by which the wreath was confined. It should have been Baron '*Lionel*,' instead of '*James*,' as the second supporter of the bridegroom on the occasion."

We have no doubt that the bridesmaids will forgive the anticipations of the careless reporter, who ought to have known that bridesmaids are always lilies, as brides are inevitably oranges. That the wreath was confined of velvet, instead of violet must allay a great cause of consternation in the fashionable world. As for BARON LIONEL, it is said, that having read himself reported as "JEAMES," he took to his bed, and fairly dreamt himself into plush. To leave, however, these little mistakes, we cannot but acknowledge, with suitable awe, the bridal glories of Gunnersbury. Had QUEEN SHEBA married SOLOMONS, the pomp and magnificence could not have outblazoned the nuptials of Wednesday. For our part, we take it as a great mark of humility on the part of the ROTHSCHILDS, that they condescend to lend money to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, when it is plain enough, if they so elected, they might buy his throne with no more ado than LAZARUS, of Brokers' Row, bids for a sofa or puts in for an easy chair. By the way, the *Herald* has forgotten to correct among other *errata* the rumour that LORD DERBY was of the party. For LORD DERBY, read LORD RUSSELL.

### Divided Allegiance.

THE influence exercised by the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH on the fashions of Englishwomen generally, says very little for their loyalty towards their own quiet-dressing, domestic little QUEEN. For though very probably QUEEN VICTORIA reigns in their hearts, it is but too plain that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE may do whatever she pleases with their heads.

## OUT FOR THE DAY.

*Dizzy (to Cobden).* "HE 'D BETTER LOOK AFTER HIS "*RIDING*" A LITTLE—HE HAS A VERY UNCERTAIN *SEAT!*"

## AN INVITATION.

*By Mr. Punch's Poet Laureate—not to be confounded with the author of "Come into the garden, Maud."*

COME unto the country, PAM,
Now their triple shaft has flown—
Come unto the country, PAM;
You 're the man, and you alone—
So honest men think at home and abroad,
And the Coalition's blown!

For a breeze in Yorkshire moves,
And the West-Riding dander is high,
Beginning to look for a Member she loves,
And on whom she can rely.
Beginning to look for a man that she loves,
To look for a man, and a cry.

Four nights have the Commons heard,
Like flute, violin, bassoon,
COBDEN, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE, savagely gird
At BOWRING, all in a tune,
In the hope that JOHN BULL's bile might be stirred,
For the Brother of Sun and Moon.

I said to the Tory "As things have gone,
I can't see you've the right to be gay,
If your mountebank leader be left alone,
Betwixt two stools—as they say.
When half to the GLADSTONE account are gone,
And half on the COBDEN lay,
Built on the sand, and not on the stone,
Your hopes will crumble away."

I said unto those, who upon the rows
Below the gangway pine—
"Oh, young place-hunter, what sighs are those
For that which will never be thine?"
"But mine—but mine!"—so each may suppose—
DIZZY, COBDEN, and GLADSTONE—"mine!"

But the country is scarcely prepared to take
A Manchester ministrie,
Nor is GLADSTONE likely his way to make
To the Bench of the Treasurie.
And DIZZY may quake outright for your sake,
Knowing the thing that 's to be,
That counties and boroughs are all awake
To strengthen not him, but thee.

The Coalition its banner unfurls.
Come hither: the talking is done.
Not by gloss of DIZZY and GLADSTONE's pearls
Of speech will the battle be won.
Come out, old rough-rider, defying purls,
And astonish them every one!

In the yellow leaf and sere,
Droop the passion-flowers of debate—
It is coming, the day of fear:
It is coming, the day of fate!
The Counties cry, "It is near, it is near,"
The Boroughs growl "it is late,"
The City listens—"I hear, I hear,"
And the West Riding whispers "I wait."

It is coming, and many a seat
Is aquake with anxious dread!
Old PAM they intended to beat,
But he 'll lick them instead.
Old PAM they intended to beat;
But England indignant will tread
COBDEN, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE under her feet,
And set PAM at the Ministry's head!

# AN INVITATION.

MR. BULL. "HAH! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UP TOO LATE O' NIGHT WITH THOSE COBDEN FELLOWS, BUT YOU COME TO THE COUNTRY FOR A FEW DAYS, AND WE'LL SOON PUT YOU ON YOUR LEGS AGAIN."

## PHYSIC AND ITS FACES.

AMONG the novelties of literature we see a pamphlet advertised called *Physic and its Phases*. Now although it may appear presumption to pronounce a judgment on a book from only looking at the title, still we question much in this case if the author, had he taken our advice beforehand, would not have entirely changed his mode of treatment of the subject. Instead of *Physic and its Phases*, we should have suggested for a title page *Physic and its Faces*, and should have recommended him to comment on the facial distortions with which the swallowing of medicine is usually attended. Only conceive what a field of observation would have thus been opened to him! and how, after dealing with the subject generally, he might have well descended to particularities, and have feelingly descanted on the different sorts of faces which the different sorts of physic are accustomed to induce. For our own part we are conscious that our countenance is never so distorted from its natural "line of beauty," as when we are engaged in drinking a black draught; and for that reason we have long thought it a duty to perform that act in solitude, for fear our hideousness might terrify our wife and family. Indeed, as we are rather a believer in Lavaterism, and have some degree of faith in physiognomy, we think that doctors might learn something from the faces which their patients make when swallowing their medicines, and which might not improbably be proved to indicate in some degree their nervous temperament.

Some judgment might perhaps be formed of the comparative effect of drugs upon a given person, from inspection of his looks when in the act of tasting them: and tables of most interesting statistics might be furnished of the various wry faces which have been ascertained to be producible by physic. Indeed, by the assistance of photography, these facial distortions might be accurately copied, and appended in the way of plates or illustrations to the work: and a complete series of patients' pictures might be thus arranged, comprising all the ill looks that are usual, from those which are produced by bolting a blue pill, to those which may be consequent on gulping down "two tablespoonsful" of a rhubarb draught, or still more nauseous assafœtida cum aloes mixture.

As we always are in readiness to make any sacrifice in the cause of science, we should not object ourselves to have our own ill features photographed, as we are convinced that they would never be identified by those accustomed only to our natural good looks. And perhaps the contemplation of our frightful faces might lead us by degrees to take physic without making them, which we at present find to be a physical impossibility: for, childish though it seem to stronger minded people, we yet confess we can no more avoid it than, with all our philosophy, we can help squealing out, whenever we are forced to screw our courage to the kicking place, and have that "aching void", a hollow tooth extracted.

### The Chinese Giant.

IT is now quite clear that the author of *Jack the Giant Killer* was either the prophet MERLIN, or some other one of the ancient British brotherhood of seers. The couplet put into the mouth of BLUNDERBORE:

> "Fee—fa—fi—Foh—Fum!
> I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

has evidently a prophetic reference to COMMISSIONER YEH as a murderous miscreant, a disciple of *Foh*, and an adept in the mystery of *Fum*.

### A PROPHECY.

IS LORD PALMERSTON wrong in supporting his subordinates at Canton?

COBDEN says "YEH." The Country will say "Nay."

"TURNER'S COLLECTION."—The division on the China debate might be characterised as "Turner's collection," considering the number of gentlemen who turned their coats on that occasion.

## THE CHINESE DONKEY.

ABBÉ HUC, in the excellent work that chronicles his experiences in China, introduces a donkey that, in the present state of political affairs, affords an instructive moral. Oddly as it may sound, the Coalition and the donkey, philosophically considered, have a relation with each other.

Well, the adventurous Abbé narrates that, journeying with other missionary companions in the interior of China, there was—it will happen in the very best society—a monstrous donkey in the company. Notwithstanding the downward influence of philosophers before the time of MR. COBDEN'S favourite ARISTOTLE, China, it seems, is rather famous for its monstrous donkeys.

The travellers sought what shelter they could every night, and every night addressed themselves to sleep. But sleep was not permitted to descend upon them. The donkey would not allow the travellers the luxury of half-an-hour's repose. All the live-long night did this monster bray and bray, revealing to his hearers—as will happen with certain speakers—what a remarkably great ass he was. The poor Abbé and his brother missionaries never closed their eye-lids. Still the jackass awoke the echoes, and still their very brains were jagged by

> "The long, dry see-saw of his horrible bray."

Christian flesh and blood of the very meekest could not endure the torment, and at length the Abbé commanded one of the Chinese, who travelled with the pilgrims to enforce the donkey to silence. Any way, and at any cost, that jackass must be dumfounded. The Chinaman, in his manner, promised after his fashion, to bind the donkey over to keep the peace; and—delicious was the surprise, abounding the comfort—the Abbé and his companions slept soundly as babes.

In the morning, the Abbé, with a glow of gratitude in his breast, demanded of the Chinaman the means by which he had silenced the ass. By what power was the donkey dumfounded?

"Come here," said JOHN CHINAMAN, and he led the way to an adjoining shed, where stood the ass. But how stood he? The very type of beaten pride—of enforced humility. His long ears hung loppingly down; his eyes were filmed, and his nose drawn to a point. And more, and worse. Tied by a cord to the donkey's tail was a heavy stone; which, do what he might, by no manner of muscular effort could he lift from the ground. The Abbé gazed a little tenderly at the humiliated jackass, but still awaited an explanation of the cause of the ass's nocturnal silence. How was it?

"Look here," said the Chinaman, and he pointed to the heavy stone tethered to the brute's tail, and lying on the ground. "Look here; when donkey can no lift him tale, donkey can *no bray*."

Now, we confidently ask it, even of DERBY, DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, AND CO.; if, in this Chinese matter, the Coalition had been tethered to the responsibility of place,—would it, *could* it, have lifted its tail and brayed, and brayed, and brayed as it has done?

## THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

*(By the Hermit of the Haymarket.)*

YOU wear out your old clothes.
You are not troubled with many visitors.
You are exonerated from making calls.
Crossing sweepers do not molest you.
Bores do not bore you.
Sponges do not haunt your table.
Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.
Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window.
You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.
You are not persecuted to stand godfather.
No one thinks of presenting you with a Testimonial.
No tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, Sir?"
Begging letter-writers leave you alone.
Impostors know it is useless to bleed you.
You practise temperance.
You swallow infinitely less poison than others.
Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear.
You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache.
And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it!

### Dangerous!

OUR gallantry forbids our calling ladies by hard names, but without meaning in the slightest to impugn the orthodoxy of their sentiments, we must say, that so long as they allow themselves such latitude in the article of Crinoline, they run an imminent risk of being spoken of as latitudinarians.

*Elderly Gentleman thinks that Garotting's come to a pretty pass when it's openly practised in broad daylight. Where* are *the Police?*

## THE CRY OF THE CHINESE PARTY.

ACCORDING to the member for Rome, Russia, China, the Cannibal Islands, and the West Riding, LORD PALMERSTON is to go to the country with the cry of "War with China and No Reform!" But by the time of the approaching election YEH's business will perhaps have been settled, and we shall be at peace with China: and since the Hon. Member predicts that we shall not, we have every reason, judging from experience of his prophecies, to hope that we shall. The cry of No Reform had better be kept by MR. COBDEN to himself and his party, including LORD DERBY's and MR. GLADSTONE's. A Joint Stock Banks Bill was wanted immediately; a Matrimonial Causes Act was in progress; but MR. COBDEN's Chinese motion will have had the effect of postponing, and perhaps preventing, these and other reforms. Let the Cobdenites and Derbyites and Peelites, then, cry "No Reform!" for which the electors will understand that they are indebted to them; and if peace with China is not concluded, they will also have to cry "War with China!" unless they prefer the cry of "Submission to China!"—and much good may that do them.

### Corporation Reform.

THERE is a demand for a Bill providing uniformity in weights and measures. If that object could be accomplished it would be very satisfactory to many a stout middle-aged gentleman.

A TIRESOME DEBATE.—The Chinese controversy has been altogether a Bo(w)ring discussion.

## BY NO MEANS A BRITON.

MR. COBDEN avows that *Civis Romanus sum* is by no means a conciliating motto for a trader in a foreign land to place over his counting-house. MR. COBDEN is, doubtless, quite right. Money is your true cosmopolitan; and the breeches-pocket bolts patriotism and all such palaver. When you are in Japan, let yourself, all in the way of trade, be lacquered like a tea-board. The Dutch were a wise people; and to show their religion in thrift, and their inconvertible faith in money, trod upon the emblem of the Cross, that they might be allowed to make their penn'orth in the spice-market. Should MR. COBDEN be returned for any place—and there are floating doubts upon the matter—it is said that he proposes to bring in a Bill to denaturalise himself as a British-born subject. He is quite right, for with his commercial mind, he is a Citizen Bagman of the World. He is above all British prejudices, and believes in nothing national save the National Debt. He has long since thought the battle of Trafalgar a myth, and Waterloo nothing more than an organised hypocrisy. BRITANNIA, instead of ruling the waves, ought to work at the washing-tub, whilst the intrinsic worth of her trident is outvalued by any Birmingham toasting-fork. We repeat it, MR. COBDEN spurns at the narrowness of mere country; an oyster may be a native, but not MR. COBDEN. His inward anatomy has been so formed and moulded by the working vigour of his opinions that, whereas the human heart is of an oblong shape, the heart of the cosmopolitan COBDEN is said to have become a complete sphere. In shape and outward marking like one of MR. WYLD's four-inch globes; a globe, when necessary to be put in your pocket, and nobody the wiser for its whereabout.

### A Chinese Puzzle.

MR. COBDEN and MR. R. PHILLIMORE complain of our Plenipotentiary for not proceeding with COMMISSIONER YEH according to the recognised rules of international diplomacy. We should like to know under what heads in VATTEL, GROTIUS, or PUFFENDORF we are to look for the scale of prices to be put on the heads of our enemies, and what WHEATON has to say on the poisoning of flour?

ENGLISH HEADS AT A CHINESE PRICE.—YEH offers £5 for the head of an Englishman. Had he listened to some of his supporters in Parliament, he would surely have reduced the market price of the article.

## UN-ENGLISH HISTORY.

FERRY SIR CHARLES NAPIER has been adding to his Russian reputation by supplying the "materials" for the *History of the Baltic Campaign of* 1854, which, although we do not generally review works of fiction, temptsus to enrich our columns with some extracts. To the lovers of the marvellous nearly every one of the six hundred pages of the work will prove abounding in attraction, although having but so lately buried the hatchet, we can hardly think SIR CHARLES is justified in so soon throwing it. As a proof of his proficiency in verbal archery, we find among his shots with the long bow a statement that in Russia

"A whole nation is placed in a degree of comfort quite equal to our own,"

—a fact which other travellers have not as yet revealed to us, and which almost makes us wonder that SIR CHARLES hasn't long since turned his back upon ungrateful England, and become a resident in Russia Felix. That he would be appreciated there he does not leave one room to doubt, for he expressly introduces a "distinguished Russian officer," whom he quotes in all the glory of italics as remarking that "*the Admiral's fame with us stands higher than ever.*" SIR CHARLES having, with KING CLICQUOT, been among the non-combatants, has of course a claim for κυδος from the Russians; and perhaps the reason why his fame should rank more highly with them now than ever is that, although the war is ended, he has not yet ceased in his attacks upon his country, and is still attempting the destruction of our national prestige. Having stormed at the Admiralty instead of storming Sweaborg, and done his best to lower the standard of our Navy after not pulling down the flag hoisted at Cronstadt, SIR CHARLES NAPIER's history, to have commanded any sale, should by rights have been written in the Russian language, for we are convinced that few Englishmen will read it.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

DEAR—no, I shan't,

"I NEVER knew such a cross old unkind good-for-nothing old thing as you are in all my life. I was beginning to be quite friendly with you, and to write to you with confidence, and then you suddenly turn snappish and sulky, and put such a note as that to my letter as you did last time. I know very well what it was about. I made a little mistake, and mixed up the LORD CHANCELLOR LEWIS with LORD CRANWORTH, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why could not you have set me right, and what is the use of printers and all those sort of people[1] if they cannot correct little inadvertencies like that? And then for you to put a cross note, and threaten to end our correspondence, I thought you were so old as to be past silly petulance.[2]

"I have a very good mind not to write to you any more, and I will not, either, unless you behave better to me. I suppose the changeable weather has put you out of sorts, and at your time of life[2] it *is* trying, but you should not let it make you rude to people. Now, I have forgiven you this time, and you shall be my dear old *Mr. Punch* again.

"Do you know DR. FARADAY?[3] I suppose so, as you know all the clever people in the world. Isn't he a dear? We went, that is LIZZY HAMERTON and her brother CHARLES, and AUGUSTUS and me,[4] to the Royal Institution the other night, and DR. FARADAY gave a lecture. PRINCE ALBERT was there with his star on, looking so grave and elegant; and by the way, I do wish that you would not have ridiculous pictures made of him, for he is excessively good-looking still, and I dare say much handsomer than any of you folks that caricature him.[5] He listened with the utmost steadiness, and I do not believe he moved half a quarter of an inch all the time. They set him in a great chair, you know, exactly in front of the lecturer. We had pretty good seats, considering that AUGUSTUS kept us waiting a quarter of an hour while he smoked his cigar (CHARLES HAMERTON don't smoke), but it is extremely absurd to see rows of old gentlemen, mostly with bald heads, in the front of the audience, and of course in the best places, while ladies are poked up in back rows.[6] When AUGUSTUS came from school, he used to say something in Latin—ingenious diddy something—meaning that studying the arts and sciences hindered men from being Bears![7] I am sure it does not in Albemarle Street, or a couple of the old creatures would have given up their places to me and LIZZY.

"But the lecture was lovely. It was quite a treat to look at dear DR. FARADAY'S earnest face and silvery hair, not that he is an old man, far from it, and he is far more light and active than many a smoky stupid all-round collar-man that I know, and I believe that it is the cigar-smoke that makes you all so sluggish, and the doctors are quite right. CHARLES HAMERTON says that tobacco drives almost everybody mad, besides bringing on asthma, and blindness, and paralysis, and corns. I hope you don't smoke, my dear *Mr. Punch*, it would make me very miserable if I thought you did.[8] But I was going to tell you about the lecture. Do you know what Gravitation is? Of course you will say you do. Well, it is all wrong, and so poor children are not to be bothered by Governesses with that rubbish any more. It is all—let me have the words right—it is all Conservation of Forces. This seemed quite clear to me at the time, especially with the beautiful experiments which he does so carefully and yet so easily. I am not certain that I can explain it quite so well now, but if you hit a piece of lead very hard, it sets fire to phosphorus; and if you stick up two pieces of iron, and sprinkle nails over them, they make a perfect rustic bridge. That is, you know, you must put them near an electrifying machine, and when you take away the wires, down comes the bridge, or the Tour de *Nesle*, as CHARLES HAMERTON cleverly said. Then if you take a long platinum wire, and electrify it, it becomes red hot in a single second, and you can make amethyst sparks fly out of it. This proves the Conservation of Forces, and it only shows what idiots men are to go on repeating gravitation, gravitation, like cuckoos, just because SIR ISAAC NEWTON saw an apple fall out of a tree (and I dare say he eat it, like a pig, as all men are) and now comes a really clever philosopher, and explains it all away.[9] I could not tell you of half the experiments dear DR. FARADAY did, but there was one, when he rubbed a bit of sealing-wax in some flannel, and made some gold leaves dance in a jar, which proved quite clearly to me that there must be some force to do it, somewhere, because they never danced of themselves. It was a most beautiful lecture, and if anything could excel it, it was the kindness of DR. FARADAY afterwards, when ladies came and asked him questions, and he did not look supercilious, or what is worse, look condescending, but he entered with evident pleasure into explanations, and did several little experiments for us,[10] electrifying some things like large metal buttons, and turning wet white paper brown with them; and if we did not understand it, it was our own faults, not his, or rather it was the fault of the system of education you men give us, which makes us either quote like parrots, or stare like owls, when philosophy comes up.[11]

"Another thing struck me, and I must say it. Here was DR. FARADAY, a really great man, diving into the wonderful secrets of nature, and explaining them in the ablest manner. Where were all the great men and the statesmen, and the M.P.'s, and all those who pretend to lead the world? Listening to him, as he unfolded these mighty things? Not they. That very night it seems, there was a fierce squabble going on in Parliament, nominally about the savages in China, but really to settle whether one set of H.'s (you know) or the other should have situations of Government, and take our money.[12] And such is the nature of men that for one person in London who was thinking that night about DR. FARADAY and his splendid discoveries, a hundred were arguing and betting whether Ministers would be beaten or not. As CHARLEY HAMERTON[13] (he told me this) said, very wittily, "I wonder whether LORD PALMERSTON will be as successful in his Conservation of his Forces." Dear LORD PALMERSTON, I consider the way he is persecuted as perfectly WICKED, and you may print that I say so.[14]

"Yours, affectionately,

"*Monday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] We despair of amending your discursive style, or of inspiring you with proper sentiments of respect, but we will not have such grammar as this. Those sort, you charity girl!

[2] These allusions are most offensive. A gentleman's age is not measured by his years, but by his appearance and capabilities, and it would be a very good thing if this fact were universally recognised. We have thought so for some time past.

[3] We have the honour and happiness of knowing DR. FARADAY, and should certainly not allow a silly little girl to take any liberties with his name or his teaching, did we not know that DR. FARADAY, like ourself, always looks at everything from the right—that is, the kindly point of view.

[4] Me is undoubtedly a prettier and more euphonious pronoun than I, and we wink at its being occasionally used incorrectly, but under protest, as now.

[5] One of the greatest mistakes you ever made in all your life. Call on MR. MAYALL, and own it.

[6] The only excuse for these gentlemen is, that the place is their own, and established for their own specific purposes.

[7] "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*," etc., we presume. Why not have asked him to write you out the quotation? Could you not take that slight trouble.

[8] Dear sympathising child—but *don't* we?

[9] We shall not offer one single comment upon this resumé of the lecture, beyond saying, that you evidently did not lay hold of one single link in DR. FARADAY'S argument.

[10] All this, we are certain, is true, and your instincts are better than your information.

[11] Not bad.

[12] All nonsense.

[13] We beg to remark, with a view to future observations, if needful, that this young gentleman's name has been mentioned no fewer than five times in this letter.

[14] We do, as it may be a comfort to his Lordship just now.

### Keep for Common People.

MR. JONES, the Chartist, proposes to abolish pauperism by dividing the 30,000,000 acres of land now lying waste in this country among the unemployed poor, in order that they may cultivate, without capital, land of which the cultivation will not, at present, pay capitalists. This gentleman may call himself ERNEST, but we should say that MR. JONES is joking. He cannot seriously suppose his own species capable of grazing on commons, or munching furze and thistles.

### AN IRRESISTIBLE CONCLUSION.

JUDGING by LORD DERBY'S angry contradiction of the authoritative report in DISRAELI'S organ, of the Opposition meeting held lately at his Lordship's house, his Lordship is a decided enemy to the Freedom of the *Press*.

VOCAL QUARTETT ENDS (LAMELY).

Juvenile 1st Treble (in great wrath). "*Out of Tune? and no wonder at it. I'll defy you to sing in tune with the Guv'nor snoring away on that confounded E♭ of his all the time.*"

## POISONED TEA.

BRITISH public, look to your tea-pots! Great would be our remorse to give needless alarm to the meanest individual, if, in his own opinion, there exists such a person. Nevertheless, we iterate our warning, and cry to the British world, look to your tea-pots! The Chinese, with their almond eyes, are a far-seeing people. By many centuries, according to MR. COBDEN, they anticipated ARISTOTLE; and had nameless BACONS, plentiful as Chinese hogs, ages before the time of the *Novum Organon*. Long before his time, they had driven herds and herds of philosophic pigs to market, weaning rising generations upon the succulent fatness of moral rashers. Well, these gifted Chinese foresaw the coming atrocities to be inflicted upon them by the barbarian English, and were predetermined. With the inborn power of looking into the very centre of a mill-stone, they had had a prospective view of the core of SIR JOHN BOWRING'S heart, and steadfastly resolved upon retribution. To this end, some time ago—we reserve to ourselves the privilege of withholding the precise date—the Chinese poisoned a few thousand chests of tea shipped for the English market. At this very hour, we believe that that deadly tea is mortally operating. LORD DERBY'S profound, philosophic people, who knead death in bread, and craftily qualify the public springs with poison, are, as we verily believe, triumphing at this hour in very many houses, besides the House of Commons. We are quite open to correction if we are in error; but we are rather confident that the subjoined alarming intelligence may be relied upon.

At breakfast, following the division on MR. COBDEN'S motion, MR. W. J. FOX felt very curious qualms upon swallowing his first cup of tea.

LORD GODERICH, revolving the result of the motion, thought the tea tasted very oddly. The question darted through the liberal brain—Had he been hocussed?

MR. ROEBUCK, before he had swallowed a mouthful of the cup that was wont to cheer, detected as he believed, a flavour of sugar of lead. He felt a strange sensation, but at the time could not determine whether caused by remorse or the colic.

MR. LAYARD found his morning Pekoe very bitter in the mouth. As a traveller, he had always much delighted in tea. But—perhaps it was the thought of what they would say at Aylesbury—the tea of the fourth inst. went shockingly against his stomach.

LORD J. RUSSELL'S tea was by no means to his liking. He nevertheless believed it would do him good; and purely out of respect to a much-loved constitution, gulped it.

MR. TITE'S tea, although as weak as water, and milked with ass's milk, appeared to him, even as a liberal architect, to be a tea of the strangest composition.

MR. COBDEN paused a moment, upon swallowing half a cupfull. However, remembering the Chinese precursor of ARISTOTLE, the Hon. Member for the West Riding, confidently stirred his Bohea, and calmly took it down, calmly as SOCRATES swallowed his poison.

MR. W. WILLIAMS, the liberal Member for Lambeth, gulped his tea scalding hot; having but little sense of palate, and no bowels.

These are a few of the cases. We could add to the number. But at this alarming time, it is our duty again solemnly to repeat to the British people—Look to your tea-pots!

### In Re Parte Disraeli, Ex Parte Gladstone and others.

DISRAELI whines over the death of Party. However, he can congratulate himself upon one party being still in existence. For, since RUSSELL, ROEBUCK, and GLADSTONE have joined him on the China question, he may indeed be proud of being at the head of a SMALL TEA PARTY!

THE COALITION FLAG.

WE understand that a splendid banner is being worked at Manchester, by order of the Peace Society, that MR. COBDEN and his party may go to the country under it. Its material is superior calico, printed with the device of a willow pattern and the motto of "Cant On."

NICKNAME FOR GLADSTONE'S COALITION.—"The Oxford Sausage."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, March 14, 1857.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

9TH. *Monday.* THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY got the Government to promise that SIR RICHARD BETHELL and MR. STUART WORTLEY should say whether our India merchants are right in smuggling opium into China; but it was upon the distinct understanding that whatever the A.G. and S.G. might reply, Government are not committed to undertake to do anything. JOHN CHINAMAN, precious little innocent pet as he is in the eyes of the BISHOP OF OXFORD (who dandles him affectionately, as portrayed in the adjacent cartoon), is becoming a terrible nuisance to everybody else, including the China-Coalition.

In the Commons, MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, the Speaker, stated that he had really had enough of them, and meant to retire at the end of the Session. Next night LORD PALMERSTON, MR. DISRAELI, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, delivered orations in his honour, and the House addressed the QUEEN, asking Her HER MAJESTY assented, to give him a peerage, to which the Commons promised to add a pension. and on Friday the complimentary intention of the House was carried out. MR. LEFEVRE IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF ANY HOUSE OF COMMONS WITHIN MR. PUNCH'S RECOLLECTION, WITH WHOM THAT GENTLEMAN HAS NEVER FOUND A SINGLE FAULT. Without undervaluing a peerage or a pension of £4,000 a-year, *Mr. Punch* feels that in placing the above fact upon record, in small capitals, he has done far more than even his Sovereign or Parliament, towards rewarding his Lordship for eighteen years of valuable service.

On the second reading of the bill for reducing the Income-Tax, MR. DISRAELI had a few flings at the PREMIER, and sneered at "turbulent and aggressive diplomacy;" and LORD PALMERSTON, in return, recapitulated a few of his own merits, and scoffed at the phrase manufactured by DIZZY for an election cry. MR. GLADSTONE cavilled at everything that Government had done, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL also grumbled a good deal, but in a more practical tone. He also strongly protested against the American proposition touching England's surrender of her maritime rights, and *Mr. Punch*, for auld lang syne, is glad to set down any commendable word or deed on the part of an old friend who is his own worst enemy. SIR CHARLES WOOD then asked for and received 53,700 men for the navy, to be at his service till the 3rd of July. A million and a half of money, or so, was, of course, handed to him for expenses.

*Tuesday.* The Lords did nothing, beyond agreeing to a new plan for taking their divisions without turning out strangers—assimilating their system to that in the Commons, *sauf* the important exception of the Proxy.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER promised—everybody knows what—for the next session. The hunting season is nearly over, but if that daring and good-natured fox-hunter, the Horsetaming NEWDEGATE, in return for many kindnesses from *Mr. Punch*, would oblige him by trying to ride over his intolerable colleague in the course of the next fortnight, Nimrod N. shall have a session's immunity for his ultra-Protestantism. Is it a bargain?

WILLIAM WILLIAMS and APSLEY PELLATT, being the only two Metropolitan Members who voted for dishonouring the national flag, and maltreating the country's servants, thought it necessary to try a bit of clap-trap for their Lambeth and Southwark constituents, so brought in a motion which they knew could not be carried, for abolishing the Income-Tax on incomes under £150. Only five other humbugs voted with them, and though constituencies that return such persons are shown, *ipso facto*, to be very foolish, such a transparent trick as this can hardly be serviceable. An abstract proposition of MR. GLADSTONE'S, about revision of taxation, was advanced by him for the sake of talking, and negatived when there had been talking enough, or a trifle later.

*Wednesday.* The Imaum of Muscat has ceded to England the Kooria Mooria islands, wherein is much guano. It may not be generally known that this oriental Party claims sovereignty over immense territory, and lots of islands, Asiatic and African; has a large naval force, and seems to be a very just and liberal despot. We do not believe that anybody in the House of Commons, (except, perhaps, some young lady in the gallery,) when SIR JAMES DUKE asked for some correspondence on the subject, could have given, off-hand, the above information. Twenty-one millions were voted to meet Exchequer bills for this year, and three millions for civil services (including education, some members patriotically objecting to pay for this) and revenue expenses—not a bad half-hour's work.

*Thursday.* LORD DERBY threatened the Peers with a speech on the subject of the coming Dissolution, with which he is naturally as much dissatisfied as most men are with the distressing results of a blunder which they intended for a masterpiece of cleverness. He rammed a blunderbuss chock full of faction, and gave it to three mischievous fellows to fire off. They pulled the trigger, and the recoil has knocked them all backwards, and he will have a good deal to pay before he hears the last of the affair.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, under cover of some remarks in favour of our keeping scrupulous faith with the Chinese, gave some capital practical advice as to the best mode of making war upon them. LORD PANMURE promised to maintain the honour of the Flag, and said that Government were going to send out an officer to negociate for what was just and reasonable, and if he could not get that, he would fall on China with all his might, LORD PANMURE trusting in Providence for a successful result. The envoy is LORD ELGIN. The same day came the mail, with news that ADMIRAL SEYMOUR had given the Chinese a further hint that we were in earnest, by burning down the western suburbs of Canton.

The Commons did an excellent thing—their approaching end evidently impresses them with virtuous sentiments. MR. PALK, a Conservative country member, moved a resolution for the recognition, by the House, of the services of SIR JOHN M'NEILL and COLONEL TULLOCH, the Crimean Commissioners. He ably recapitulated their labours, and though the Government did not like a vote which deliberately recorded the conviction of the House that the Board at Chelsea was a sham, got up to scour the dirty reputations of persons with aristocratic connections, the proximity of the Hustings forbade fight for the Horse-Guards, and an address to the Crown (SIDNEY HERBERT supporting it), was voted, praying a signal acknowledgment of the merits of the Commissioners. The frightful profanity which this decision has caused at the military clubs, can only be estimated by those who have seen an ignorant, gallant, bullying, gouty old officer, in a purple rage.

FRED. PEEL then asked for and received 126,796 men for the army, to be at his service for four months. A couple of millions, or so, was of course handed to him for expenses.

*Friday.* LORD CAMPBELL seems determined to be a Real Blessing to the Press. He hoped that in next Session the grievances to which journalists are exposed by the law of libel would be redressed, and he specially adverted to the abominable costs which a newspaper incurs in defending itself against the attack of a worthless plaintiff and a greedy attorney, even when the brace of rascals are kicked out of court by a jury. The L. C. J. thought that some measure might be devised for making the costs in such a case fall upon the party who brought the action. This would certainly be an improvement, to which might be added

a clause for rendering the attorney liable, where the case was evidently bad, and for providing that if the attorney were one of the hungry-looking, grubby-nailed, seedy harpies who are usually at the bottom of such actions, and who had no means of paying for the mischief he perpetrated, he should be transferred from the Rolls to the Crank.

"If he have nae gold to fine,
He has shins to pine,"

as the humane Scotch NOYES hath it.

LORD CLARENDON stated the contents of the treaty with Persia. The SHAH gives up Herat, and, in case of any future squabble with Afghanistan, is to apply to England. We are to have Consuls where we please, and our insulted and polyglottical MURRAY is to be received back with glory, but we are not to "protect" any native not in the actual service of the embassy. Of course we withdraw our army. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had entirely approved the war, which he regarded as waged with Russia, and looked at the peace as a sort of victory over her.

Government is trying to save Smithfield from the civic Vandals, and to keep it for some public purpose, but the corporation is eager to grab a rental, and resists. FRED. PEEL said that a commission was to be issued for inquiry into the subject of Army Medical Reform, on which MR. STAFFORD professed a conviction, shared by *Mr. Punch*, that the authorities will do as little as they possibly can. MISS NIGHTINGALE'S approbation of the condition of the hospital at Woolwich was mentioned to the House with natural satisfaction by the Hero of Kars.

The Mutiny Acts have been brought in, and to-night SIR G. LEWIS had but to ask for Thirteen Millions of money for Ways and Means to have it. A brief Saturday sitting helped on matters of form. We shall soon be off. The country must be looking pleasant; daffodils and celandine are flowering, the rooks are repairing their old nests, and the trout begin to rise.

In the course of the debate on the Navy Estimates it was stated, that "on board HER MAJESTY'S ships there were always a number of Novices." The idea struck *Mr. Punch* as so charming a one, that he could not refrain from making his pictorial record of it. A British Sailor's life must indeed be pleasant under such circumstances. How delightful to keep the watch with a party of Novices!

## NEXT PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

WE observe that, at the late *levée*, various persons were presented on their promotion in the Army or Navy, their return from foreign service, their accession to title, their marriage, their appointment to public situations, their investment with the Order of the Bath and the Legion of Honour, and on divers other accounts and occasions. We missed the name of JOHN MARKHAM, presented on his liberation from prison by a free pardon for an offence which he never committed. Such a presentation, by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, would be an appropriate amends—*plus* a sum of money—to a sufferer who had been injured by a "legal accident."

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—When we leave school our Education begins.

## CHINESE CHRONOLOGY.

(*'Cording to* COCKER *and* COBDEN.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Daily Paper issued at Pekin | 5035 | B.C. |
| Vaccination rigorously enforced | 4999 | ,, |
| Welsh rabbits a common article of food | 3895 | ,, |
| Chloroform first tried on a criminal. Grand surprise of the latter, on recovering his senses, to find that his head had been cut off | 2736 | ,, |
| The Globe drawn and quartered by a Chinese mappist | 2539 | ,, |
| Beefsteaks made of gutta-percha at the cheap eating-houses | 2112 | ,, |
| Perambulators and the Minié Rifle perfected | 2009 | ,, |
| Gunpowder invented. Canton grocers put it into their "lie-tea" to make it go off | 1847 | ,, |
| Quadrature of the Circle satisfactorily proved | 1658 | ,, |
| The Willow Pattern Plate starts on a tour round the world | 1657 | ,, |
| The "Pons Asinorum" first crossed | 1429 | ,, |
| Great Wall of China built. ME-KI sticks bills upon it, in defiance of the police injunctions, pasted up everywhere, BI-LLS-STI-CKE-RSB-EWA-RE | 1385 | ,, |
| Cheap Excursions with the First Balloon | 1372 | ,, |
| Trigonometrical survey of the Mountains of the Moon | 1366 | ,, |
| The Seeds of Anarchy sown in China by the Tartars | 1324 | ,, |
| First trial of Blacking made upon an Elephant | 1299 | ,, |
| The Circulation of the Blood and Penny Newspapers discovered | 1287 | ,, |
| Crinoline sweeps China in all its length and breadth | 1277 | ,, |
| The Isle of Dogs discovered, and used for hundreds of years as a canine preserve for the Emperor of China | 1265 | ,, |
| The first stone of Manchester laid by a Chinese conjuror | 1259 | ,, |
| Penny Post in full operation throughout China | 1248 | ,, |
| Infallible cure for hydrophobia discovered | 1225 | ,, |
| The Face of Nature photographed in all its features by Chinese artists | 1202 | ,, |
| The "Standard of Sherry" planted by the English on the walls of Hong-Kong | 379 | A.D. |
| First appearance of a China Orange in Lombard Street | 411 | ,, |
| Defeat of the PALMERSTON Ministry by YEH | 1857 | ,, |

The above are a few extracts from a *History of China*, to which MR. COBDEN intends devoting all his energies as soon as he loses his election. It will be seen that some of our greatest discoveries and inventions were known amongst the Chinese long before Europe had emerged from the swaddling-clothes of her first childhood. It would seem, also, so far removed are they in civilisation from us, that several of their discoveries have not had time yet to reach us! We look forward with the greatest interest to MR. COBDEN'S new work. In the meantime, as a proof how entirely he is giving his head to this beloved project, we may mention that a most promising pig-tail is beginning to sprout behind his back. It would not surprise us any day to hear that his head had been shaved!

## A PRETTY KIND OF CARPENTERS.

BY advices from Paris we learn that—

"THE EMPEROR, the day before yesterday, received a deputation of 30 carpenters from the Halles, headed by their master, who presented to His Majesty a basket of flowers, on the occasion of the completion of the works of the pavilion of the Central Halle."

It does not appear whether the flowers alluded to were natural or artificial, but, presented by carpenters, they may be reasonably supposed to have been of the latter kind, and specimens of carving in the substance in which those artificers work. Probably those flowers consisted, in part, of wood violets, wood anemones, and woodbine made out of real wood. But, if they were actual odoriferous flowers of spring, a question arises about the donors. The carpenters are stated to have been headed by their master. Is not this a mistake? In France there is a much greater scope afforded to female industry than there is here, and, considering the prettiness and delicacy of the present, should you not think that the correct statement would have been that the carpentresses were headed by their mistress?

### A Home Question Settled at Last.

THE birthplace of ST. MÉDARD, who is the French ST. SWITHIN, has long been a puzzle to French archæologists. However, the *bibliopile* JACOB says that there is every ground for supposing it was somewhere near Tours, for undoubtedly ST. MÉDARD'S Province in France was To-Rain (*Touraine*).

THE STAGES OF A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

COALITION hot;
Coalition cold;
Coalition gone to pot,
'Ere a month is told.

THE GENIUS OF TOM THUMB.—Did you ever see the like of BARNUM? Yes: you have seen a locomotive. It runs to and fro, puffing.

## A BLESSED PROSPECT.

THE NEWSPAPERS ominously declare that if the contemplated Bill for the Registration of Titles becomes law, two-thirds of the country solicitors who now live by "conveyancing"—

("'Convey' the wise it call!")

—may as well shut up shop at once. What an enormous recommendation of the Bill! Properly stated in Parliament, this fact alone ought to ensure its passing. Let a hustings' pledge be at once exacted of every candidate at the General Election, to vote for the Registration of Titles Bill, in consideration not more of its intrinsic merits than of this, its most desirable consequence.

## PLAYHOUSE PAROXYSMS.

THE retained critic of the *Morning Herald* had a most lovely essay on the production of the last miracle at the Princess's Theatre—*Richard II.* Among other encouraging intelligence, he assures a thoughtful public that the spectators (we were about to write audience) were "in a frenzy of delight." Is not this a case for the Commissioners of Lunacy? It is said that private boxes and stalls will henceforth be let with strait-waistcoats. There can be no doubt that the pageant is very fine, and the scenery beautiful, exceedingly. Since the meeting of the Chartists there has not been displayed such a gathering of an English mob. We have little doubt that, in memory of his own special constableship, LOUIS NAPOLEON will forward to the manager the Cross of the Legion of Honour. A knighthood has hitherto been spoken of as the final reward of MR. KEAN'S scenic and decorative spirit; but after *Richard II.* it is not reasonably supposed that he will escape with less than a baronetcy. Nay, in further consideration of the admirable manner in which a portion of MR. BATTY'S stud has been trained, it would not at all surprise us if the manager were also made perpetual Master of the Horse.

### Geography for Ever.

WE perceive that MR. JAMES WYLD, of Charing Cross, has issued an address to the electors of Bodmin. Should he be returned, there will be, in the next House of Commons, at least one Chartist.

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

(*With verbal Illustrations.*)

*City of London.*—Should LORD JOHN RUSSELL be snubbed by London, he will pop into the Bedford borough of Tavistock.

"A mouse, with but one hole at need,"
Is sure a foolish mouse indeed.

BARON ROTHSCHILD will, as usual, be supported for the Christian city.

"And why? I am a Jew!"

*Tiverton.*—Gracefully refusing a hundred places, PALMERSTON remains true to Tiverton.

"And 'master' of himself, though China fall."

*Oxford University.*—MR. GLADSTONE will, if necessary, split votes into any number of any tenuity.

"So fine, there's nought 'twixt him and nothing."

*Bucks.*—MR. DISRAELI will very confidently face his old constituents.

"An oiled and curled Assyrian bull."

*Southampton.*—The Bank-Governor, MR. WEGUELIN, has the very best reasons for assured success.

"I promise to pay——."

*Manchester.*—Though lost to sight, to memory dear. JOHN BRIGHT stands for Cottonopolis.

"Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood."

*Lambeth.*—MR. W. WILLIAMS is by no means sure of his seat: his Chinese vote is all against him.

"Some men cannot abide a gaping pig."

MR. ALDERMAN WIRE offers his legal knowledge to the borough.

"He was—could he help it—a special attorney."

*Tewkesbury.*—Positively MR. HUMPHREY BROWN will again go for re-election.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

*Bodmin.*—It is certain that MR. WYLD is about to prepare himself for the hustings.

"Put money in thy purse."

*Frome.*—MR. DONALD NICOL, of the cosmopolitan paletôt, again contests Frome.

"Not men, but measures."

*Sheffield.*—Altogether careless of the result, MR. ROEBUCK will just stand for Sheffield.

"This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

*Greenwich.*—LIEUT.-GEN. CODRINGTON again solicits the purity of the borough.

"You cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled."

*West Riding.*—MR. COBDEN gracefully and considerately retires.

"No man was ever written down but by himself."

*Southwark.*—SIR CHARLES NAPIER has determined again to face the constituency.

"Cease, rude Boreas."

*Finsbury.*—MR. SERJEANT PARRY graces the hustings, and hopefully addresses the electors.

"Then he will talk; ye Gods! how he will talk."

*Marylebone.*—SIR BENJAMIN HALL and LORD EBRINGTON are to remain undisturbed.

"Silence that dreadful BELL."

*Westminster.*—Churchwarden WESTERTON, of Knightsbridge threatens DE LACY and SIR T. V. SHELLEY.

"Night's candles are burnt out."

*Tamworth.*—SIR ROBERT PEEL, as a matter of course, will be sent back to the House of Commons.

"Babylon was built of *bricks*."

*West Surrey.*—MR. H. DRUMMOND is, doubtless, certain of re-election.

"I understand a fury in thy words, but not thy words."

*Carlisle.*—There is an unanimous feeling against SIR JAMES GRAHAM

"For any change must better our condition."

*North Warwickshire.*—The present members, SPOONER and NEWDEGATE, are said to be safe for re-election.

"Troubles never come single."

*Sunderland.*—It is said that MR. GEORGE HUDSON will absolutely stand again.

"And when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

*Midhurst.*—MR. SAMUEL WARREN has been cordially received, and will be duly returned.

"Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I—"
"To paint the Lily—"

*Birmingham.*—MR. MUNTZ is very confident, despite of China, of re-election.

"A rugged man, o'ergrown with hair."

*Maldon.*—MR. MECHI, not wishing to divide the liberal interest, has retired.

"A razor warranted not to *cut*."

### Nineveh at Aylesbury.

MR. LAYARD has met with no encouragement to stand again for Aylesbury. His vote on the Chinese question has proved that he made a much greater bull than he ever discovered. We drop a tear over the mischance.

## TOUCHING.

*Friend.* "—— AND WHAT BECOME OF HER?"

*Bus Driver (with emotion).* "WELL!—SHE WOS TOOK AWAY FROM ME—AND GOT INTO BAD HANDS, YER SEE—AND SOON WENT ALL TO PIECES.—DEAR! DEAR!—SHE WOS WERRY BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH A SHAPE! AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOUR! (*Sighing.*) HAH! I SHALL NEVER, NEVER, SEE—SUCH—ANOTHER——BUSS AGIN!"

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER FOR SOUTHWARK.

"GENTLEMEN,

"THE Parliamentary ship being about to go to pieces, we reckon to be all adrift upon spars and hencoops about the 25th instant. You 'll throw old CHARLEY a rope again, won't you? If you do, I can tell you that this bout, you 're not likely to be again deprived of your Member. He won't again be sent to another Black Sea with no gunboats and fewer able seamen; which, as everything depended upon correct firing, was not the likely way to storm Cronstadt sword in-hand.

"Be certain, Gentlemen, that I shall do the best to support the trade of Southwark in its exports to Russia, being assured by the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, who is every inch, and a little more a sailor, that he has the liveliest affection for the people of Southwark, and a particular admiration for one of your Members.

"I regret that the sudden dissolution of Parliament should not have allowed me to overhaul young SIR ROBERT PEEL as I intended; but just only return me, and see if I don't yet polish him off as clean as any scupper-nail.

"As for the Lords of the Admiralty, a sense of private duty compels me to say that I despise the whole boiling of 'em.

"On the day of nomination, I hope to be proposed by the Russian ambassador, whilst his lady has handsomely promised to work me a flashy pair of colours. Pressing business will detain my affectionate friend DUKE CONSTANTINE in St. Petersburg, otherwise he would have done himself the pleasure of accompanying me on my canvas; especially as he saw it from so great a distance off Cronstadt.

"England expects every Southwark man to vote for old CHARLEY.

"Yours, true as pitch,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"*Bear and Ragged Staff Committee Rooms.*"

### Abolition of Greenwich Fair.

A GREENWICH paper "*stops the press*" to announce, on the most reliable authority, the abolition of the time-honoured fair. It is even so. Greenwich Fair has given up RICHARDSON'S ghost.

THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH GRANT.—The Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

## THE FROZEN-OUT TEA GARDENERS.

WE 'VE got no work to do, we are in great distress,
We don't appeal to you from sloth and idleness;
Our ground has got too hard; the case we state is true,
From house and home we 're barred—we 've got no work to do.

We 've got no work to do; however we must live,
We gladly would turn to, employ if you would give,
It is our chief desire our calling to pursue,
And nothing we require except some work to do.

We 've got no work to do, we do not wish to rob,
And all we have in view is to procure a job,
For labour 'tis we ask, we don't care what; or who
Appoints us to the task, and gives us work to do.

We 've got no work to do, we are not begging here,
Though we are going through necessity severe;
Misfortune 'tis alone this state has brought us to,
'Tis no fault of our own we 've got no work to do.

## THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

"LORD PANMURE requests the attendance of SIR JOHN M'NEILL and COL. TULLOCH at the War Office to partake of a cold shoulder of mutton.

"P.S. If SIR J. M'N. and COL. T. find £1000 note under each of their plates, LORD PANMURE hopes they will pocket it without any nonsense."

*Answer.* "SIR J. M'NEILL and COL. TULLOCH respectfully beg to decline LORD PANMURE'S polite invitation. They dislike cold shoulder, and don't want £1000."

## AUSTRIA TO IRELAND.

AN impulsive gratitude is one of the noble characteristics of Irishmen; hence, the Irish papers have for some time rung with the praises of the ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA of Austria, mother of the present Emperor, for having bestowed upon one MR. WILLIAM BERNARD M'CABE, a Dublin author, a breast-pin, for his work called *Adelaide, Queen of Italy*. The pin is a very fine affair, indeed. "It is," writes *Saunders's* enthusiast:—

"It is a shamrock, of which the stem and leaves are composed of brilliants of the finest water, and the dazzling richness of which is set off by a thin rim of jet black enamel, in imitation of the Irish oak. A more appropriate or more beautiful present *for an Irishman* to receive could not possibly be devised; and, *so truly gorgeous is this dazzling cluster* of no less than twenty-eight diamonds, that it may be well said it is one such as alone the mother of an Emperor could bestow."

Somehow the character of the giver will hang about the gift. Now, the ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA has a peculiar mode of showing her taste in jewellery. For instance, history tells us that on the first anniversary of the day of Arad, of that day on which the martyrs of Hungary bled upon the scaffold, this woman SOPHIA came to court with a bracelet of rubies set in so many roses as were the number of heads of the brave Hungarians who fell there. A knowledge of this fact does, somehow, throw a blight upon the shamrock vouchsafed to MR. M'CABE—does make the "dazzling cluster" of diamonds scarcely more lustrous than so many coffin-nails.

### "Pour Encourager les Autres."

"A GOVERNMENT," says LORD PALMERSTON, when pressed on the subject of SIR JOHN BOWRING, "must support its subordinates." Admitted. How does LORD PALMERSTON reconcile this doctrine of his with the way in which SIR JOHN M'NEILL and COLONEL TULLOCH have been treated?

# FROZEN-OUT TEA-GARDENERS,

**As Seen at the Present Time about Westminster.**

## PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. III.

MR. BITTERS, *Publican, is seated in his little parlour behind the bar, with* MR. CRADLE, *who is going to Australia.*

*Mr. Bitters* (*raising his glass*). Well, Sir, here's luck to you, and may your voyage be the making of you.

*Mr. Cradle.* Thanks, mine host, and in the mean time may you prosper, as you deserve to do. What capital porter this is. I shall not taste anything like it in the Antipodes.

*Mr. Bitters.* This is the stuff, just as it comes out of MALTHOUSE, HOPPER, & Co.'s brewery. I always keep a small cask for friends.

*Mr. Cradle.* Is it not the same that you draw for those people at your bar?

*Mr. Bitters.* I should rather say that it was not exactly the same. This, which you are drinking, is made of malt and hops, and nothing else. One wouldn't be so stingy as not to give a discerning public more variety.

*Mr. Cradle.* Dear me, you surprise me.

*Mr. Bitters.* You're right to go to Australia, friend CRADLE, for you are too innocent for our part of the world.

*Mr. Cradle.* Perhaps so, perhaps so. By the way, what on earth is that cart at your door?

*Mr. Bitters.* A thing that goes on wheels.

*Mr. Cradle.* Very funny, very funny. But seriously. I read upon it, "HOCUS, Brewer's Druggist."

*Mr. Bitters.* And why shouldn't a man put his name on his cart, and his trade too. Let's ask the man himself. Here he is, coming up from the cellar.

*Enter* MR. HOCUS.

*Mr. Bitters.* Well, friend HOCUS. Sit down, and do as we do. Another tankard, ISABELLA. Here, Sir, it's stuff that you've had nothing to do with.

*Mr. Hocus.* Quite sure of that? Then, service, gents. (*Drinks.*) Ah! That's the stuff to stick to your ribs.

*Mr. Bitters.* And the stuff your ribs stick to—you should see MRS. BITTERS at it.

*Mr. Hocus.* How's the new baby?

*Mr. Bitters.* Yes, that's where it is. Always some good reason. But CRADLE's a bachelor, and don't understand these things. He wants to know why we don't draw this stuff at the bar.

*Mr. Hocus.* You'd soon be drawing your schedule if you did.

*Mr. Cradle.* Is it possible? Well, now, I am going to Australia, and you may speak before me without hesitation.

*Mr. Bitters.* Give him a wrinkle or two, HOCUS. He may find it useful with the kangarooses.

*Mr. Hocus.* All tiled? Well then, Sir, you must know that this porter, here, is what comes from the brewers, to whom our friend's house belongs, and who put him in here. They charge him so much, of course, and a tidy price, too, for his porter, and besides that he owes them a heavy debt, and they could sell him up in a jiffy, if he wasn't ready with his money when their collector came. I'm speaking by the card, friend BITTERS, I think?

*Mr. Bitters.* Which it are, Sir, and purceed.

*Mr. Hocus.* So, MR. CAUDLE—

*Mr. Cradle* (*smiling*). CRADLE.

*Mr. Hocus.* Come, pretty near relations. Well, Sir, it's clear therefore that MR. BITTERS must make a profit, or be sold up. Preferring to make a profit, we take our porter, and we put a precious lot of water into it.

*Mr. Cradle.* But that must destroy the colour.

*Mr. Hocus.* Right, Sir, and we restore that colour with treacle.

*Mr. Cradle.* But that must destroy the taste.

*Mr. Hocus.* Right again, Sir, and we restore that with sugar and salt.

*Mr. Cradle.* Dear me, how ingenious!

*Mr. Hocus.* We have other dodges, Sir, equally so. Now, sulphate of iron, in the case of stout, is added, to give it a head. We have other things for improving the taste, that is to say for destroying the taste of the water and the sugar and the treacle. Gentian is a fine bitter, Sir. Capsicum is hot, Sir. Alum and sulphuric acid we also use, Sir, and while upon the subject I may add, that further to disguise the character of our broth, we add liquorice, salts of tartar, and tobacco. Opium is also occasionally used.

*Mr. Cradle.* Dear me! May I ask in what proportion the water is used?

*Mr. Hocus.* Eight gallons to a barrel is about your mark, BITTERS?

*Mr. Bitters.* Say Eight, and don't forget a pound or so of gelatine.

*Mr. Hocus.* There is another article that strengthens beer very much, MR. CRADLE. The regular chemists call it by the foolish name of Cocculus Indicus, and regard it as a downright poison, for which reason we avoid ugly words, and call it "multum."

*Mr. Cradle.* With all this assistance, I should think that you might sell your beer at wholesale price.

*Mr. Bitters.* I sell at the same price as the brewers sell to me. Can I say fairer than that? I get all my profit out of the dodges friend HOCUS has described.

*Mr. Cradle.* Ah! Then if I was to buy at the brewery door instead of over your bar, I should get wholesome stuff at the same price that I should pay here for your adulterated liquor?

*Mr. Bitters.* Yes, Sir. But if MALTHOUSE, HOPPER, & Co. were fools enough to let you do that, instead of filtering their beer through a thousand public houses, MR. MALTHOUSE wouldn't keep thirty racers, MR. HOPPER wouldn't be in Parliament, and MR. Co. wouldn't have houses in Belgrave Square. You are only looking at the porter cask, Sir. There's wheels within wheels. Have another tankard, and, BILL (*calls*) I say BILL, just shove that woman into the street, she has spent all her money, and she is disgracing the place by her noise. Out with her.

*Mr. Cradle.* Poor thing, perhaps *multum* don't agree with her.

*Mr. Hocus.* Perhaps not, so she'll try *parvum* to-morrow. Ha! ha!

*Mr. Cradle.* Adieu, Gentlemen. I have to go to the Docks. I thank you for your information, and should I ever return to England, I shall hope to see a system established which permits the Brewer to prosper, without making the Publican a rascal, and the Public a victim.

## ADVICE TO OLD WOMEN.

(OF BOTH SEXES.)

YOUR money will never be safe, *Punch* declares,
While you keep with it parting for rotten Bank shares:
It more safe in old stockings or tea-pots had lain,
Or in some carpet-bag or box marked with your name.
Not a bubble now bursts, not a bank falls to ground,
But shows how directors keep robbing around:
How the company's funds to their own use they take,
Then suspend their cash payments, and scarce themselves make.

Recent cases in point clear as noonday disclose,
How accounts may be overdrawn under the rose:
While the manager acts as a sort of head cook,
And keeps the thing dark in his own "little book."
Now as long as subscribers are found for the soap,
That the blowing of bubbles will cease there's no hope:
So, old ladies, be warned, such investments forsake,
And in safety your cash to Threadneedle Street take.

### Estimates that very much Require Reduction.

MR. W. WILLIAMS's Estimate of his own arithmetic.
MR. GLADSTONE's Estimate of the Budget of 1853.
MR. HUMPHREY BROWN's Estimate of the force of impudence.
MR. NEWDEGATE's Estimate of the patience of Parliament.
SIR JAMES GRAHAM's Estimate of his powers of Humbug.
And, MR. DISRAELI's Estimate of himself, and his political prospects.

"EUNDO, MORANDO ET REDEUNDO."

THE Ex-Railway King declares his intention of again standing for Sunderland. He still trusts to Protection—of Members from arrest.

## A FAST-DAY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

H! MR. GLADSTONE. What do you think of LORD PALMERSTON and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers now? Read this:—

"LORD PALMERSTON and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers yesterday intimated their acceptance of an invitation from the RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR, to partake of a banquet at the Mansion House on Friday, the 20th instant. Cards have been issued to Members of both Houses of Parliament and other distinguished guests."

There, Sir; that is the announcement which appeared the other day in the *Times*. LORD PALMERSTON and his colleagues go to a LORD MAYOR'S feast on a Friday, and not only on a Friday, but a Friday in Lent! There is every reason to fear that they will not stop at the turtle—which, in theology, perhaps, comes under the name of Fish, though zoology calls it Reptile. No doubt they will proceed to indulge in all the delicacies of the heretic LORD MAYOR'S table, and the Protestant season. What will DR. PUSEY say? MRS. GRUNDY may not, perhaps, have any very particular remark to make on a subject with regard to which doctors and old women differ. This step of ostentatiously going to dine at the Mansion-house on a Lenten Friday is evidently a demonstration on the PREMIER'S part quite of a piece with his appointment of Low Church bishops, which rendered the Budget so objectionable—didn't it?—and put the Government so terribly in the wrong on the Chinese question. But all the better for you: Catholic Oxford will now be more unanimous than ever in the determination to support GLADSTONE and Romanesque red herring against PALMERSTON and English roast beef.

## THE SHOCKING LANGUAGE OF THE TURF.

A SPORTING journalist who writes under the name of "ARGUS," made, the other day, this startling statement respecting the Liverpool steeplechase:—

"The casualties reported were, two killed and four slightly wounded; and so ended 'The Great Liverpool,' which has created more interest than that of many years past, although the class of horses and riders were not so well known to fame as when the race was first established."

Whether the killed and wounded were horses or riders, "ARGUS" omits to give the slightest hint, but as the bipeds engaged in steeplechases do occasionally break their necks, some intimation as to which he meant, would not, perhaps, have been altogether unnecessary. Some readers too might also like to know if the killed and wounded in the Liverpool steeplechase were horses or asses.

## FAREWELL TO THE FAIR!

"ABOLITION OF GREENWICH FAIR.—We stop the press to announce, on the most reliable authority, that the battle is now won, and Greenwich Fair is abolished."—*Greenwich Free Press.*

*Richardson's Ghost, loquitur.* "O now for ever
Farewell the organ grind! farewell the tent
Of Crown and Anchor! and those horrid bores
To nervous folk, the scratchbacks! O farewell,
Farewell the dinning gongs, and the big drums,
The speaking-trumpets, and th' earpiercing shrieks
Of kissers in the ring! farewell all fun,
Lark, row, and spreeishness of glorious Greenwich!
And O you banjoed Ingins, whose hoarse throats
The railway rattle rudely counterfeit,
Farewell! That fellow's occupation's gone
At Greenwich Fair who used to come out strong."

### A Contradiction in Terms.

WHO is to be the new Plenipotentiary to China? Odd as it may seem, while admitting the post to be one in which the utmost decision will be necessary, we should prefer for this duty the most "YEH-nay" style of man that can be found.

### MORE CHEMICAL THAN COMICAL.

LORD DERBY is anxious to resemble the fiery RUPERT in more ways than one. Judging by the rapid fall of his party since his late manœuvres, he seems determined to invent his own "RUPERT'S drop."

## FASHION AND ITS VICTIMS.

WE understand that the upholsterers, especially at the West End, are suffering severely from the Crinoline contagion. They complain that, in consequence of the increasing width of ladies' dresses, drawing-rooms have now to be only half furnished; the space that used to be available for loo tables and cabinets being now required for whalebone ribs and air-tubes. They anticipate, indeed, if the contagion spread more widely, that furniture will have to be dispensed with altogether, simply from the reason that there will be no room for it; and some of the alarmists of the trade are so assured that Crinoline will soon be fatal to their business interests, that they are wearing mourning in expectancy for their commercial demise.

We cannot wonder at the panic which the petticoats are causing, for at every successive evening party we attend we find our chances of a seat more and more diminishing, the chairs being gradually displaced by the flounces. We calculated that at the last *soirée* we did duty at there was supplied an average of an inch and three-sixteenths of sitting space apiece; and even standing room became so scarce that, had we been late comers, we should have been reduced to echo the request of ARCHIMEDES, and perplex the footman by demanding Δός μοι πού στῶ. It was quite needless for the lady of the house to hope that would-be early-goers would not think of moving, for all were so completely in a fix that it was impossible for any laws of motion to be acted on. Everybody was so jammed up by the air-*jupons* and wedged in with the widths of the dresses which surrounded them, that all the travelled stars of the evening became fixed ones, and even the most roving of Englishmen found himself for once deprived of locomotion; for such was the sea of Crinoline about him, that he could not stir a step without putting his foot in it.

## LATEST FROM AMERICA.

THE understanding American politics is of course out of the question, and we should despise the braggart who affected to comprehend them. But a fact is a fact, and we therefore extract from a leading article in the *New York Herald* its very latest Summary of domestic affairs in the States.

"THE PRINCIPLE OF REGULAR NOMENCLATURE HAS RECEIVED A BLACK EYE FROM THE BOGUS DEMOCRACY OF THE OYSTER CELLARS."

Without pretending to the faintest comprehension of the meaning of this statement, we publish it as the last news from America. What is the reason why, with this kind of slang accepted in society as an exposition of the politics of the States, our American relatives keep up the nonsense of alleging that the two countries speak one language?

ABSTRACT OF THE CHINA DIVISION.—Canton *v.* Cantin'.

## THE MEMBERS' EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

We are delighted to learn, and every reader of the newspaper will feel a corresponding thrill of joy to hear from us, that the Early Closing Movement is fast gaining ground in Parliament, and before long will receive full legislative confirmation. Of this we are assured by a clairvoyant gobemouche, who professes to have seen the rough draft of a bill, which he assumes will be brought forward under Government auspices as soon as ever Lord Palmerston has been returned for England, and will be entitled "An Act for the Shortening of Speeches in Parliament, and for the Early Closing of the Mouths of the longer winded Members." Of this important measure, which as "time is money" will effect so immense a saving to the nation, that all true economists must certainly support it, we believe that we shall break no confidence by giving a *précis*:—

Preamble.—Whereas it is expedient that means should be adopted for the earlier shutting-up of certain long-lunged orators, and for affording relief to the reporters and readers of debates, and facilitating the progressive course of useful legislation:

Enactment.—Be it therefore Enacted, that within five minutes from the passing of this Act, and thenceforth throughout this and every succeeding session, it shall not be lawful for any Member, either of the House of Lords or Commons, to get up to speak when he has nothing to say, and according to precedent, would occupy an hour or two or three in saying it. Nor shall it be lawful for any rising barrister to rise more than sixteen times in any sitting, or to speak for the mere sake of hearing himself speak, or to hold a brief from the Government to talk against time, or otherwise to exercise his voice in Parliament for professional or personally advertising purposes. And the Speaker hereby is directed to call to order any Member who may break these rules, and, generally, to cut short any speech in which at least half a grain of sense be not discernible in the hearing, however it be capable of polish in the papers.

Penalty.—Any Member who may be convicted of any of the above offences shall, on the first, receive formal warning, and on the second be banished to Bellamy's for the remainder of the sitting: a ticket-of-leave being granted him to return to vote in the event of a division.

Compensation.—In cases where extenuating circumstances can be reasonably pleaded, as for example, where the offender is a Scottish Grievance champion, or a Maynooth Monomaniac, the House shall be at liberty to sanction that he be allowed the compensation of a private room and a reporter, to whom he may address the remainder of his speech, and, if his family give permission, have it printed *in extenso* (at his own expense, of course). But to prevent the House from getting into public disrepute, two responsible sureties shall in each such case be found, as guarantees that the printing shall be done "for private circulation only," and that no attempt shall afterwards be made to get the speech inserted in any of the newspapers, even by paying for the cost of its advertisement.

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The New Oracle.—That which speaks from the tripod—of which the three legs are Disraeli, Gladstone, and Cobden.

## THE GENERAL ELECTION SONG.

*(To the Air of the Bugle-Song in 'The Princess.')*

Bills great and small, on each dead wall,
With hustings pledges—old in story!
The long purse shakes, the voter wakes,
And the green candidate's in his glory.
Go, members, go—set the loose shiners flying;
Go, members; exit session, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! There's gin and beer,
In boroughs, counties, freely flowing;
Oh, sweet and far, from tap and bar,
Each his own trumpet's blandly blowing.
Go—let us hear the country's voice replying—
Go, members—wind up, session, dying, dying, dying.

Yes, sessions die, nor say "good bye:"
Yet men will still for seats endeavour;
To reach that goal will poll and poll,
And spend for ever and for ever.
Go, members, go—set the loose shiners flying;
And exit, session, exit—dying, dying, dying.

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## THE TEMPTATION OF A VERY BAD JOKE.

The Newspapers give a curious account of a miserly old woman, whose tattered dress was fastened up with between 2000 and 3000 pins, and yet under whose pillow forty sovereigns were found at her death. We hope the benevolent reader will excuse us, if for once we cannot resist the temptation of saying a bad thing, with the full knowledge that it is extremely bad. Well, it is more than we can possibly help to avoid remarking that the habits of that eccentric old lady, as above detailed, only give us another melancholy verification of the homely precept, "Take care of the pins, and the pounds will take care of themselves." There, we have said it, and are now duly penitent for the enormity of our offence.

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### The Premier and the Palate.

The celebrity of the noble Premier has occasioned his name to be taken for the denomination of a new condiment, advertised as the "Palmerston Sauce," suitable "for fish, flesh, fowl, &c. &c." This is a sphere of fitness about as extensive as can well be imagined; for a relish which is good not only for fish, flesh, and fowl, but also for "&c. &c.," must be equal in universality to salt, and superior to pepper. It must be adapted to all manner of things except apples and a few others. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Disraeli should try Palmerston's Sauce, and not have the presumption to offer him any more of their own.

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### The Nemesis of the Coalition.

Rarely has justice followed so closely on the track of crime. Scarcely is the Ministry turned out than Spooner rises to announce his intention of bringing forward again this year, if he is re-elected, the Maynooth Grant! There, we think the Tories and the Peelites have caught it nicely with a vengeance! However, they have brought the punishment down upon their own guilty heads, and we do not pity them one fourpenny bit. They must abide now by the frightful consequences, though you may be sure the traitors little expected so severe a retribution. Palmerston is avenged!

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POLITICAL PERSONALITY.

The noble Lord, the present Member for London—as Mr. Duncombe would say—is understood to be particularly disgusted with the Premier for calling Mr. Cobden's majority against the Government a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

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PROTECTION RUN MAD.

The cry of "Protection to British Industry" being no longer possible, the Derbyites and Disraelites will "go to the country," with the cry of "Protection to Chinese Insolence."

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A Question.—On the re-election of any of the Chinese members, will they be required to take the usual form of oath, or like their brethren at Canton, will they merely break a saucer?

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Important Truism.—Depend upon it that every advocate of a Maine Law drinks like a fish.

## STRONG CHINESE LANGUAGE.

WHEN peace shall have been re-established with China, it will be worth the while of an enterprising manager to engage a Mandarin or Governor of the flowery land to write burlesques for translation and representation at his theatre. What is there in *Bombastes Furioso* to beat this?

"Let every inhabitant of China who shall meet an Englishman inflict on him the fate he merits. Already do our innumerable fleets and mighty armies, which are dreaded by the whole world, advance to drive them away. Let everybody unite with that army—let every one take part in the war, and teach foreigners to tremble before the will and before the anger of our Sovereign, whose gaze is as burning as the rays of the sun, and whose power is immeasurable.

"He who shall not act in conformity with these orders shall be considered a traitor, and may expect from us a chastisement as prompt as terrible.

"You hear! Obey.

"THE MANDARIN GOVERNOR TCHYN-TOO."

"Done at Whampoa, the 9th day of the 12th Moon."

The Moon, indeed, under whose influence MR. TCHYN-TOO appears to have composed his proclamation, must, one would think, have been exactly at the full just then. The state of the Chinese mind, evinced by such ravings as the above, is further perhaps indicated by the fashion of keeping the head shaved, for which the natives of China are remarkable. However, these outpourings of frenzy would tell admirably in a mock tragedy, or the introduction to a pantomime. A great point might be made of the gaze of the Emperor, asserted by TCHYN-TOO to be burning as the rays of the sun. An Englishman might be represented as lighting his cigar from the Imperial countenance by means of a convex lens, and of course having summarily inflicted upon him the fate he merited by taking that liberty—immediate decapitation.

## RAMPANT ANGLO-RUSSIANISM.

AMONG the curiosities of literature which have been added recently to those which the elder D'ISRAELI found and made a note of, we see a work has just been published called *England and Russia Natural Allies*, which, as its title page might lead one to suppose, contains so many statements of a jocular description, that we feel inclined almost to offer to the writer an engagement for some permanence upon our literary staff. As a sample of the way in which he outjokes JOSEPH MILLER, we extract the following:—

"It is a wise policy of the Russian Government not to promote the increase of the middle class beyond certain limits, which would endanger the present happy state of the country, and undermine the basis of her wealth, power and greatness, namely, the servitude of the peasantry."

That one may properly appreciate the exquisite facetiousness of thus speaking of the "present happy state of the country," one need but read the revelations about Russia Felix which are being published now in *Household Words*; the evidence there given as to the felicities enjoyed by Russian subjects, being in corroboration of the many statements to the same effect which other travellers have made us. But sparkling as it is, the joke is quite eclipsed by that with which another of the writer's pages is illuminated, where, to prove the naturalness of an alliance between Englishmen and Russians, he states that Nature has endowed their aristocracy with such marks of resemblance as clearly indicate that she intended them to live as one united happy family.

"In their personal appearance the flower, both of the English and Russian aristocracy, present the virulent sensualism of the ox, beautified by all the graces of humanity."

The humour of this notion is not a little heightened by its metaphorical confusion—the assertion being made that in the "flower" of the nations there may be discerned a purely animal resemblance. There might perhaps be some propriety in finding in JOHN BULL some traces of the ox, but the only way in which we could discover any bovine features in the flower of our aristocracy would be to find that some of them had ox-lips. We do not think however that the tracing of a likeness between them and the Russians can be accepted as a compliment to the lords of our creation, even though, to mollify the statement, it be said that they alike are "beautified by all the graces of humanity." Indeed we are quite of opinion that JOHN BULL would trample most indignantly on any flowers of speech by which his name might stand in danger of being altered to JOHN BULLOVITCH.

## A PASSING TOLL.

TOLL for the grave!
M.P.'s that are no more!
All sunk, the "tips" they gave,
Wiped out, each ale-house score!
Six hundred looking grave,
And sixty-four beside,
Who for the Public weal,
May never more divide.
JOHN BOWRING raised the cloud,
And PAM was overset,
Down went the Commons House,
Each to contest his seat!

Toll for the brave!
Brave SHAW LEFEVRE's gone;
His last night's work is wrought,
His last division done.
Throughout six sessions' battles,
Serene he eyed the clock;
He played no factious trick,
Ran on no party rock.
All join to weave his wreath,
All join his praise to pen,
Now SHAW LEFEVRE's gone,
May we find his like again!

The election-writs fill up,
PAM to the country goes!
Let's pledge him in the cup
Of tea brewed by his foes.
His credit yet is sound,
And he will rule again,
Though angry GLADSTONE thunder,
And DIZZY sneer and strain;
But SHAW LEFEVRE's gone,
His speakership is o'er;
And he, and this six hundred
And fifty, sit no more!

## NUTS AND WINE.

AN advertisement offers the British Public

UNADULTERATED WINES.—The "Nutty" Sherry, 36*s*. Cash.

The nutty sherry may be a very pleasant beverage; but what is a nutty sherry? Can any sort of sherry be prepared from Spanish nuts? For our own drinking we should prefer a wine of the same nature as that which *Iago* represents *Desdemona* as accustomed to imbibe. That worthy, in reference to the young lady in question, reminds his friend *Roderigo* that "the wine she drinks is made of grapes." We would rather drink a grape wine than a nutty wine. Nevertheless, we have no objection to nuts in combination with wine, upon the understanding that we are to eat the former, and drink the latter.

### Coffee-House Characteristics.

LET an Englishman and a Frenchman enter a coffee-house at the same time; the former will walk up to the fire-place, and the latter will stop at the first mirror. The Englishman lifts up his coat-tails, and warms his huge body, whilst the Frenchman, with equal warmth, suns himself in the looking-glass.

THE CHINESE DIVISION.—We would sooner have been with PALMERSTON on the Canton Minority than have been, like GLADSTONE, one of the Cantin' Majority!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 12, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, March 21, 1857.

## OFFENDED DIGNITY.

*Small Boy (to Ex-Cook, who has come about a place).* "IS THERE A FOOTMAN KEP? WHY O' COURSE THERE IS—I 'M THE FOOTMAN!"

### DERBY'S THREE SERVING MEN.

(*"When Arthur first in Court began."*)

WHEN DERBY last on place began
To cast a longing eye,
He entertained three serving men
And all of them were—sly.

The first he was a Jesuit,
The second a Charlatan,
The third he was a Peacemonger,
And all for the DERBY ran.

The Jesuit he loved splitting hairs,
The Charlatan an apt rap;
But the Peacemonger loved downright cant,
Adroitly mixed with clap-trap.

The Jesuit's splitting his hairs in vain,
In vain does the Charlatan rail,
And the Peacemonger hates to be joked on the point,
But—his cant 's uncommonly stale.

### SCOTCH LAW AND SUNDAY.

IT is not true that every one of the minor Scotch judges is a Sabbatarian hypocrite. MR. JOHN MACLAURIN, the Sheriff Substitute of Argyllshire, has shown himself capable, in a Sunday case, of pronouncing a judgment unbiassed by fanaticism. This learned gentleman, according to the *Daily Scotsman*, has delivered "an interlocutor and note" in actions of damages, brought by two Glasgow spirit dealers, travellers by the *Emperor* steamer on a Sunday, against two hotel-keepers in Dunoon, for refusing them admittance to their hotels on that day, "in consequence, as the innkeepers stated, of their being ordered by the local justices to refuse admittance to all travellers by the *Emperor* steamer on Sunday, under pain of losing their licence." MR. MACLAURIN'S sentence awarded the plaintiffs £1 damages and expenses. It now remains for the defendants to bring their action against the local justices in consequence of whose tyrannical menaces they have been subjected to pecuniary loss, for which, MR. MACLAURIN will no doubt decide, they ought to be indemnified by those stupid and sanctimonious fellows.

### A LAWYER OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

BLUEBOOKS about education are occasionally published, containing some curious answers to questions concerning biblical matters, on the part of parochial children. The catechumens return BARABBAS as an Apostle, for instance, or confound ADAM with ALEXANDER THE COPPERSMITH. An example of erudition on this class of subjects, closely parallel to those afforded by the juveniles in question, was exhibited the other day in the Appeal Court of Chancery. In the course of the case, STOURTON *v.* STOURTON, according to the *Times* report—

"MR. BAGSHAWE, SEN., in reply, denied that the Roman Catholic Church did not permit the unrestricted use of the Word of God in its authorised version; for, on the contrary, it permitted the reading of such parts of the Old Testament as it considered fit for perusal, that Church, however, holding that there were parts of the Old Testament, and therein agreeing with ST. PAUL, which were hard to be understood."

If the learned gentleman had known what he was talking about, he would, in the foregoing statement, have been chargeable with robbing PETER, to give to PAUL, and not only that, but with charging other parties on behalf of PAUL, with what PETER had put down to PAUL'S account. But he must be acquitted of any wilful partiality to PAUL or injustice to PETER, since it is quite clear that his acquaintance with them, and with that branch of knowledge which includes such acquaintance, is in inverse ratio to his professional learning. On such a subject a lawyer may well get out of his depth—perhaps he is out of his element.

#### Distinction without a Difference.

BROWN says he doesn't like too many barristers in Parliament. JONES avers that he objects to a superabundance of solicitors. And ROBINSON philosophically asks, what is the difference between barrister and solicitor? Merely the difference between a crocodile and an alligator.

### A TROUBLESOME MAJORITY.

WITH all their protestations about having been compelled to vote according to their consciences, we doubt much if the members of the Coalition—we beg pardon, we should say Fortuitous Concurrence—would not have somehow smothered those their "still small voices," had they known what a trouble their majority would be to them. Never was a victory more dearly purchased; in fact, to many of the conquering heroes, it will prove considerably more harassing than a defeat. This is clear from the apologising tone of their Election Addresses, and the nervous way in which they seem endeavouring to frame excuses for their conduct. The oldest and the boldest of them hardly dare as yet to glory in their triumph: and instead of being proud of it, the most of them would fain shirk the subject altogether, and there is scarcely one in twenty who does not seem to be ashamed of it.

In fact, the Tea-Party just now are in somewhat the position of the man who held the bottle imp; and, having their majority, they don't know what on earth to do with it. Like *Frankenstein*, they find that they have made a *Monster*, which they don't know how to manage; and the chances are, we think, that as far as their electioneering prospects are concerned, it will most likely be the death of them.

#### How Extremes Meet.

THERE is a great difference in the way (we mean, the street) that different countrymen, when they do differ, fight. If it is an Englishman, before beginning, he will tuck up his sleeves; but if it is a Frenchman—mind you notice him well, the next time—he *turns up his trousers!* As Paddy would say, the arms of a Frenchman are in his feet.

THE POLITICAL TOXOPHILITE.—MR. COBDEN cannot, perhaps, be accused of shooting with the long bow; but he has certainly taken a shot (though he has missed his mark) at the Government with an *Arrow*.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ARCH 16. *Monday.* The young Eels now begin to ascend the rivers, and the old eels—the Parliamentary congers—are busily wriggling towards the hustings. Fructification of Beardless Moss takes place, by a curious coincidence with the date at which, by order from the Palace, Crimean beards fall from the faces of officers coming to *levées*. The Elm also is about to flower, a happy omen for the pilot at the 'elm of state. The Leaves of the Elder should now open, and if those of the younger should now shut, they might hold better books when Blink Bonny comes round Tattenham Corner. Such are the signs of the times. Another sign was a diverting address, delivered this evening by the EARL OF DERBY (in performance of his threat) upon the subject of the Dissolution. It was really a very amusing speech, and the goodnatured abuse of LORD PALMERSTON, which was incessantly thrown in to please LORD DERBY's adherents, could not have annoyed the Bottleholder in the least. The Earl had got over all his anger and wrath, and only wanted to finish the session with a Shine. His tone was like that of a consoling mother who beats the wicked floor for hurting the stupid child that fell down. The only point he made was the fixing the title of "appendages" upon the colleagues of LORD PALMERSTON; and, by implication, upon MR. DISRAELI and the rest of the DERBY tail. LORD GRANVILLE answered him so smartly, that poor silly MALMESBURY got into a rage, and talked about the dignity of debate, which was pretty good, considering that his leader had been telling all sorts of anecdotes, good and bad, and comparing LORD PALMERSTON to the little old woman whose petticoats were cut off at her knee by the wandering pedlar. LORD HARDWICKE also spoke rather unwisely, as usual, and was incensed that after LORD DERBY had declared that there was no Coalition between himself and the other China men, anybody should dare to think that the atoms had not come together in the lobby quite fortuitously. On the whole, the grand Derbyite demonstration helped the evening through pleasantly, and there were several ladies present.

A good many of the Commons went to the Lords to have a laugh. The others did next to nothing beyond advancing the Mutiny bills, and went away very early.

*Tuesday.* Some of the Lords pelted each other with interpellations about the Chinese affair, rather, apparently, for the sake of saying something, and keeping the House together for an hour or so, than because anybody wanted to know anything. Aimless questions received pointless answers, some bills were advanced, and then came a little more Chinese snarling, especially by Mandarin GREY, and then an adjournment, at half-past six.

The Commons had risen an hour earlier, having had from SIR G. C. LEWIS an explanation of the treaties with Denmark as to the Sound dues, the point of which, so far as English people are concerned, is, that the Sound is to be opened on the first of April, and compensation is to be paid to Denmark in three months from the passing an act for the purpose. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL expressed his regret that the dissolution would prevent his introducing a bill for punishing the delinquents in the case of the British Bank, a regret which MR. HUMPHREY BROWN, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, and some other gentlemen must equally share. MR. DISRAELI inquired whether LORD PALMERSTON, at the time the demonstration against Naples had been made, had offered to France that England should suppress any republican movement in Italy. Of course LORD PALMERSTON was enabled, by the virtue of words, to answer in the negative; but some people say that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH made it a stipulation that the kicking BOMBA should not involve the kicking over the sulphurous throne.

*Wednesday.* The Lords sat on a day they seldom honour so far. They rattled through fourteen bills in half-an-hour, but only one of them will, in all probability ever be heard of by the world at large, and that only by its results, the Enfranchisement of Ninepence Act, which was passed.

In the Commons, MR. SHAW LEFEVRE expressed his thanks for his pension, to which *Mr. Punch* is most happy to assure him that he is most heartily welcome. The Government proposes to abolish the Irish tax called Minister's Money (a sort of church rate), and to pay the amount out of the Ecclesiastical Commission Fund, a highly objectionable course, inasmuch as it withdraws another grievance from the *repertoire* of Hibernian patriots. SIR B. HALL demands a little more time for finishing the Pimlico Improvements, and as this Chief Commissioner of Works and Buildings is attending to all his business in a practical, non-redtapey, English gentlemanly manner, he may most properly be left to manage it his own way. SIR BENJAMIN should have included, in his new bill, a clause enabling him to put down the street Yelling in Pimlico, as until this is done, no person with ordinary nerves will remain there longer than he is compelled by the lease he took when unaware of that hideous nuisance.

*Thursday.* The Lords' sitting was devoted to a pleasant discussion upon Art and Nature, the former as illustrated in the paintings of TURNER, and the latter in the conduct of the Chancery lawyers, who have at once insulted the painter and defrauded the public. LORD ST. LEONARDS raised the question, and talked about aërial effects and purity of colour, in a way people would hardly have expected from the author of SUGDEN *On Powers*. He also showed up the whole technical history of the cases, and being about the first Chancery lawyer in the kingdom, his statement carried a weight which would not attach to the pleading of any of the place-hunting barristers who get up grievances in the Commons in order to make speeches. There is this to be said, however, namely, that TURNER's natural repugnance to an attorney carried him too far. He should have let a lawyer prepare his will. It is necessary to employ this kind of instrument sometimes. A corkscrew is an ugly and a sneaking instrument, but a sensible practical man will use it to draw a cork, and—but the application of the illustration is evident. LORD LANSDOWNE pointed this out, and added that he thought the best had been done, under the circumstances, and that Government intended to carry out TURNER's wishes as far as possible. The Commons abstained from meeting to-day and on Friday, and most of them remained at home, cooking up election speeches.

*Friday.* LORD CRANWORTH availed himself of one more opportunity of showing his helplessness, by a speech to prove that there was no means of preventing the indiscriminate sale of poisons. LORD ELLENBOROUGH delivered a long attack upon the Government, which LORD PALMERSTON answered, a little later, at the LORD MAYOR's dinner-table. As this post-prandial address was part of the political business of the session, *Mr. Punch* will mention that PALMERSTON spoke out manfully, vindicated those who have stood by the British Flag in China, declared that the country was with him, that he was for peace, in combination with honour, but that if peace was wanted by means of humiliation and degradation, the country must look for other men than himself to govern it. *Mr. Punch* was in such an ecstasy of admiration at this speech that he could not help emptying the Loving Cup all over the Prussian Ambassador, who sat next him, and to whom he hereby apologises. In the Lords, EARL GRANVILLE answered the Elephant, and then came to the dinner, and made another smart speech. The only noticeable thing ELLENBOROUGH uttered was his quotation of a quotation by LORD WELLESLEY, touching a radical, who, he said, *in Tartara tendit*, language which one might expect from a drunken coal-heaver, but in which a statesman should scarcely indicate the *post-mortem* lot of a political antagonist.

*Saturday.* The Houses met for the last time. The Lords were perfectly calm, inasmuch as our inestimable constitution renders a Lord independent of Queens, or hustings, or any other expulsive power, save that of the Grim Serjeant who arrested the Prince of Denmark. Many of the Commons, however, entertained, or were entertained by feelings of a very different description, and the clash of the Gates of the Happy Valley behind *Prince Rasselas* was a cheerful sound compared to that which many of our representatives must have heard in the sentences read by LORD CRANWORTH. He had not much to say, beyond stating that the dissolution was to be immediate, that the QUEEN was much obliged for the money that had been voted, and was glad to have reduced the Income-Tax. In HER MAJESTY's prayer that the constituencies may choose Wise Patriots for the new Parliament everybody must join; but it will be a considerable step in advance if the electors will only get rid of a number of Foolish Factionists, a result which *Mr. Punch* has done his best to promote. LORD EVERSLEY of Heckfield, previously known as MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, took leave of the Commons, and, while *Mr. Punch* writes,—

## ENGLAND IS WITHOUT A PARLIAMENT.

### TAR AND FEATHERS.

THERE was, according to the fable, a certain Jackdaw, who once upon a time decorated himself with peacock's feathers. The EMPEROR OF CHINA will perhaps confer the same decoration—the Chinese badge of merit—on certain talkative members of the Houses of Parliament. If his Imperial Majesty will supply the feathers, the British public will find the necessary tar.

## THE PRINCESS'S SPECTACLE.

THE following paragraphs, accidentally omitted at the end of the notices of *Richard II.*, which were supplied to some of our contemporaries, have been sent to us for insertion:—

"And as completeness in every department is an essential, in MR. KEAN'S opinion, to all success, he has paid the utmost attention to the mode in which the bills of the theatre are printed. The paper is, we believe, entirely fly-leaves from old folio editions of the *History of England*, and the ink is from a receipt discovered in a 'chapel' (whence the printing-office is so called) in Westminster Abbey. There is not a misprint throughout, the small capitals are most judiciously inserted, while the infusion of italics leaves nothing to be desired. An ordinary printer's lad was not employed to carry the proof bills to and from the theatre, but a blue-coat boy, in his picturesque mediæval costume, was retained for that purpose, with the kind permission of the Governor of Christ's Hospital. We must also add that the boxkeepers have been carefully drilled, and that they open and close the doors with the most preternatural quietness, which adds to the imposingly historical effect of the performance. The character of the refreshments provided for consumption during the *entr' acte*, has also been studiously attended to, and the bottles of imperial pop, elegantly labelled "hippocrass," in old English letters, form quite a feature in the entertainment. The cloak-room has been furnished with new pegs from MESSRS. JACKSON and GRAHAM'S, and the slip of matting down the principal staircase has been supplied from another celebrated establishment. Let us add that in MR. KEAN'S sedulous care for the comfort of his auditory, all the policemen selected for duty are members of the Church of England, while the estimable and accomplished linkman is a distinguished Anabaptist. In short, nothing has been omitted which it is possible to mention towards promoting the exulting enthusiasm of a frantic audience."

[*Any further puff can be admitted only as an advertisement, or as a Letter from a "Lover of Art."*

## CHINESE ELECTION SONG.

AIR—"*Come let us all a Maying go.*"

COME let us all a YEH-ing go,
And vote for COBDEN, DIS, and Co.
High and low,
Let us go!
Come, let us all a YEH-ing go,
And so procure PAM'S overthrow.

Then SIR JOHN BOWRING
Shall peccavi sing:
And SEYMOUR be
Recalled from sea:
Our fleet retreat; though *Punch* say Nay,
JOHN BULL shall do koutou to YEH!

### A Losing Article.

PATERFAMILIAS calculates that, during the course of his long existence, he must have lent, or missed, or lost, or had borrowed or stolen, not less than 500 umbrellas! Experience has taught him now, having charged rather dearly for her 500 lessons, never to buy, as long as he lives, another umbrella! He classifies umbrellas under the head of those articles of which no one ever knows the profit, much less the *return!*

WATCHES THAT WANT REPAIRING.—SIR ROBERT PEEL should not be so hard on SIR CHARLES NAPIER—as a Peeler, it is his duty to protect an Old Charley, who is compelled to give way to him.

## DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN CHINA.

A CHINESE baker, prophetically named ALLUM, poisoned the bread served out to the foreigners at Hong-Kong. Ratsbane was kneaded in the morning roll, and the cruel GOVERNOR BOWRING, very much to his own astonishment, discovered that he really had bowels. However, though there was great consternation, much suffering, death did not ensue. All who had eaten of the bread, though much enfeebled, recovered. We have said that—no death ensued.

And now mark the ruthless spirit of revenge operating in the councils of a British Government! Of a Christian people! ALLUM, the baker, with three accomplices, were seized, and though it is very probable that each of the poor men had a wife, or wives; a family, or families—for every Chinaman has—nevertheless the four men were condemned to death and shot! The poor creatures, altogether ignorant of our laws, irresponsible, as we contend by their very ingenuousness, to a British tribunal, are taken out and shot: we will not at present use stronger language, but will simply say—shot!

Can we expect that, as a people, any future blessings will fall upon the Royal Marines; a respectable force enough in their way, but when converted into agents of death, and their victims, the simple Chinese—the descendants of generations who used gunpowder when our Druidical forefathers could only obtain light by the attrition of dried sticks—when perverted, we will say, into ministers of vengeance,—made a blot, and not a credit to us as a nation?

However, it is very refreshing to learn, that there are some compassionate spirits who lament the fate of the fallen. A subscription has, therefore, been entered into to erect a fitting monument at Hong-Kong to the unfortunate ALLUM and his thapless companions. A suitable inscription has been promised by a distinguished bishop in the very oiliest English.

It is expected that the Chinese Members of both Houses of Parliament will appear in short mourning. We know it may be cavilled, that ALLUM and his companions intended to commit wholesale murder. But to this we make answer, ought not all men to be judged according to their lights? Was it given to these poor men to separate the subtleties of a GLADSTONE, or to read the leaders of the *Morning Herald?*

## THE ALDERMAN'S OWN BOOK.

A BOOK has been largely advertised of late, under the interesting title of *Corpulency*, professing to give directions for the self-cure of that deformity, by means of a peculiar system of diet. We presume that the peculiarity of this dietetic system consists in affording satisfaction to the cravings, and at the same time effecting a diminution of the protuberance, of the stomach. The method of reducing corpulence by eating and drinking very much less than the appetite desires, has long been known to almost everybody, but, on account of its unpleasantness is practised by hardly anybody. That proposed in the book in question must have the recommendation of rendering self-cure practicable without self-denial. Probably the volume sells largely; but not much over the counter. Its sale, doubtless, takes place chiefly by post, the price being transmitted and received in postage stamps. What fat man—not to say what stout lady—would like to walk into a bookseller's shop, and ask for a treatise on corpulency? The object of the inquiry would be obvious! The shopman would be so sure to swallow a laugh, if not to smother it by clapping his hand on his mouth! The only manner of purchasing the book, in person, with any degree of face, would be for the customer fairly to disarm ridicule by tapping his stomach and simply saying, "MOORE'S book;" since the author is a MR. A. W. MOORE, and the gesture would be sufficient to indicate which MR. MOORE was meant, and what work by a MR. MOORE was wanted. It would quite preclude any such mistake as that of handing *Lalla Rookh* to the plethoric party, or presenting him with the *Irish Melodies*. To pretend to make that mistake, however, could the pretence be supported with sufficient gravity, would be a very politic artifice on the part of the bibliopole who might be desirous of seeing his flattered customer again.

### The Cabinet and the Caddy.

IT has been said that LORD PALMERSTON wanted to pick a quarrel with China. But if, as must be admitted, the noble Viscount knows better than to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, is it likely that he would be disposed to quarrel with his tea?

PARLIAMENTARY PLANTS.

THE Maynooth Grant is brought forward invariably every twelvemonth. We hope, as we love fair play, that MR. HARDY will not be re-elected, or else we shall be having the New Beer Bill exhibited also, regularly once a year, as a "HARDY Annual."

## IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

*Youthful Swell.* "HAW! LOOK HERE! IS THAT CHEST OF CIGARS YOU IMPORTED FOR ME RIPE YET?"

*Cigar Dealer.* "WELL, SIR—I FEAR NOT—THAT IS, NOT RIPE FOR YOUR TASTE, SIR, FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS; BUT WE CAN SPARE YOU A COUPLE OF THOUSAND OF THESE GIANT REGALIAS TO GO ON WITH, TILL THE WEATHER IS MILDER, WHEN YOUR CIGARS WILL MELLOW RAPIDLY!" *[Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a Giant Regalia as big as his leg in his mouth.*

### THE LIKES OF LORD DERBY.

THE Noble Lord the EARL OF DERBY has, like many other personages connected with the turf, more than one name. He is called the "HOTSPUR of Debate," and the "RUPERT of Debate." Neither *alias* is at all suitable to his Lordship. The original HOTSPUR had an impediment in his speech. *Lady Percy*, speaking of her deceased husband, says:

> "And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
> Became the accents of the valiant."

The HOTSPUR of Debate, therefore, would be an orator who spoke "without proper intervals of articulation," as DR. JOHNSON defines the word "thick" in the passage above quoted from SHAKSPEARE. LORD DERBY is remarkable for fluency, not for stuttering and stammering. There is no more analogy between PRINCE RUPERT the leader of the Cavaliers, and EARL DERBY the leader of the Opposition, than there is between the noble Earl and the TIPTON SLASHER. RUPERT'S chivalry was chivalrous in the high sense of the word; DERBY'S is simply an etymological chivalry, a chivalry of the mere *cheval*—of the horse horsy, or ossy in the language of the stable-minded. The CHIFFNEY of Debate would be an appropriate denomination for the turfite Peer, were it not that his Lordship is not often the winner of the political sweepstakes; and perhaps, after all, the most correct title that could be added to his hereditary one would be "The JOHN GILPIN of Debate;" for the eloquence of the noble lord is apt to run away with him.

### The Triple Alliance.

CONSIDERING the respective principles of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, and COBDEN, it must be difficult to find a name elastic enough to cover this very expansive party when they go to the country. We beg to offer them one—"The Small Tea Party."

### THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT WESTMINSTER.

THIS is too bad. Why mix tender affairs of the heart with the unreasoning brawl of the hustings? We protest against any such amalgamation. Therefore, why, in Westminster, did MR. STUART, an elector, "want to know if GENERAL EVANS would allow £70,000 to be voted on the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL?" To this question the gallant General made the following ungallant reply—"he would not lend a hand to anything of the sort." Poor little princess! it is rather too bad that the marriage orange-flowers should be thus mingled with the turnip-tops of Covent-Garden; nevertheless, we cannot but express a fear that the marriage-portion of the PRINCESS ROYAL, unless it be pitched originally very low, will be roughly handled by a new Parliament. We have heard of pigs among the roses; and can only hope that the rough radicals will treat with tenderness the hymeneal wreath of the little PRINCESS ROYAL. It is at present reported in Lambeth that, should MR. W. WILLIAMS be returned, it is his intention to move, as an amendment, an income of £500 a-year to the happy pair, with a bran new tea-service in German silver.

### "A Good Cry."

ONE has heard of NIOBE, and one has also heard modern NIOBES (in Crinoline) assert that they "have cried all night," and one has hard-heartedly attached similar credit to the classic and to the modern fiction. But the following extract from a London paper, of last week, proves that crime, at least, is sometimes marvellously penitent. A longer flux of tears than is here recorded has seldom taken place. At the close of a Police case, it is said—

"MR. INGHAM completely exonerated the pawnbroker from blame, and remanded the prisoner, *who cried bitterly, for a week.*"

# PAM—WINNER OF THE GREAT NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

## THE BOMBARDIER OF WINDSOR.

FEW of our readers, perhaps, are aware of the warlike character of the Corporation of Windsor. That civic body has quite the military cast of a mediæval municipality. The peaceful gown may constitute the habitual attire of its members, but can, on occasion, be exchanged for the arms and accoutrements of war by these stout burghers. They have in their pay an artillery corps, and, according to a contemporary, last week, on the birthday of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISA, after the customary bell-ringing,—

"At noon a royal salute was fired from the corporation ordnance, by the town bombardier, in Bachelor's Acre."

A fine subject for a picture in the old Flemish style, one fancies, would be afforded by the Town Bombardier of Windsor. To the eye of imagination he presents the idea of a man of gigantic height and frame; an idea suggested by the fact that his sole strength was employed on the management and firing of the corporation ordnance. We are not informed that he was assisted by any subordinate artillerymen; and hence, indeed, we are led to question whether he has any, and whether, being a host in himself, he does not comprehend in his own person, the whole artillery corps of Windsor. The office of the Town Bombardier of Windsor must be, in one sense, a sinecure, for although he is employed in firing birthday salutes pretty frequently, he has nothing to bombard. If the Corporation of Windsor could spare their Town Bombardier for a time, that tremendous artilleryman might be sent out to China, in order that he might astonish the natives of Canton by bombarding that town—if there is any of it remaining to be bombarded.

## FASHIONABLE RECEIPTS.

THE vocabulary of Flunkeydom has been lately enriched with a new slang expression. The reporters of high jinks in high life have taken to informing their readers that this or that lady of quality "received" on such and such an evening. Heretofore, it was customary to describe the superior classes as giving evening or other parties; but now they are said to receive in exercising hospitality. In fact, giving a party is giving a receipt. It does not appear that the party given in receiving is a new style of thing, being otherwise called by the old names of assembly, *réunion*, and *soirée*. Whether a dancing-tea is denominated a receiving, or reception we do not know. One would think that an entertainment, whereof the giver receives, would be somewhat in the way of a concert or a dramatic performance, to which visitors got admitted by tickets or money taken at the doors. This last development in the flunkeyistic dialect may appear open to some objection as an ill phrase, for those who continually hear that anybody has been receiving cannot help being reminded of the old saying, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

### A Satirical Senior.

ONE of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China. "Well, Sir, well; you're going to Canton, eh, Sir? well, I can only say, I hope you won't fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you're alive, they'll kill you, and if you're dead, or when you're dead, they'll eat you. Sir, I believe it's an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."

### SICK COWS OF LONDON.

THE *Lancet* tells us that an epidemic rages among the cows of London. A non-medical opinion inclines to consider the disease the dropsy, contracted by the cows from an immoderate use of the pump.

WE learn, with great gratification, that the EARL OF DERBY, with that earnest feeling for religion and the well-being of the Church of England that has ever characterised him, has refused to allow any of his lordship's horses to be entered for any Steeple-chase in which the Church, used as a post, is not in the hands of a clergyman of sound principles.—*Standard.*

## NEWS OF THE EASELS.

(*From the Observer.*)

THE approaching Exhibition of the ROYAL ACADEMY promises to be an exceedingly good one. Among other characteristics which it will possess is the general novelty of the subjects treated by the artists. Instead of having recourse, as hitherto, to themes which have been worked threadbare by hundreds of preceding painters, we are delighted to learn that many of the intending exhibitors have looked for themselves into English and other literature, and have selected entirely fresh topics for illustration. MR. STUGGS, we hear, has employed his masterly pencil in delineating a scene from an old but admirable poem of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, in which the birth and fall of our first parents are graphically described. A graceful little novel, by a friend of the celebrated DR. JOHNSON, comprising the adventures of an amiable country clergyman and his interesting family, supplies to MR. BUMBLEDROP an incident (we think a simple youth's sisters attiring him for a fair) which will advantageously display his artistic powers, while MR. BLOGGBY, constant to the noble traditions of his country, has lighted upon a grand yet touching episode in our early history, when, according to writers of authority, the mortal remains of the Sovereign who died in the fatal combat which gave the throne to the ambitious Norman Conqueror, were discovered upon the battle field, by a female prompted to the search by the gentlest of sentiments. A poem of the last century, detailing the vicissitudes of the seasons, supplies MR. WEEBLE with a charming subject—a young lady, bathing, receives a letter from her lover, stating that he is on the look out to prevent her being disturbed, and she writes in reply, expressing her gratitude; a happy idea, full of delicacy, at least in the estimation of our grandmothers. An original anecdote from early English history has been brought to light by MR. LATHERDABBER, who represents the celebrated monarch by whom we were delivered from Danish sway superintending, or rather neglecting, humble culinary duty in the cottage of an Eatherd (or peasant), whose wife had given him shelter. Nor has foreign literature been a sealed book to the artists, and while the romantic annals of Spain have been ransacked to supply to MR. VOPUS the figures of an enthusiastic and chivalrous knight-errant who mistook a windmill for a giant, and of his LABLACHE-like squire, a quaint and singular compound of knavery and simplicity, the satiric drama of our lively neighbours (the French) has furnished MR. POGRAM with the idea of a ludicrous tradesman, who attempts to acquire accomplishments, and is astonished to find that he has been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. The reproach, unjustly cast upon our artists, that they are unacquainted with the classical writings will this year be triumphantly met, for both HOMER and VIRGIL afford subjects to painters, the Scian bard having suggested to MR. MADGEOWLET the childish fear of the youthful ANTINOUS at the helmet and plumes of his father ACHILLES, when the latter takes leave of his consort HELEN; and the Mantuan swan having afforded to MR. DE STORTER the opportunity of delineating the Carthaginian Queen listening to the recitals of the hero of Troy. We must not omit to add, that the too much neglected drama of our own country has been ransacked, not without success, by MR. BIDDYBOY and MR. BONASSUS, and that the former has made choice of a most interesting, yet withal most difficult, subject from the works of the Swan of Avon, where an aged but petulant monarch is driven out of doors by his ungrateful offspring, while the other has nobly advocated the cause of our oppressed Jewish fellow-subjects by a masterly delineation of an Italian Hebrew, who is giving admirable counsel to an unthrifty daughter. We look forward, therefore, with great interest to the opening of an exhibition where not only the pictorial talent, but the gallant ventures of our artists in fresh fields and pastures new are to be judged, but we have no fear for the result—*Spero meliora.*

### Five Heads to One Unmanageable Body.

WE think the principal insurgents who have headed the Chinese Revolution (at home) will not, for any very great length of time, agree amongst themselves. You will see that GLADSTONE, RUSSELL, ROEBUCK, DISRAELI, and COBDEN, will soon be quarrelling as to who shall be "first-chop."

### ORANGEMEN OF THE OPPOSITION.

THERE were always a certain number of Orangemen in LORD DERBY's party, but they were Irish Orangemen. They are now to be looked upon in the light of China-Orangemen.

### YANKEE NOTION OF ALLUM.

IT is the decided opinion of all the American residents at Hong Kong, that MR. ALLUM, the baker, who poisoned the bread, is, or was before he was shot, the greatest loafer in existence.

## A PILL FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

PUNCH, — ANOTHER Medical Bill is about to be brought into the House of Commons by MR. HEADLAM —having, of course, for its principal objects, the suppression of quackery, and the protection of the public from unqualified practitioners. If it is likely to answer these purposes, I hope you will request LORD PALMERSTON to support it. The consequence will be that the sale of patent medicines will be prohibited, and druggists prevented from practising across the counter.

"Any Medical Bill that does not ensure the prohibition of patent medicine-vending, and the prevention of druggists' counter-practice, will have the effect of protecting, against charlatans and unqualified practitioners, the health and pockets of the superior and educated classes only—who are able to protect themselves. It will still leave the poor and ignorant to prescribe quack remedies for their own complaints, in equal ignorance of the nature of the former and of the latter, or to get themselves physicked by anybody who may have set up a druggist's shop and may know no more of medicine than his pestle does.

"A secondary object of the Bill, I presume, will be the advantage of the Medical Profession itself. To this end, no doubt, it will contain a registration clause, whereby a fee of a certain amount will be fixed for registration. Now, the amount of this fee must be proportioned to the amount of good which may be expected from registration by the poor doctors on whom it is to be imposed. Appraised by that rule, it would come to about one shilling. If more than that is demanded, I trust that you will use your influence with the PREMIER to get the bill, or at least, the clause of it in question, rejected. In a former Bill it was proposed to fine every existing practitioner ten pounds for registration, otherwise, for permission to pursue the practice of that profession which has already cost all who have entered it so much, and remunerated most of them so little. If we are all to be fined at that rate, or anything like it, I know a professional gentleman who will have to sell his tortoise, his alligator stuffed, and all his other skins, whether of fishes, reptiles, or mammalia; whose beggarly account of empty boxes will then be more beggarly than ever, and who will be placed under circumstances of the strongest temptation to sell strychnine, arsenic, and prussic acid on the sly without asking questions. That professional gentleman, Sir, is

"Your humble Servant,

"GALEN BONES,"

"M.R.C.S. L.A.C."

"P.S. After all, Sir, would it not, perhaps, be as well if the Medical Profession were left to take care of itself, and if, as in most other matters of competition, we were simply to go the whole hog of Free Trade in physic?"

### About the Size of It.

DEPRECATING with much vehemence the charge of factious Coalition, MR. COBDEN'S Small Tea-Party appear resigned to hear their combination talked of as a "Concourse of Atoms;" and considering the smallness of the good which it has done them, we think that their majority may be fairly viewed as an atomic one.

SOME CONSOLATION AT LEAST.

THE Government, with the high sense of liberality that usually distinguishes its patronage of the Fine Arts, declines to purchase the "SOULAGE Collection." Never mind; let us console ourselves with the "NIGHTINGALE Fund," for, after all, that is the real "*Soulage* collection."

THE FIELD OF LITERATURE.—Of all fields the Field of Literature is the one that has the greatest number of Styles to it.

A FAIR BUTT FOR RIDICULE.—An old woman in hoops.

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SHALL write you an exceedingly short letter to-day, because I know that at this moment there is no getting any of you to attend to anything except your politics, but when you are a little sober after your electioneering excitement, I shall have a good deal to say upon several things.

"But I cannot restrain myself from saying a few words about something which I have read this week, and which is much too sad and grave a thing to be made fun of, and indeed I should not write to you about it at all, only I know that you very often mean seriousness when you talk levity. I mean that poor dear heroic woman who died in the fire on Tuesday. Talk of soldiers, yes, I allow that they do very gallant things, and I have seen men's cheeks flush, and their eyes sparkle, when they have been reading out aloud of some brave charge or rush into a breach. But then consider. They are drilled and trained to the work, they are led on by officers whom they trust, they have music that stirs them up to maddening pitch, and they have honour and glory before them—and above all, they are Men. But here was a poor woman, a young mother with a baby, her husband far away, her house in the middle of the night is wrapped in flames, and that poor thing, springing from her bed, and in all the terror and agony of the hour, does something which to my mind is more heroic than the bravest deed that a soldier ever performed since men began to murder one another. I would rather copy the description out of the paper than trust myself to write it. The poor thing was the second wife of a person named RAYNER, he is a commercial traveller, and she was doing business as a milliner near Camberwell Gate. He had four children by the first wife, the eldest only eleven, and then two more, and then a poor little thing of three, and this wife became the mother to them, (and I am sure a good one) and had also a little baby of her own. Late at night a boy discovers the fire, and now I come to what I have written out from the newspaper:—

"He immediately gave the alarm to the female servants, two in number, as also to his mistress, who, in a frantic state, seized upon her own child, an infant in arms, and called upon the servants to save her child while she ran up-stairs to fetch the other children. The servants in their terror took the infant and escaped, leaving the door open; this caused the fire to spread from the shop to the passage, and to run up the staircase, thus cutting off all retreat."

"I cannot bear to write out the rest, they heard all the five poor creatures crying and screaming, but nobody could help them, and no engines came until all was over. We won't speak of that, but tell me whether the poor Step-mother, just providing for the safety of her own baby, and no more, and then rushing into the flames to rescue her husband's children was not a noble thing.

"If a man had done such a deed we should have had a world of praise of his courage and devotion, and a memorial would have been erected to him, and his children provided for. But this poor brave thing was only a woman, and I suppose only doing her duty, and nobody will even ask what has become of the poor baby who was saved.

"Go on with your elections, and canting, and bribery. Who cares to hear about a martyr woman?

"MARY ANN."

## RELIGION IN A PLAY-BILL.

MR. CHARLES KEAN puts forth a most lovely composition in his *Richard II.* play-bill. Ere the curtain rises, it so fixes the attention of even the pit and gallery, that not a nut is cracked, not an apple bitten. Among other revelations of the bill is the subjoined:—

"JOHN WICKLIFFE, 'the morning star of the Reformation,' made himself heard amidst the angry roar of contending passions: and in the hearts of fiery and seditious men sowed the seed, which, after a growth of one hundred and fifty years, was destined to expand into the STANDARD RELIGION OF OUR COUNTRY."

Even the bench of bishops will be glad to find themselves fortified by the opinion of MR. CHARLES KEAN. Comforting is it to know, on playhouse authority, that the established religion is the "standard" religion, like standard gold, carrying the Divine Hall-mark to be seen through the spectacles of a manager. Nevertheless, this opinion bears a little hard upon certain folks for whom, it might be expected, there would be some professional sympathy. For if the "standard" religionists are the chosen, what—we ask MR. KEAN, as an actor and a man—what is to become of the "ranters?"

### The St. Petersburg Party.

IT has been said that the want of tools is a great impediment to the accomplishment of Russian works. Russia, however, will be in no want of tools, so long as the EARL OF DERBY, and MESSRS. DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, and COBDEN continue to afford her their instrumentality.

THE REAL POISONER OF THE LOAF.—MR. COBDEN, who seeks to spoil his Free Bread reputation by his Anti-English policy.

## RUSKIN AT THE FEET OF SPURGEON.

THE *Morning Advertiser* of late has become greatly addicted to controversial points of religion. Though circulating through the Bunch of Grapes, and all sorts of Lions, Red, White, Black, and Blue, the *'Tiser*, though given to the publicans, is always ready to attack the Pharisees. And why not? As BYRON says—

"There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms,
As rum and true religion."

Porter and polemics make very strengthening half-and-half. Therefore, the *'Tiser* is the affectionate advocate of MR. SPURGEON, and crowning triumph, faithfully records the visits of Judges and ex-Ministers to the Hall of the Surrey Gardens. LORD JOHN is found among the congregation: and straightway MR. SPURGEON throws him, like a head of spikenard, a compliment, an acknowledgment. MR. RUSKIN —our authority is still the *'Tiser*—"sent a cheque, after hearing him preach, for 100 guineas to MR. SPURGEON, towards the fund for building a new place of worship." If this be true, why does not MR. RUSKIN enhance, beyond all price, his money-gift, by adding thereto a plan for the new edifice? MR. RUSKIN has written in his own eloquent way upon "Sheep-Pens." Why not be the architect of a sheep-cot for the shepherd of our time? To be sure, RUSKIN and CALVIN are a little at odds, but no man like the author of *The Stones of Venice* can draw so much concord out of a paradox. Under the genius of MR. RUSKIN, the square, cold lead-lined tank of CALVIN would become as vast, as multitudinous, and as phosphorescent as a tropic ocean.

## GOVERNMENT LAWYERS ON SMUGGLED OPIUM.

"THE President of the Council presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and requests that gentleman to give as early publication as may suit him to the following Opinions of the Law Officers of the Crown, obtained upon the subject of the Opium Trade, in compliance with the promise of the Government to LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"*Bruton Street, March* 24."

*From the Attorney-General.*

"I have perused LORD SHAFTESBURY'S speech, and the treaties to which his lordship was pleased to refer. It appears to me, with all deference to the distinguished nobleman in question, that he is utterly unacquainted with the facts of the case, and entirely incapable, had he been reasonably familiar with them, of forming a judgment upon it. I shall not be expected at an electoral crisis like this to sacrifice any appreciable period of time to the enlightenment of his incapacity, but I will simply advance a series of propositions for his information. 1. The acknowledged duty of a Government is to take care that no hindrance is interposed to the people's obtaining the necessaries of life. 2. Opium has become a necessary of life to a Chinaman. 3. A Government failing in its duty ceases to be a Government. 4. A Chinese Government enacting laws against Opium is therefore no longer a Government. 5. If there is no Government there can be no Government laws against smuggling Opium. 6. The Indian merchant who supplies the Chinese opium-smoker with his favourite stimulant violates no law. 7. It is to be deplored when intellects of an inferior calibre apply themselves to considerations of a gravity beyond the grasp of their organisation. 8. LORD SHAFTESBURY'S intellect is of an inferior calibre. 9. LORD SHAFTESBURY had better shut up shop.

"RICHARD BETHELL,
"*Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.*"

*From the Solicitor-General.*

"I have looked at the papers, but the idea of LORD SHAFTESBURY bothering about Opium at a time when the elections are coming on is too ridiculous. If I get in again, and am not elected SPEAKER, I will read the documents more attentively. In the mean time it seems to me that laws opposed to our wants and habits are vicious. For example, everybody smokes cigars, and yet, in defiance of this fact, the fools of railway directors stick up notices that you are not to smoke in their carriages. Who thinks that he does wrong in violating such a ridiculous order? One "smuggles" one's cigar, of course, in stopping at stations, because one would not get an unfortunate guard into a scrape by making it clear that he saw a breach of the foolish rules, but nobody has the least compunction in smoking, or enabling others to smoke. The same with Opium. There is no harm in Opium, in moderation, and the Chinese will have it; and I should think no more of giving a Chinese friend a pound of Opium, behind the backs of the officers, than I should of handing my cigar-case to a friend in a railway-carriage. I am afraid SHAFTESBURY, though a worthy man, is a bit of a fidgety milksop.

"J. A. STUART WORTLEY,
"*Twisden Buildings, Temple.*"

## A BAREBONES PARLIAMENT AGAIN.

WHAT a pretty House of Commons we should have if the body of electors were to take the advice impertinently offered to them in the following advertisement, published by a set of Sabbatarian quacks!

THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS.—The Committee of the Lord's Day Observance Society urge upon Electors to vote only for those candidates who will oppose the opening of the British Museum, National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and similar institutions, and also the playing of military bands for public amusement, on the Lord's Day, and who will advocate measures for suppressing all desecrations of that day, which are an open and manifest violation of the command of God, and involve the employment on the Lord's Day of numbers of our fellow-subjects connected with the Post Office, railway and other travelling, public-houses, trading, &c.

This puritanical appeal to ignorant fanaticism, is signed by one JOHN T. BAYLEE, who calls himself "Clerical Secretary," and who, therefore, apparently, is, or supposes himself to be, a parson of some species. By the company in which he appears, and the cant which he endorses, we should judge him to be a species of parson bearing, in one respect, and in one only, a certain resemblance to a philosopher. DIOGENES vented his cynicism from a tub, and we should think that BAYLEE, if he does not preach from the same kind of pulpit, is more fit to preach from that than any other.

In expressing the opinion that we should have a pretty House of Commons if its members could be returned by the deluded dupes of BAYLEE and the Sabbatarian advertisers we do not wish to be understood in the literal sense, but in that wherein it is customary to call a mess pretty, or to tell a preposterous humbug that he is a pretty fellow. A very ugly House of Commons, physiognomically, would no doubt be constituted by a paramount Sabbatarian interest. The maudlin professors of that persuasion are apt to term their fellow-ranters "lovely" men, but they are for the most part an extremely ill-looking set of fellows, whose features, naturally unprepossessing, are distorted by the agency of Calvinism. No doubt the representatives whom they would send to Parliament would represent them in nothing more strongly than in their aspect of scowling dulness and drivelling imbecility.

"No rational amusement on the Sunday!" "No British Museum!" "No National Gallery!" "No study of the wonders of Creation!" "No refining influence of Art!" "No soothing sounds of music!" "No Post Office!" "No Railways!" "No Electric Telegraphs!" "No hearing from sick or dying relatives, or going to visit them!" These, and such, are the election cries of the Sabbatarian hypocrites and boobies, and their blessed BAYLEE; these cries and the like: for instance, perhaps, "No Medical Attendance!" "No pulling oxen or asses out of pits on the Sabbath Day!"

We give the advertisement of these bigots the advantage of circulation, in the hope that it may suggest to many sensible persons the necessity of doing precisely the contrary to what it recommends, and, of not forgetting, in their enthusiasm for LORD PALMERSTON personally, to require, from those candidates for whom they vote, a pledge to support the noble Lord in the concessions which he is disposed to make to those claimants of religious liberty who demand emancipation from the restrictions which they labour under in consequence of the compulsory and peculiar observance of Sunday imposed upon them by Puritanism.

### Unaccountable Stewardship.

MOST members of the House of Commons have been just giving their constituents an account of their Stewardship, as they call it, but no Steward has as yet rendered any account of the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds.

CHINESE EJECTMENT.

JOHN CHINAMAN, in poisoning bread for the purpose of serving an ejectment on the Europeans, may be regarded by lawyers as having highly entitled himself to be described by the *soubriquet* of JOHN DOUGH.

BRIEF AUTHORITY.—A Barrister's.

## A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

*Arthur.* "DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST!"

*Freddy.* "ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW WE PITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES!"

## AN-ATOMY OF A MAJORITY.

THOSE nice men for a small tea-party, MESSIEURS COBDEN, DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, NEWDEGATE, and Co., can hardly find words strong enough to express the strength of their disgust that the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" to which they owed their Chinese triumph should be called a Coalition. In their election addresses they have most of them been closely plagiarising those *Addresses* which (*absit omen!* may their friends say) are known as the *Rejected* ones. Of course we cannot well expect a man to give his mind calmly to poetic composition when agitated by the thoughts of an electioneering contest, or we might have seen before now some such a paraphrase of a well-known passage as the following:—

Their votes in elemental chaos mixed,
Atoms by chance the fate of Gov'ment fixed.
No factious cause inspired the happy plot
(Although 'twas whispered PAM *might* go to pot,
And then both loaves and fishes *might* be got).
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
Combined, and Chinese cheers told the result.
Pure child of Chance, which in St. Stephen's Hall
Bids Whig or Tory atoms rise or fall,
By COBDEN launched the bubble motion floats,
Upheld by radicals' and placemen's votes:
So nicely poised, that one score atoms less
Had given PAM a triumph, DIS distress!

### The Rights of Woman.

THE following may be adduced as just a few of the privileged Rights of Woman—to wit:—A gentleman's Right arm, the Righthand side of a carriage, and always the Right side of an argument. To the above may be thrown in as peculiar Rights that Woman perhaps understands, and decidedly adorns, a thousand times better than Man, *viz.*, the Rites of Hospitality and the Rites of Hymen. Though, to speak impartially, the Wrongs of Hymen (as witness our police reports) fall to poor Woman's share almost as frequently as the Rites.

### SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

THERE is not a Frenchman, let him be ever so small, and let the work he is engaged upon be as small as himself, but sets about it with the most thorough conviction that the eyes of Europe are upon him!

## LORD PALMERSTON AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

WE were favoured with an early view of LORD PALMERSTON as he now appears in freshest wax at MADAME TUSSAUD'S. After the Order of the Garter, nothing was wanting to the fullness of the noble Viscount's fame but an elevation to Baker Street; and this enamoured fortune has vouchsafed to him. Of course, opinions will differ as to the merits of the work as a portraiture of the noble lord; for, as regards even the oldest and grandest works of art, the most susceptible and most acute of critics will occasionally disagree. The Apollo Belvidere has had his back-biters, and even Venus de Medicis has been declared not a bit better than she should be. Thus, it is to be expected—especially in these hustings days of party contention—that even the waxen image of the incomparable PREMIER will not pass without partial detraction; however universal opinion may honour and applaud it.

Thus, MR. DISRAELI thinks the statue altogether wants a look of life-like reality. As "a turbulent and aggressive" minister, his arms ought to have been a-kimbo, or at least one arm ought to have been raised, and one fist doubled.

MR. COBDEN, though generally agreeing with MR. DISRAELI upon LORD PALMERSTON'S objectionable attitude, thought it would not be sufficient to the likeness as a striking portrait, if the fist were merely doubled. He would have the hand "incarnadined" like *Macbeth's*, that the British tea-drinking public might, over their cups, think of the dreadful rise in the teapot and the horrible massacre at Canton.

MR. ROEBUCK considered the thing altogether contemptible. He had once or twice agreed with LORD PALMERSTON; and had no unalterable objection to do so once or twice again. But—he must ask it—why should LORD PALMERSTON stand there flaunting in a tawdry court dress smeared all over with gold? Why couldn't he wear a plain blue coat? Must the noble lord—even in wax—always be going to the QUEEN'S balls? When did the noble lord ever see him—ARTHUR ROEBUCK—in a court dress?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought the costume very correct and very befitting. In that costume, he must say, his noble friend looked not like the minister for France—not like the minister for Austria—but like the minister for England. LORD JOHN, however, could not acquit the artist of the grossest flattery. His noble friend was in his seventy-third year; every day of it and all the Parliamentary nights. Well, as his noble friend stood there, he didn't look an hour over fifty. And all LORD JOHN would simply ask was this—Was this constitutional?

MR. LAYARD found no fault with the likeness generally; but thought the position detestable. Why was not his lordship *posed* with his best leg foremost, and that leg taking an eastern direction?

The EARL of DERBY, having taken a single glance of his lordship, benevolently hoped that the premises were heavily insured. With such a combustible addition to the show, he would not, for his part, sleep in the neighbourhood, unless all night the hose was laid on. His lordship then, in a laughing manner, and very much enjoying the discovery, called the attention of a friend to the state of the figures of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; both in a melting state from their proximity to the firebrand PALMERSTON. Even his Holiness the Pope had begun to perspire.

MR. GLADSTONE thought the whole thing a gross imposture on public belief. He had counted the hairs of the wig of the effigy, and knowing something of the wig of the living PREMIER, he would pledge his reputation as a statesman and his expectations as a minister, if the number of hairs in each wig would be found to tally. Now, he repeated that this was a gross delusion, a gross misrepresentation altogether unworthy of any man pretending to be minister of this once powerful and once highly-principled country.

"PRO BONO PIMLICO."—The new cab-drive through St. James's Park.

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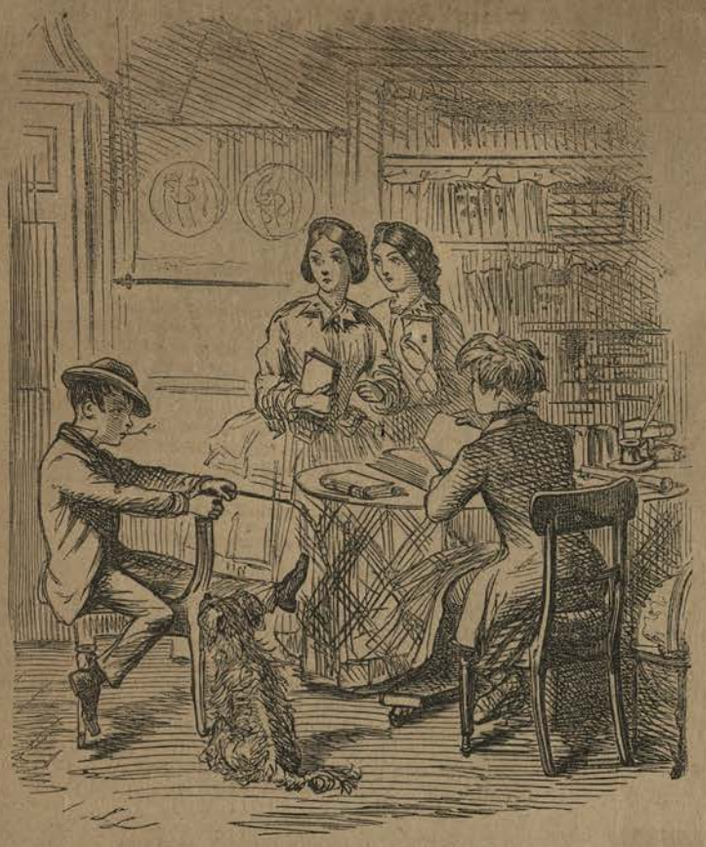


*Studious Boy.* "Johnny!—I advise you not to be a Good Boy!"

*Johnny.* "Why?"

*Studious Boy.* "Because in Books all Good Boys die, you Know!"

## EXCESS OF APPAREL.

A Remonstrance.

'Tis not that thou art fond of dress,
Dearest, that I at all complain,
I do not wish that fondness less,
I like, I want thee to be vain;
Nay, that thy charms might heightened be
By every means, I would implore,
So that they might enrapture me,
And make me love thee still the more.

'Tis for those very charms of thine,
By Fashion wronged, that I appeal,
Through muslin clouds they cannot shine;
Dress should adorn, and not conceal;
The present mode may suit the Hags,
Or Matrons of the Grampus kind.
Of clothes they all look best as bags,
Puffed out before, at sides, behind.

But what avails it thee to own,
A form of symmetry and grace,
With drapery round thee so outblown
That I can only see thy face?
The angel that thou art, appear,
Nor longer so thy figure hide,
As if thou wert a cherub mere,
That has a face—and nought beside.

### Bomba's Revenge.

A Creature of Bomba's, one Bajano, a policeman, has invented a new torturing apparatus; a machine which gags, by choking the victim. This devil's toy is used to inflict a kind of torture called the *tortura del silenzio*. The miscreant underling may have devised this diabolical contrivance; but the idea of it was no doubt suggested by his absolute master. Enraged because France and England will not speak to him, he thinks to visit their silence on his unhappy prisoners.

"Habitans in Sicco."—Thieves have been stripping the roofs of some of the city churches of the lead. Wantonly wicked, when there is so much given in the sermons.

## "YES, 'TIS THE SPELL!"

We learn from the Report of the Civil Service Examiners, who have done the State much civil service by their nipping in the bud whole groves of inefficiency, which might have otherwise been added to the Woods and Forests, and have increased the woodiness of the Admiralty and other Governmental boards,—we learn, we say, from a lately published Blue, or we might rather call it Black Book, that one of the chief causes of rejection with the candidates was the badness of their spelling. Of this the instances which are quoted, for our anything but satisfaction, are as singular as they are plural; and we especially are struck with the ingenious varieties which we find have been devised for spelling the same words. It would puzzle a John Thomas to discover seven ways of writing the word "grievances" without once hitting on the right one: yet this feat of cacography has lately been accomplished; and it would seem the "Mediterranean" has proved a Rubicon that very many of the Candidates have been unable to get over, since we see no less than fourteen methods of misspelling it.

These results might not unreasonably perhaps have been anticipated in examining the junior classes of a Ragged School; but, we cannot help allowing, that the Commissioners are justified in their expression of astonishment, that grown up Candidates for Civil Service should have shown so little previous acquaintance with their spelling books. Nor can it much increase one's reverence for what is known in common parlance as a "gentlemanly education," when one hears that—

"Out of sixty-six sons of noblemen and gentlemen who were rejected, forty-four per cent. were for incapacity to spell their own language."

The better then the birth, the worse would seem the spelling. But, however much this may have astonished the Commissioners, it is no surprise to us. We think, though, that the system is at fault much more than those who suffer for it. We have no wish to speak lightly of a liberal education, if we say that to our view there is something radically wrong in it. We were at a public school ourselves; and however great our progress may have been with the dead languages, we but little added to our knowledge of the living ones. Our masters stood by far too high as classicists to stoop to teach us common English, and so long as we continued public scholars we had to consult our spelling books in private.

Yet at ten years of age, which were ours when we entered, we could hardly have acquired that perfect mastery of English which it apparently was taken quite for granted we possessed, since no attempt was made to cure our imperfections.

Now without undervaluing our classical attainments, we must say that we still find our English quite as useful to us as our Latin; and we had far less rather lose our knowledge of orthography, than part with our ability to give the paradigm of τύπτω. To write the word "grievances" with a false quantity of letters seems to us a greater heinousness than even making a false quantity in scanning a pentameter: and it is probable that the *employés* of a British Government will more often have the opportunity of showing off the former than the latter feat of scholarship. But so long as English schools teach chiefly Greek and Latin, and a knowledge of orthography is assumed to come by instinct, so long will "finished" scholars be found engulphed and quite at sea in spelling "Mediterranean," and Civil Candidates use words that almost Billingsgate would blush at.

## ROTHSCHILD'S TIME BARGAIN.

Baron Rothschild made a time bargain with the citizens of London. If, again championed by an increased majority in the Commons, he is again rejected by the Lords, the Baron "will not hesitate in immediately placing his seat" at the disposal of the electors. According to the olden Cabalists, everything that is and is to be is written in Hebrew on the face of the Heavens, if a sage can only be found wise enough to read it. Is no such sage among the London remnant of Israel? It cannot be said of "the people" what *Macbeth* avouches of *Banquo*, that "there is no speculation" in their eyes; and such being the case, how easy to read upon the face of the sky whether the Baron's time bargain is for a rise or a fall.

## THE BATTLE OF THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLES.

*Translated from a fragment of a Latin MS., supposed to be a Roman Law Report, recently discovered in the Vatican.*

ABOUT this time (FINNIS EQUA being Consul) the peace of the state was a good deal disturbed by the quarrels of the people called Christians, who being no longer persecuted by the Government, proceeded to persecute one another. Some of these Christians, being wealthy and foolish, desired to adorn their temples after the manner of the temples of the gods, with altars, and carved images, and embroideries of lace, and women gave liberal gifts in order to furnish forth the same. Two of their temples, one at the Pons Equitis, and the other in the Via Pimliconis, were thus costlily set forth, and drew crowds of worshippers, the priests singing and offering incense, and the minstrels playing. Other some were seized with great fury at this display and these rites, which they said were altogether foreign to the traditions of certain ancient Piscatores, whom they claim as the founders of their religion, and the two classes, mingling with the celestial ire in their bosoms certain patrician and plebeian antipathies, did rush to war. Violences were committed, and much scandal wrought, but the senate and people, restraining them, called upon them to settle their questions of strife among themselves. This they essayed to do, and sought the sentence of their chief priests, which was tardily given, and by which the vanquished party would not be bound. At length, their brawls and their pertinacity drove them to a course which they all agreed was wrong, namely, to go to law before a profane tribunal, and not before their own religious teachers. It was fixed that the trial upon the rites of the two Christian temples should be set down among the Judicia Centumviralia, and the Prætor, T. PEMBERTONIUS LEIUS, sat to hear the same, with three skilful Consilarii, named PARKIUS, PATTISONIUS, and MAULIUS, to whom it was agreed to add a couple of the Christian flamens as adsessors.

The cause of the Christians being heard at very intolerable length, the Prætor said *Mihi non liquet*, and took time for deliberation, and on the day of the great god Saturn now last past, pronounced judgment. He chided both parties for their rancour and their folly, the former being opposed to the laws of the religion by which they pretended to be bound, and the latter being shown by their making so vast a matter of the absence or presence of a few pieces of wood, stone, and silk. The Prætor then decided, that having examined their traditions and their laws, he saw no reason why a wooden cross whereof complaint was made should not remain, the same being regarded as an architect's device. Hereat one part of the Christians broke out into a fierce shout of triumph, but were compelled to silence by the lictors. The Prætor next said that a marble altar, erected in the two temples in imitation of the altars of the gods, must be taken away, with a cross thereupon, and a wooden table substituted. Hereat another part of the Christians broke out into a fierce shout of triumph, but were compelled to silence by the lictors. Next it was held that certain small side tables, called Credences, which had given great offence to the iconoclastic party, might be retained, as might the embroidered cloth wherewith the priests had been wont to cover the said altar when not offering sacrifice, and wherewith they might now cover the table, so that no man could know whether it were an altar or not. But the embroidered linen and lace which had been placed upon the said altar was not to be used again. Finally, the Prætor condemned each party to pay his own costs, and dismissed the Christians with counsel to live together in amity, and to remember what one of ourselves had said of them, "See how these Christians love one another." The sentence striking both ways, neither party fixed the garland of Green Palm at his advocate's door, which nevertheless either might well have done, both having enough and to spare of greenness.

## THE GREAT INCORRUPTIBLE!

*(An Entirely Imaginary Conversation, based on facts of the same character.)*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAYTERIO (*A fiend in human shape, Patronage Secretary of the Treasury of Barataria*).
GULIELMO (*A Retail Tradesman of limited capacity and lofty principles, Member for a Metropolitan Borough in the Island, commonly called by himself "The Incorruptible"*).
MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF BARATARIA (*in various stages of corruption and corruptibility*).

SCENE—*The House of Commons in the Capital of Barataria. Members discovered.*

*Enter* HAYTERIO (*with a Budget, sowing corruption broadcast. As he sows he sings*).

Places snug, with famous pay,
Safe and sure each quarter-day;
Sinecures and shares in jobs,
Cards for balls and routs of nobs;
Tickets for the Royal hops,
Means to sink all sorts of shops;
Stars to hide the turns of coats;
Ribbons rich for timely votes;
Honours, places, titles, favours,—
Be but on your good behaviours:
Come buy—come buy! and take your choice—
The highest price is but a voice.
Come, buy of me—come buy, come buy!
Buy, husbands, or your wives will cry;
Baronetcies I have here;
Dinner-tickets from a Peer;
Bows from Duchesses and Dukes,
Shakes o' the hand and gracious looks;
For him who with us will divide,
Waiterships on time and tide;
Loaves from out the public dish,
Slices off the public fish;
Come see—but see—the wares I've brought,
You all must buy—(*aside*) must all be bought!

*Members crowd round eagerly.*

*First Member.* Ha! Said'st thou, MASTER HAYTERIO, thou hast there a ticket for the QUEEN'S Hop?

*Hayterio.* Marry have I, MASTER MUDLARK.

*First Member.* Out with it, then; my mistress hath longed sore for one of these same tickets, this many a long day.

*Hayterio* (*gives Ticket*). And now—(*produces a scroll and iron pen.*) Sign here!

*First Member* (*who has taken the pen, starting back*). 'Tis blood!

*Hayterio* (*mockingly*). Ha! Ha! Ha! Red ink, man, red ink.

*First Member* (*re-assured*). Nay, an it is but red ink. [*Signs.*

*Hayterio* (*aside, with fiendish exultation*). He 's ours!

*Second Member* (*musingly*). Hast ever a "Sir," or two, in thy budget, Master? Methinks "Sir" would go well with my name—"SIR DRUDGER DITCHWATER"—It sounds bravely.

*Hayterio.* Thou say'st well, MASTER DITCHWATER. Methinks I hear it rung roundly out by the varlets, round the playhouse door—"SIR DRUDGER and LADY DITCHWATER coming down."

*Second Member.* LADY DITCHWATER, too!—and but a vote, say'st thou?

*Hayterio.* Even so—but a poor vote—MASTER DRUDGER.

*Second Member.* Nay, I was ever of my Lord's mind, and the Government's; but those pestilent rogues o' the hustings did,—as 't were,—I know not how,—take pledges of me, methinks.

*Hayterio.* A fig for the rascals, and their pledges! (*With cordiality.*) Here, man, clap in here!

[*Offers him a bloody hand.* SECOND MEMBER *recoils with horror.*

*Hayterio.* 'Tis but wine, man—the blood of the grape.

*Second Member.* Is it so? Then have with you—red hand, and all!

[*He clenches him with the bloody hand.*

*Hayterio* (*aside, as before*).

One more!
That 's two to my score!

(*To* THIRD MEMBER.) And you, fair MASTER CINQAPACE—Will you not to Her Grace's Ball to-night? She would fain see you there. She has talked much of your noble air in a coranto, "An he were but of our side," she hath said—and sighed—

*Third Member.* Nay—as for sides, Sir, I know none in state affairs. "Measures, not men," say I.

*Hayterio.* 'Tis my own maxim. Then support our measures. Heaven forbid I should ask you to vote with our men. You will come to Her Grace's Ball? See here (*shows invitation*)—for thyself, thy wife, and thy daughter—a fair maiden, MASTER CINQAPACE. Why is she not presented ere this? I know the Duchess would fain take such a phœnix under her wing.

*Third Member.* Think'st thou so, indeed, MASTER HAYTERIO? Well, I am for your measures. Let who will stick to men,—measures, say I.

*Hayterio* (*gives invitation to Ball*). Her Grace claims your hand for the first fandango. Remember! (*Aside to him, with a wink.*) Lothario that thou art! If MISTRESS CINQAPACE but guessed!

[THIRD MEMBER *smiles, then blushes; nudges* HAYTERIO *in the ribs, places his finger by the side of his nose cunningly, and glides away, after exchanging with* HAYTERIO *a confidential pressure of the hand.*

*Hayterio* (*recording the name of* THIRD MEMBER *on his list*). Another gained! So wags this world of ours. Buyers and sellers all! Each has his price. "Nation of Shopkeepers," said the Corsican,—and he spake truth. But we must have more votes.

[*Observes* GULIELMO, *who during the preceding scene has been standing apart, with his arms folded, a scowl of contemptuous indignation on his homely but heroic features.*

'Tis GULIELMO—Member for the Marsh—
A great Arithmetician, aye agog
For that Economy, which 'tis our game
To call "cheese-paring"—"thrift of cand'e-ends;"
Or "Penny-Wisdom-and-Pound-Foolishness."
Would I could win him!—Let me find a chink
In his mailed virtue—twang—I'll loose a shaft,
And lay him at my feet—a noble quarry! [*Approaches familiarly.*
Give you good-day, good MASTER GULIELMO.

*Gulielmo.* Even "good-day," I take not at your hands.

*Hayterio.* Nay, prithee, snap me not so shortly up—
I would be courteous—

*Gulielmo.* Keep your courteous breath
For those whose porridge it can cool or warm:
I need it not. [*Turns away with lofty independence.*

*Hayterio* (*following him*). Yet wherefore fly me?

*Gulielmo* (*stopping short and turning*). FLY!
Hear him, Marsh voters! Hear him—he said "FLY."
[*With withering scorn.*
Know—minion of corruption,—GULIELMO
Flies not from man—least of all men, from *you!*

*Hayterio.* "Let that Fly,"—as our Scottish proverb says—
"Stick to the wall," but say why you requite
My courtesy with churlishness. 'Tis well
For those o' the other side the House to sneer,
Howl, make mouths, call us "humbugs," but for *you*—
A Liberal—so to meet a Liberal's hand—
To be so cross with us—still to let out
Each Liberal cat from the Official bag—
'Tis hard! But say, must it be ever thus?—
Will nothing tempt thee to more pliant mood?

*Gulielmo* (*folding his arms*). Nothing that thou canst offer.

*Hayterio* (*pointing to his Budget*). I have here
Post-Office places—snug Tide-Waiterships,
Suited for ten pound voters—

*Gulielmo.* Hold, thy hand!
Tides wait for no man,—no man waits for tides,
That votes for GULIELMO. Post Office?
I scorn all men of letters,—and will not
Be accessory to the making more.

*Hayterio.* But social honours!—They can tempt you, sure.
Say, would you dine with PALMERSTONO? Meet
His lady's gracious smile on Saturday's?
Be pointed at, within her marble halls—
"See—GULIELMO—that is he—the great,
The immaculate GULIELMO?"

*Gulielmo.* I 'd rather meet
Within the sanded tap-rooms of the Marsh
My grimiest, greasiest constituents,
Than sit the guest of princes!

*Hayterio* (*insinuatingly*). But thy wife;
Think how she 'd grace the Halls of Royalty!
Think of thy wife, in plumes and a court-train!
[GULIELMO *is agitated by a severe internal struggle.*
Think of that matron's pride! [*aside.*
He shrinks! he yields!

*Gulielmo* (*aside*). The husband shakes! the patriot is fixed!
[*With an outburst of awful dignity.*
Back tempter! Sooner should my wife usurp
The inexpressibles I wear, than mount
Lappets and train to swell the venal crowd
Of courtier-slaves! Take hence thy bribes! Avaunt!

*Hayterio.* But one word—Knighthood for thyself—

*Gulielmo.* Away!

*Hayterio.* A baronetcy—succession to thy son.

*Gulielmo.* Like me, he lives and dies Plain GULIELMO!

*Hayterio.* A Baronage—

*Gulielmo.* Bother!

*Hayterio.* Earldom—

*Gulielmo.* Go to Bath!

*Hayterio.* A Marquisate—a Dukedom—what thou wilt?

*Gulielmo.* What I will! (*Witheringly.*) To be left to my great self—
Plain GULIELMO, Member for the Marsh—
The immaculate—the incorruptible—
UNBUYABLE—UNBRIBABLE—ALONE!

[HAYTERIO *shrinks back baffled!* GULIELMO *strikes an attitude of mingled triumph and humility. Curtain Falls.*

## "CLEAN HANDS."

THE late governor of the British Bank, MR. ESDAILE, took touching occasion at the Court of Bankruptcy to thank God with a sigh—

"Some people always sigh in thanking God,"

says the poetess of *Aurora Leigh*,—that, sinking with the British Bank, he had sunk with "clean hands." May not the public be favoured with cheap casts of those monetary hands, painted after the purity of the originals? They would, doubtless, be of great interest even as objects of art—of the very highest and the very deepest art—to depositors and shareholders, hung over their mantel-pieces. As we have known soldiers and sailors who carefully hoarded the bullet that had hit them; so, doubtless, might the sufferers by the British Bank find food for bitter melancholy in contemplating the shape of the palms, the insinuating delicacy of finger of the hands of the governor, under whose manipulation the British Bank, like a soap-bubble, burst into infinite space. We have not the least doubt of the present purity of MR. ESDAILE'S hands: but we confess a curiosity to know the sort of wash-balls he used for ablution, seeing that from his close friendship with MR. CAMERON, the governor must now and then have touched pitch. But purity and refinement seemed to be the besetting qualities of the late governor. CAMERON was a working, vulgar tool: ESDAILE was the tranquil gentleman. In fact, CAMERON, in the words of ESDAILE—"was the supreme executive of the Bank."

"You do not mean to say,"—puts in the merciless MR. LINKLATER—"he was there for use, and you for ornament?"

And MR. ESDAILE makes reply with all the conscious dignity of the passive, yet superior article—"It was very much the case."

A report was issued—it is not stated whether before or after MR. ESDAILE had washed his hands, but we incline to think before—in which the blessings to be derived from the British Bank were thus set forth—

"The contributions of innumerable small rills gradually swelling into a mighty head might be diffused so as to irrigate and fructify the surrounding space, and be a blessing to the givers and receivers."

This is evidently from the useful hand of CAMERON, and not from the hand ornamental of ESDAILE. CAMERON, moreover, was the piety-monger; the bird of *pray*: hence, his note is audible in the subjoined.

"That the benefits of the institution to the community would as much exceed those of even savings-banks as did the gains of the good and faithful servant those of him who kept his pound laid up in a napkin."

It is really too much for CAMERON ISCARIOT, for him who "bore the bag," to calculate the gains of the good and faithful servant. Under the nominal rule of the ornamental governorship, the directors sent out the following courageous falsehood:—

"That the Royal British Bank being incorporated by Royal Charter, it possessed a privilege of doing local business equal to any Bank except the Bank of England. The Lords of HER MAJESTY'S Privy Council of Trade had already approved of the deed of constitution by increasing the capital as the nature of the business might require."

Again we say, we do not for a moment doubt the surpassing cleanliness of MR. ESDAILE'S hands; but we must emphatically put to him this question—Where *does* he buy his soap?

## THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

*Little Girl.* "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"

## A CHILD GOING A-BEGGING.

PHRENOLOGY talks of an organ of "Philoprogenitiveness," or the love of Children. In some heads this is excessively large, in others unnaturally small. Subjoined is an advertisement which appears to be addressed by parents of the latter class to childless people of the former:—

ADOPTED CHILDREN.—A Boy, aged seven years, will be given up entirely to any respectable party wishing to adopt him. The Child's parents are of gentle blood, but their present circumstances do not enable them to educate him. The Child is more than ordinarily intelligent, and very musical. Address, ——— ———, General Advertiser Office.

The gentle blood of which these parents boast does not appear to manifest itself in parental tenderness. Although, however, they seem to have very little "Philoprogenitiveness" themselves, they evidently have an exaggerated idea of the possible strength of the feeling in others. They consider the age of seven years, intelligence more than ordinary, and a very musical turn, to be recommendations, on the part of their little boy, sufficient to be likely to induce some people to take him upon their hands and charge themselves with his education and maintenance. Who, most of our readers will exclaim, would take a child for a pet, when, at a rate so very much cheaper, he could keep a terrier? Some, perhaps, of that class of persons who send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER may take the fancy of adopting a child into their heads with the same view as that which induces others to buy a dog. Religious zealots, too, Papist or Protestant, may look upon an infant, who will be given up entirely to them, as a great catch. They may be ready to jump at the chance of procuring an addition to their respective persuasions; and may rejoice in the purpose of training up their adopted child in the way they think he should go, just as persons of other sentiments please themselves in the design of breaking a setter. The musical quality of the child will perhaps commend it to the devotees of ST. CECILIA. Probably this quality is hereditary. A poem of the nursery declares that—

"The cuckoo is a pretty bird:
He sings as he flies—"

and the parents of this child, in proposing to abandon their offspring to the care of strangers, exhibit themselves in the character of those peculiarly constituted singing birds called cuckoos. They are also liable to another ornithological comparison, and may be said to resemble ducks, for these fowls also object to rear their young. This consideration may procure a foster-mother for the child, in the person of some benevolent lady who may be desirous of dandling a little duck.

## PEACE AND NO PEACE.

IT may be observed that, as a rule, the Members of the Peace Society display a most unfitting bellicosity of language. The vehemence with which they have been lately "giving it" to all who dare to differ with them on the merits of the China question, makes us almost tremble for the safety of our ears should the country now decide for carrying on the war with still increasing vigour. Were further outrage to be heaped upon the interesting victims of our barbarous brutalities, we may question if the Peace brawlers would be able to discover words half strong enough, to give a due expression to the strength of their virtuous indignation. At any rate we doubt if any orator among them could so far repress his feelings, as to speak with any calmness of that crash of the Celestials, which might ensue if JOHN BULL were provoked to force his way into the China Shop with a goodwill to the business. We suspect that even MR. CORDEN, with all his mastery of language, would in such case, find it difficult to keep his tongue in due command, and show that, to misquote the poet, he was—

"Master of himself, though China fall."

### Court Circular from the Nursery.

"PRINCE LEOPOLD"—writes the Court Newsman of Thursday—"visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park." The Prince, being at the ripe age of almost four, it is especially necessary that a thinking people should know when His Royal Highness condescendingly visits the guinea-pigs, and what time he graciously spends in the monkey-house.

# BEHIND THE SCENES.

Manager Pam (*looking through the Curtain*). "HOW THEY ARE SQUABBLING FOR SEATS!—REALLY, A CAPITAL HOUSE!"

Mr. Punch. "WELL, YOU 'VE A GOOD CHANCE OF SUCCESS, BUT IT DEPENDS ENTIRELY UPON WHAT YOU PRODUCE!"

## THE MYTH OF PAN AND PAM.

Like to the mighty voice of yore,
That cried "Great Pan is dead!"
From land to land, from shore to shore,
Throughout all Europe went a roar,
Increasing as it sped,
A bellow of tremendous tone,
Saying "Great Pam is overthrown!"

How every despot did rejoice,
When broke upon his ear
The tidings of that welcome voice,
The Minister of England's choice,
The statesman tyrants fear,
Proclaiming hurled from place and power,
Now, thought they, is our day and hour!

King Bomba tossed aloft his crown,
Extravagant in joy,
And, catching it in coming down,
Grinned in the manner of a clown,
And capered like a boy.
His captives' chains more sweetly clanked,
Whilst on his knees his saints he thanked.

The Pope pulled off his triple hat,
And kicked it in his glee.
The Cardinals all danced thereat,
And some intoned *Lætificat*,
And others *Juvat me*.
The Jesuits in their several climes,
Sang out in doggerel Latin rhymes.

The Russian Czar did manifest
The most extreme delight,
Exulting in his inmost breast,
He snapped his fingers at the West,
He also took a sight.
His diadem, with gems enriched,
He likewise at the ceiling pitched.

King Clicquot, when he heard the news,
Was overcome thereby;
His self-control it made him lose,
And from his eyes glad tear-drops ooze,
For he began to cry.
And then he laughed, and then he cried
Again, with crown stuck all aside.

Ah, news too happy to be true!
Ah, transports premature!
Bright faces soon were changed to blue
Of despots, and the priestly crew,
Of triumph too secure.
Another voice from England went,
And thundered o'er the Continent.

Unpleasing to a tyrant's ear,
The British Public's shout;
For Palmerston, his country's cheer,
Which Europe's tyrants quake to hear;
They find Pam won't go out;
But, to their disappointment sore,
Is stronger than he was before.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY SNUFF-BOX.

It is not sufficiently considered that many lunatics may exist besides those who are in confinement, and may be going about unsuspected of insanity. Here is an advertisement, evidently the composition of a disordered mind, put, in a freak of madness, by some unfortunate person, into the *Times*:—

TO CABMEN.—LOST, on Friday, the 6th of March, a GOLD SNUFF-BOX, of an oval shape, while taking a gentleman from the Horse Guards to Connaught Terrace. Whosoever will restore the same to ———, ———, ———, will receive THREE POUNDS REWARD. No further reward will be offered.

How far gone in frenzy a man must be, under what an extraordinary delusion he must labour, to describe a gold snuff-box as taking a person from place to place, and getting lost whilst so doing! There probably existed in the distempered imagination of the advertiser a strange jumble and confusion of snuff-box with pill-box, and the Lord Mayor's gilt coach. It is manifest that he must be in a very bad way indeed, because there is not any method, even, in his madness, inasmuch as he offers the ridiculous reward of three pounds for the restoration of a golden vehicle large enough to contain a gentleman, and addresses that offer to cabmen. Had he any logical faculty remaining, he would have offered at least three thousand pounds instead of three.

Public safety demands that a sharp look-out should be kept for madmen roaming at large. Strict directions have been given that any person presenting himself with a frantic advertisement like the above at our publishing office, shall be detained until his friends can be sent for, or else shall be given into custody, in order to be taken proper care of.

To be sure the above advertisement may be a hoax, intended to annoy the individual referred to in it. If that is the case, it may perhaps be considered ascribable rather to silliness than raving delirium.

## MYSTERIOUS DONATION.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* has chronicled a remarkable donation, in stating that

"Mr. Edward Elliott, of Earsdon, Builder, has presented a grindstone to the North of England Temperance Bazaar."

A grindstone in a bazaar seems almost as much out of place as a piano would be in a pigsty; and the relation of temperance to grindstones is not obvious. North of England blades are generally sharp enough; perhaps Mr. Edward Elliott thinks that those of the Temperance temper are exceptions to the rule, and has sent them a delicate hint to that effect in the shape of a grindstone, avoiding a blunter method of rebuking their want of sharpness. Those who may deem this explanation far-fetched will perhaps be better satisfied with the hypothesis that the gift was intended to suggest to its recipients the necessity of adding industry to temperance, as a symbol exhorting them to put their noses to the grindstone.

## TOO HARD ON THE TURF.

Your attention is invited to the following sportive observations of a sporting character, who calls himself "Argus:"—

"'Can *Gemma di Vergy* beat *Fisherman?*' was asked quite as often as the probable result of the elections. The Ilsley division, who put a thousand on the 'Oxford Hero,' replied in the affirmative; but there were not a few who clung to the opinion of 'Argus,' that he would have to play second fiddle, and I never recollect 'A Trial' since Palmer's which created more interest."

The hundred eyes of "Argus" seem all as one; for he writes like a man who has a single eye to sport. We think he does the turf injustice. A trial of race-horses is not fairly comparable with such a trial as Palmer's. In Palmer's trial murder was in question: a horse-race cannot be worse than an affair of roguery.

### "Le Commencement de la Fin."

There is an old Screw who makes a practice of staving off every contribution to any charitable cause, by saying, "No, Sir; my creed, Sir, is, 'charity begins at home,'—I have always made a point of that, Sir!"—"Yes," said a Secretary, who was tired of asking him, "and that point is a full stop—for I have noticed that your charity invariably stops at the point where it begins."

WANTED.—An Engagement as Stage Manager, or to be placed in a position where he can be useful in arranging processions, or getting up Concerts, or superintending the lighting of public buildings, or putting himself at the head of a general illumination. Can also sing, chaunt, intone, or join in chorus in a very loud and approved manner. Has no objection to undertake for noblemen or gentlemen the management of any amateur theatricals. Can have a seven years' character from a Puseyite Chapel.—Address to Caleb Quotem, Vestry Door, St. Barrabbas, Pimlico.

## PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. IV.

LACTEA, *the Milkmaid of the Poets, meeteth* AQUARIA, *the Milkmaid of Society.*

*Lactea.* Whither away, sister. To the fields dost carry thy milking pail on a May-day morning early?

*Aquaria.* Fields? Not quite so green.

*Lactea.* Whither then, child?

*Aquaria.* I seek the cow with the iron tail.

*Lactea.* I never heard, good lack, of the hideous monster.

*Aquaria.* None so hideous, neither. There she stands, pretty creature, always ready to fill my pails.

*Lactea.* Child, that is a Pump.

*Aquaria.* Nobody 's a denying of it, in my hearing.

*Lactea.* And thou would'st pump water into thy milk? Nay, thou dost but joke.

*Aquaria.* Come to the pump and see my water-frolic. You are as welcome as the flowers in May.

*Lactea.* Those last words signify that all innocence and poetry is not gone from thee. And yet thou would'st water thy milk. I have a yearning to talk to thee hereon.

*Aquaria.* Go ahead. Only it 's as cheap sitting as standing, so I will bring myself to an anchor (as my cousin JACK the sailor says) on the top of this pail.

*Lactea.* Dost thou know what milk is?

*Aquaria.* Fourpence a quart to them as will pay fourpence, and to them as don't see it in that light, threepence.

*Lactea.* I did not mean the price, though that astonishes me. In my time it was one penny. But I would ask thee of what milk is compounded?

*Aquaria.* That 's tellings.

*Lactea.* Nay, I gather thy meaning, and grieve at it. The milk thou sellest is not pure.

*Aquaria.* Well, on the whole, I should rayther say it was not.

*Lactea.* Dost know what pure milk contains?

*Aquaria.* Yes, to be sure. Do you think I 'm a Nignoramus? I learned it at school. Milk consists of water, holding in solution casein or cheese, sugar of milk, various salts, and in suspension fatty matter in the form of myriads of semi-opaque globules, to which the colour and opacity of milk are due.

*Lactea.* Did'st ever learn at school, also, two little lines, as follow?

"Who know what 's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know."

*Aquaria* (*her better nature thus appealed to, awakens, and she bursts into a flood of tears*). Ow—ow—ow—ow—ow.

*Lactea.* It is well. Thou art touched! Be comforted! Confess thy mal-practices, and resolve to err no more.

*Aquaria* (*virtuous sentiments gaining sway*). Yea, verily, and so I will. And here goes. What shall I begin with?

*Lactea.* Is there so much to tell, my poor penitent? Well, let me know with what thou dost adulterate thy milk.

*Aquaria.* Chiefly with water. But also with sugar, including treacle, salt, annatto, turmeric, gum tragacanth, soda, starch, cerebral matter—

*Lactea.* A shorter word, prithee.

*Aquaria.* Then brains,—decoction of boiled white carrots, chalk, and starch.

*Lactea.* My stars! All the stars in the Milky way!

*Aquaria.* Yes, these things are all used. Why, bless you, dear, figures show that the number of cows supplying London is not more than enough to provide each person with one table-spoonful a-day. It stands to reason, therefore, that the milk must be made of something else.

*Lactea.* The use of water I comprehend. It is simply cheating. But why the other substances?

*Aquaria.* Because, if we pour in such a lot of water, as I was just now going to do, but will never do so any more, so help me never so much—

*Lactea.* Nay, avoid vows, and cultivate resolution. Well, dear?

*Aquaria.* I was going to say that the water makes Sky-blue, and it takes away all the flavour. So we put treacle to sweeten the milk, salt to bring out the flavour, and annatto to restore the beautiful rich colour.

*Lactea.* And turmeric?

*Aquaria.* That is also a colouring matter.

*Lactea.* And thou then did'st mention Draga something?

*Aquaria.* Tragacanth—it thickens cream, and soda prevents its turning sour. As for the starch and brains, the milk people got contradictions about this stuck into the papers, but you ask PROFESSOR QUECKETT, who has got pictures of what he found in milk.

*Lactea.* The frankness of thy confession, dear maid, atones for thy share in the guilt. But let me tell thee something. Milk should be the most nutritious of food, and contain all the elements for the growth and sustenance of the human body. Being a poet's creation, I have a right to foretell everything, and I foresee an invention by a Frenchman, MONSIEUR DONNÉ, called a Lactoscope, or Milk-tester, which will lay bare all the frauds of which thou speakest, and will show that this rich liquid is utterly deteriorated for the millions who drink it.

*Aquaria.* Nay, I can tell you something of that. Out of twenty-six samples of London milk, fourteen were adulterated, chiefly with water, at various rates, from 10 to 50 per cent.

*Lactea.* Fifty! That is one-half water.

*Aquaria.* Why, it must be so. The farmer sells his milk to the large dealers at from Fivepence to Sevenpence a gallon, and the small dealers buy it at from Sevenpence to Ninepence a barn-door gallon. A barn-door gallon is—

*Lactea.* Eight quarts.

*Aquaria.* Just so, and we sell it to the people at from Threepence to Fourpence a quart. And neat milk at Eightpence a barn-door gallon, becomes milk and water at Fourpence an imperial quart. Therefore, if my ciphering at school does not deceive me, the retailer gets, on every quart, from Tenpence to a Shilling.

*Lactea.* Alas, alas, and the poor little children are starved with the mess with which their parents think to feed them. O AQUARIA, think of the little children whom you have helped to cheat, think—

[AQUARIA *with hysterical outcry kicks over her pails, and in violent pantomime renounces the milk-walk of life for ever.*

## SPORTIVE BOYHOOD.

A HEART-BREAKING appeal has been made in the *Times* for the liberation of an interesting little boy consigned to the dreariness of a dungeon, and the persecution of the prison chaplain's advice, for—only throwing stones at a railway. In fact, to throw stones at railways is fast becoming a juvenile mania, and threatens to supersede the execution of *Keemo Kimo* and *Bobbing Around*. An ingenuous youth, aged fourteen, by name CHARLES BRAINWOOD, is brought before MR. YARDLEY, the magistrate. CHARLES has "deliberately hurled a stone" at the North London train. CHARLES was fined 20*s*., but not having the money about him, was committed to gaol, to be kept at the expense of the county, for fourteen days. We think the sentence very incomplete. We think the bonds might in such cases be judiciously mingled with just a taste, a smack of whipcord. There is no doubt that CHARLES is an impulsive, hot-headed youth. Well, we would prescribe the administration of a little wholesome flogging. After this manner should the hot-headed boy be taught, past all disproof, how very closely extremes could meet.

### A Saint at 212°.

SOME time ago we were told that the blood of St. Gennaro would not melt, and we supposed, at the time, that this was owing to the circumstance that it was frozen by KING BOMBA'S atrocities. If it has since liquefied, it has probably more than liquefied, and is now, with indignation on account of the abominable cruelties of which its despotic devotee is guilty, absolutely boiling.

## SONG BY A CAGED BIRD.

*The following lines were found in the cell of a discharged convict, who made his way into a chaplain's heart by piety, and, subsequently, into a jeweller's shop by burglary. The spirit that dictated such an irreverence with* DR. WATTS *is worthy of the author.*

I CANNOT take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than Paupers I deserve
In fact, much less than more,
Yet I have food while Paupers starve
And beg from door to door.

The honest Pauper in the street
Half naked you behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

While honest Paupers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a warm and well-aired cell,
With bath-room, gas, and bed.

While Paupers live on workhouse fare,
A grudged and scanty meal,
My table's spread with bread and beer,
And beef, or pork, or veal.

Then since to honest folks, I say,
They put the Workhouse Test,
Why nix my doll palls, fake away,
You'll like the Jug the best.

*The Model Prison.*

## A ROAR FROM THE HELVETIAN LION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"WERE I a guinea-pig, and not a lion, I know you would listen to my squeak, if uttered in the cause of truth and justice. It is, however, a lion, the Lion of Helvetia, that would, through your pages, make himself heard to the nations.

'*That* roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am!*'

as your poet of solitude and the mountains, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, wrote, shall cause even the maniac of Naples to start in his fastness of Caserna, and make him lift his shaking hand to his head to know if he still wears a crown, and if it be of gold, and not of straw.

"A week or two since, *Mr. Punch*, you penned an article, calling it GESLER'S HAT. From that article, as from a bow-string, you twanged a shaft at the Helvetian Lion. I will confess it, the shaft hit me. In olden times, as told by early travellers, lions have been found slain outright by the mortal quills of vengeful porcupines. For myself, *Mr. Punch*, although I bled a little, I am not killed. Nevertheless, I *am* hurt; hurt, Sir, and must give voice to my sufferings.

"You speak of the Swiss—the sons of the mountain and the cataract—who are made the body-guard of tyranny and wrong at Naples and Rome. Hirelings of homicide—paid panders to the lust of crime. Myrmidons who dip their daily bread in the blood and tears of tortured truth. At the very words, I feel a certain twitching of the tail; but I will not lash myself; no, *Mr. Punch*, I will be calm—terribly calm.

"For the liveried Swiss in the pay of the POPE and the Ogre of Naples, I denounce them—they are no sons of Switzerland: but thieves, renegades, wretches; abandoned of their country as of their conscience. And the time is come that the world at large, or that England at least, should know the exact condition of these ruffians, who take the pay of CAIN, and mount guard over the rack, and do sentinel's duty while the victim of the 'Cap of Silence' dumbly dies in this world, to mount with an accusing shriek against his murderer in the next.

"Listen, *Mr. Punch*, to a plain tale. In former days, that is, long before the year 1847, there existed certain capitulations between the Neapolitan Government and some few of the Swiss Catholic Cantons,—where of course the priests, as priests commonly are, were potent—by virtue, or wickedness of which capitulations aforesaid, Naples was permitted to send enrolling agents or travelling man-trappers for the enlistment of young Swiss who might prefer the high pay, and climate, and maccaroni of Naples to the noble poverty, the rugged independence of the mountain-home of Switzerland.

"Other Cantons vehemently protested against this man-catching for the purposes of tyranny and bloodshed, but protestation was all they might deal in. The Cantonal Governments, having at the time sovereign rights, used them as was to be expected—right sovereignly; that is, in defiance and contempt of their protesting neighbours. And so Naples continued to send her old recruiting sergeants, HOMICIDE and CRUELTY, to the sovereign Cantons, to enlist the slaves who, for good pay, would draw the sword with ease and despatch for any atrocity.

"Well, after the revision of the federal pact in 1847, and the political regeneration consequent thereupon, it was established by law that henceforth no capitulation or treaty—open or secret—for man-buying for any foreign military service, should be permitted. Switzerland said—this abomination shall no longer remain. If tyranny will hire its sanguinary flunkeys, they shall depart from the land that misbegot them, denounced and accursed. The recruiting-sergeant for the guard of honour to the Papal gibbet or Neapolitan rack, if found in Switzerland, should be fined and imprisoned: like punishment was to be visited upon the sanguinary flunkeys themselves—and many of these, were, at times, tracked on their road rejoicing at their preferment as hireling goalers and turnkeys, and straightway brought back, and straightway and severely chastised.

"Of course, *Mr. Punch*, you will ask—With these virtuous restrictions, how comes it that Rome and Naples continue to have their Swiss hirelings? How is it that Bloodshed and Rapine continue to fill their ranks from the children of Helvetia? Why, Sir, after this fashion. In Lombardy and Austria proper—in Bregenz and Feldkirch, for instance—offices are opened for the enlistment of Roman ruffians and Neapolitan cut-throats on hire. These offices are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Swiss frontiers—how easy, then, is it for the drunkard, the brawler, the good-for-nothing, the sheer idler, the ruined gambler, the scamp of all trades, to take enlistment money of the recruiting-sergeants accredited by the Fisherman of Rome, and the Gaoler of Naples?

"Dear *Mr. Punch*, believe me, that of such, and only of such, are the soul and body guards—(how little their souls shall have been protected will be shown at the terrible season,)—of POPE PIUS and KING FERDINAND. For know we not the butcher by the redness of his hands? At Naples, the Swiss guards have the highest pay, and most indulgent licence in unlimited vice. The more brutalised the agent, the fitter for brute service. The Christians were given to the beasts. Patriots are flung to the Swiss!

"But Switzerland! Does she acknowledge these recreants? No: they are her degraded, disobedient children. She has lost power over them. They are her prodigal sons, never to be softened by remorse. One act, I grant, Switzerland—in consideration of her own wounded honour, smitten by parricidal hands—one act, the country might yet in self-vindication perform. Let her immediately pronounce sentence of civil death upon every Swiss serving at Naples or Rome. Whatever the Swiss guards may be in the eyes of king or POPE, let them be no other than so many living anatomies, civilly dead, in the nostrils of Switzerland.

"I have the honour to remain, *Mr. Punch*,

"With every consideration,

"*Lucerne, March* 28." "THE HELVETIAN LION."

## CAVE, CANIS!

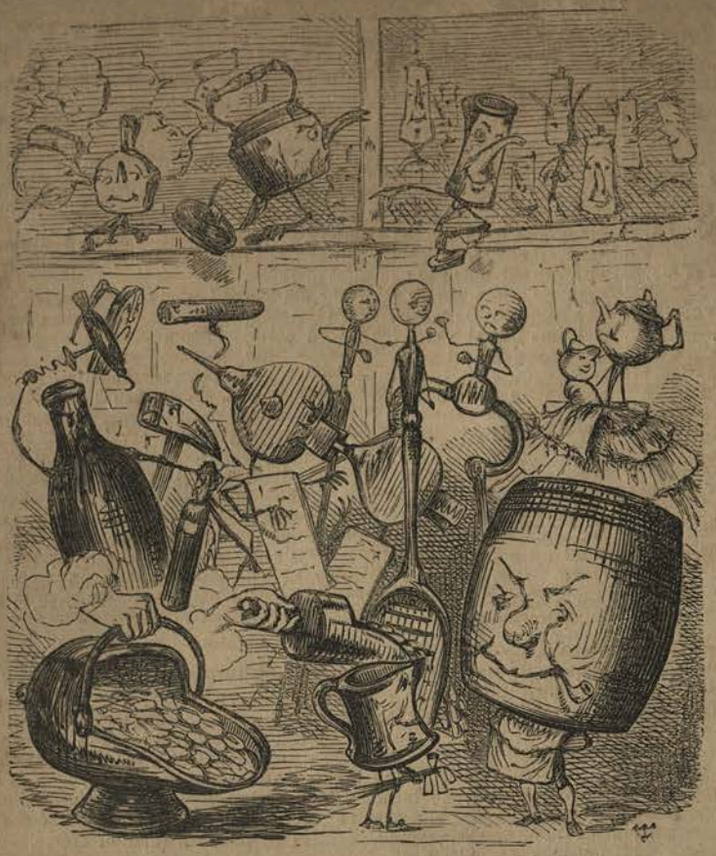
A FRIEND at Aldershot apprises us of the gratifying fact that Education must have spread not only among the military, but among another class of faithful defenders of our homes. He states that somewhere near the Camp he has read this notice:—

"LOUNGERS, AND DOGS, ARE HEREBY WARNED OFF THESE PREMISES."

Of course, unless the second named parties could understand this notice, it would be ridiculous to address it to them, and we gladly announce the news that in Surrey the dogs can read.

### The Sea Brought to London.

THERE is a magnificent proposition, well-argued, in the *Lancet*, to make the Serpentine a salt-water lake, by moving the monster ocean—as Orpheus moved his monsters—by pipes to London. Should the removal take place, it is understood that all Herne Bay will immediately come to town, and settle by the sad sea waves in Hyde Park.



## GENERAL VIEW OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

*The Pots accuse the Kettles of Blackness, and the Public goeth at it Hammer and Tongs.*

## BUCHANAN TO BUNCOMBE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S Inaugural Address as President of the United States will be read with much satisfaction, and some amusement. It contains a few funny things: here is one of them, relative to the evils of disunion:—

"These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel a humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man, will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental by its example in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world."

Of course MR. BUCHANAN does not mean to say that he expects the American constitution not to perish till civil and religious liberty shall have been universally established, and then to perish. The fun of the above passage lies in the idea of an example of civil liberty set by a constitution which maintains slavery. Certainly there is no inconsistency in this idea of MR. BUCHANAN'S, if he considers that Negroes are not human beings, but brute animals. But then, in another part of his address, he calls slavery an institution. Now we do not, neither do Americans, talk of the institution of horse-keeping, and horse-breeding, and horse-driving. Studs and teams are not termed institutions on either side of the Atlantic. Marriage is an institution, if MR. BUCHANAN likes; and slavery may be denominated an institution too, if the subjects of the latter yoke, like those of the former, are to be acknowledged as men and women. But, even by American licence of speech, the word institution is inapplicable to an arrangement relative to mere beasts. If slavery is an institution, slaves are men; and when their masters talk about setting an example of civil liberty they must be understood as addressing all such discourse to BUNCOMBE.

### The Bilky Way.

WE have already alluded to the *Lancet's* statement that there is something serious the matter with the Cows of London, and may add that the Government has taken measures to prevent further mischief. It is probable that the taking up so many streets has disturbed the wells, but this is merely a temporary inconvenience, and a commission of respectable ironmongers can speedily repair anything else that is out of order in the quarter affected. There is no reason to suppose that the supply of milk will be diminished.

## THE GUILDHALL POEMS;

BEING EPIGRAMS WRITTEN ON HATS

*By excited Electors of London, at the close of the Poll on Saturday.*

1.
DICTATORIAL MISTER DILLON,
He thought to cast a chill on
The fortunes of our gallant little Lord;
But the plucky little soul
Is third upon the poll,
And DILLON and his clique are floored.

2.
In figure no doubt he is dwarfish,
But still he has beaten the pack,
And the *Duck*,[1] and the *Curry*,[2] and *Crawfish*,[3]
Are less to our taste than the Jack.[4]

3.
They 've learned this lesson in a hurry,
Bullying electors ain't no use,
We 've peppered MR. DILLON'S curry,
And likewise cooked MR. DILLON'S goose.

4.
"Hurrah, hooray,
LORD JOHN will whop,
And the clique may bray,
And shut up shop!

5.
O DILLY, don't, another time,
Be so uncommon rash:
You thought you 'd make a CURRIE,
But you only made a hash.

6.
Highty tighty, our man JOHN
Worn't a going to be put upon.
Cast him off or keep him on,
He 's a brick is our man JOHN.

7.
In spite of all your blustering placards,
This here "RAIKES' *Progress*" is all backards.

8.
Hooray, hoo——

[*No. Everything has a limit. Mr. Punch fully sympathises with his fellow-citizens in their delight at their old friend's victory over insolent dictation, but must decline publishing any more of the Hymns of Triumph pouring in upon him.*]

[1] This means SIR JAMES DUKE.
[2] This means MR. RAIKES CURRIE.
[3] This means MR. CRAWFURD.
[4] Joke on another dish, the pike or jack.

## JESUITS ON THE AUSTRIAN STAGE.

DURING the absence of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA on his Italian tour, the Jesuits of Vienna resolved to reform the legs of the dancers. As *Lady Lambert* bought a piece of thick muslin, inasmuch as the very sight of *Charlotte's* neck offended *Doctor Caniwell*, so did the Jesuits, out of self-modesty, thickly clothe the legs of the Viennese dancers. Since the return, however, of the EMPEROR, the "leggings" have been discontinued. It is said that, out of pure gratitude to the intervention of the patron saint of the ballet, the young ladies are about to go in solemn procession to offer up the discontinued "continuations" at the shrine of St. Vitus.

### A New Work of Art.

ONE of the lineal descendants of MR. CAUDLE (*requiescat in pace!*) has written to MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM to say that he has a wife, who is "a perfect treasure," and that he shall be only too happy to send her to the Collection of Art Treasures at Manchester, upon the condition of the Committee guaranteeing to take every care of her until such period as the Exhibition closes. And, even if the Exhibition should become a permanent one, MR. CAUDLE begs that the Committee will not think of distressing themselves about sending "the Treasure" home again.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 13, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 4, 1857.

## THE "RECORD" ON THE TURF.

OW droll it is to meet with a fast man in a suit of black and a white choker! Equally funny was it to us to meet, the other day, with the subjoined passage in the *Record*. The subject referred to is LORD DERBY'S view of matters clerical:—

"To say nothing of the logical soundness or moral dignity of such a scheme, the Noble Earl ought to know that no problem of the Turf—where the books have to be made up among a dozen favourites—is half so complex as his simple plan for securing a safe and sensible style of Churchmanship and Church patronage, by striking an average among all the actual opinions, and thus avoiding the risk of perilous extremes."

In the above passage we think we recognise a literary clergyman who exhibits a familiarity with a sort of book-making very different from the composition of sermon-books and tracts. We hail the appearance of a sporting parson in the *Record*. He will much enliven the columns of our serious contemporary. Who can he be? The REV. MR. ARGUS, or the REV. MR. VATES?—if so, what are his prophetical views of the approaching Epsom? No doubt, he knows as much about the Derby of that ilk, as he does of the noble leader of the Opposition. He can probably give us accurate information respecting *Gemma di Vergy* and *Fisherman*, and is capable of talking by the card of DORLING. At the celebration of the great national horse-race we expect that he will occupy a good place on the betting-stand, or at least will be stationed on the outside of a drag at a distance not remote from Tattenham's Corner. We wonder if he is versed in the canine, fistic, and other departments of sport, or whether the Turf is his speciality?

Most likely, his attention is restricted to one line: the *Record* would hardly stand a contributor whose taste in sport was catholic.

## SUBJECTS FOR SPECULATION.

THE prospectus of the *Emporio Italiano*, after asking "What is the world?" and kindly telling us that it is nothing but "a huge market open to speculation," proceeds to say:—

"People speculate on positions as they do on corn. One man speculates on the greenness of his neighbour, another on his ignorance."

The "greenness" of our neighbours is certainly the largest field of speculation we ever heard of. But we fancy there are speculators who work both on the "greenness" and the "ignorance" of their neighbours. If we are not mistaken, we think the Directors of the British Bank speculated largely in both ways. But perhaps by this time MR. APSLEY PELLATT has recovered his recollection, and so we will refer the speculative question to him. As one of the large dealers in the "huge market of speculation," probably he can inform us how many sheep and geese were annually sold, slaughtered, and plucked there? He need only give us an approximate number, for we are well aware that the Directors of the British Bank were not over particular to a hundred or two.

### The Grammar of Ornament.

"Do you mean to say, Doctor, that the ladies are more positive than the men?"

"Comparatively speaking they may be, Madam, but then again the ladies are far more superlative than the men."

[*The above pretty extract from the "Grammar of Ornament" was overheard at a wedding-breakfast in the City.*

OUR CITY ARTICLE.—CURRIE has been done in the City at a very low figure.

## HEAVY BODIES.

MONSIEUR BABINET tells us that the earth, after recent determinations of its compactness, is equivalent to a weight of

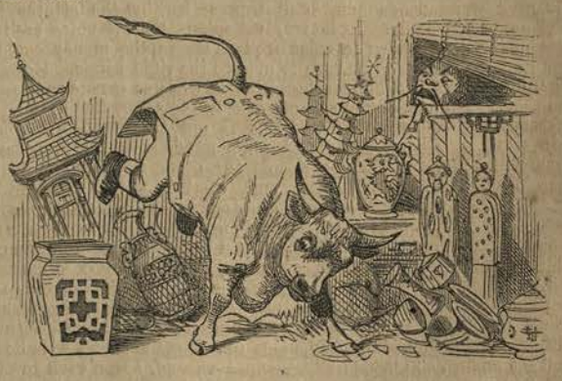
"6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 de kilogrammes. Cela fait six mille milliards de milliards de tonnes."

This may be true or not, for it is not in the power of every one to take the world in his hand, and weigh it like an orange, as easily as an astronomer. However, we only record the above weighty conclusion in order to put upon paper our melancholy misgivings that the Parliament about to assemble will be not less heavy than the earth itself, and our misgivings are founded upon the fact of the inordinate number of ciphers it will contain. PALMERSTON, of course, represents, as above indicated, the unit 6, which gives to the long tail of zeros that are running after him the only value that they have; besides, it is no exaggeration to say, that PALMERSTON, as measured by the other members, is well worth any half-dozen of them.

## POLITICAL ABSENTEEISM.

BY the general choice, or election, of the country, MR. COBDEN'S small tea-party has been made a thorough case of tea and turn-out. Purely through an accident the Yehs "had it" in the House; but upon appeal that judgment is reversed, and the Ex-Member for the Riding, in the losing of his seat, is saddled with the costs. Those who thought that MR. COBDEN was going the whole hog in his censure of JOHN BULL, and his defence of the Chinese, have been verified in finding him an out-and-outer.

But *Punch* is not so gallinaceous as to crow over a defeat like that of RICHARD COBDEN. With all his dislike to the Chinese Protectionist, *Punch* cannot lose remembrance of the English Freetrader. We all have our weak points, and a man of such mettle as RICHARD COBDEN proved himself in 1846, may be excused for showing a few flaws some ten years later. Therefore *Punch* is not so chuckle-headed as to raise a chuckle over COBDEN'S expulsion from the House, however much he may hurrah to find no echo in the country to the voice of the Ex-Member on the China question. Although considering the break-up of the tea-party with unmixed satisfaction, *Punch* can but feel regret at the dismemberment of those who have been turned out for belonging to it: to whose memory he trusts that the new Parliament will pay a fitting tribute, by a vote of its condolence with the Absent Teas.



### Theory and Practice.

MR. LAYARD has been politely shown the door at Aylesbury. Will the honourable discoverer of Assyrian and English bulls be inclined to look upon this as the best illustration of his own injunction to put "the right man in the right place!" The illustration strikes us as being both personal and out-of-the-way, but what says MR. LAYARD?

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A few Candidates for election may apply. No testimonials wanted, as the qualification now recognised is the member's being known to nobody, and having done nothing. To save trouble, no person who has had the bad taste to obtrude himself upon public attention, as composer or executant, need apply, as rejection will certainly ensue. To quiet members of suburban quartette societies, to teachers of music in ladies' schools, and to organists in retired districts, an opportunity now offers. Late elections afford the best guarantee against members of the Philharmonic Society being insulted or annoyed by the admission of what are termed celebrities. Preliminary applications, to be signed *Nemo*, *Outis*, *Hebes*, or some equivalent synonyme, may be delivered at the Society's Rooms, after dark. N.B. A few cracked Fiddles wanted.

*Mr. Punch (mysteriously).* "NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE? SAY A TITLE—SAY THE *ORDER OF THE THISTLE!*"

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"POOR dear Papa has been beaten, and I need hardly say that 'election' is a tabooed word in our house. Dear old thing, he had set his mind upon coming in, but I suppose the bribery money he advanced was not enough, or it was stolen by the attorneys, or bankers, or somebody. It is very ridiculous that, if votes are to be bought, there is not some office or place where the money could be paid in and a candidate be sure it gets to the right hands. However, the thing is done, and Papa has returned to town as savage as possible, and though Mamma and me do our best not to annoy him by the least reference to the subject, AUGUSTUS is not so considerate, and is always talking about this man being floored, and that man having a squeak for it (a rat, I suppose), and the other man pulling up like one o'clock; and Papa winces; and, what is worse, I should not wonder if we had to economise at Hastings, or some such horrible place, this year,[1] instead of going to Vienna. And now I have told you all, I remember that I never told you that Papa was going to offer himself, but you know that he was always Parliamentary in his mind, and the other night he was hurried off by the night train, and in the morning his Address came up to us—such nonsense, but just like the others in the newspapers—pledging himself to do a lot of things without committing himself to a lot of other things. I wish he had kept his money, and taken us to Vienna—as—no, I won't tell you who said, because you made fun one week[2]—but, as Somebody said, the Prater there is a much pleasanter neighbourhood than that of the praters at Westminster.[3]

"Well, your precious General Election is over, and now what next? What is the good of all the hubbub, and extravagance, and bribery, and canting, and rioting, and drinking beer? Will there be any new laws made with any sense in them, or will the new Parliament go on talking rubbish and quarrelling factiously in the way you expose every week—and I only wish, by the way, that you would let *me* write that *Essence of Parliament*,[4] which you do not make half severe enough, and,—but the fact is that you are afraid to call persons by their right names, and, if you think a Member is a fool or a knave, why don't you tell him so?[5] Men are dreadful cowards, and I always said it.

"I suppose that among the ridiculous laws that will be made, somebody will pass a Bill for putting down witches and fortune-tellers. I see a good deal about it in the papers, and the subject is being 'ventilated,' as Papa says, before it is taken up. What has set your wiseacres upon the matter, is a trial I read, where a wizard got twenty-two pounds for unbewitching a farmhouse; and because this was a cheat, the police will proclaim war against every poor old creature that tells fortunes. Of course, if a woman offers to intercede, there will be a chorus of indignation, and intellectual young men will sniff out their contempt, declaring that by Jove they believe that the idiots (us) put faith in a dirty old wretch with a dirty pack of cards. I should like to know which is the simplest, us, or gentlemen who believe in secret information about horse-racing that they write for to thieves who advertise 'tips.' Are these people so clever, and do they give such correct information in return for money? Why the old women that tell you that you will marry a fair man, and have children, and go a journey, and receive a letter, and be deceived in a pretended friend, and find a friend in a quarter you had no expectations from, cannot cheat half so much as the wretches that advise you to consult them, as they have a safe thing for the Derby; and we are not half such idiots as you are to believe in the secrets of creatures who lodge over stables and in back-streets in Clerkenwell, and yet can help you to fortunes.[6]

"Besides, if there is no such thing as witchcraft, the pretending to it can do no harm,[7] and if there is, you may be quite sure that it is not by the wise men of Westminster that it will be put down. I do not pretend to say what I believe,[8] but all the wisest and best men of past ages were superstitious,[9] as you call it; and even SIR WALTER SCOTT, whose mind was a good deal stronger, I suppose, than the minds of most of the men of the present day (also NAPOLEON), believed in ghosts and things.[10] And if you go to church, which I hope you do, you must hear constantly that the Jews had witches and wizards, and though that is a long time ago, truth can never die.[11] And some people whom I know have had the most extraordinary things told them by fortune-tellers who had not the least knowledge of them beforehand, and I could tell you that to a young lady of my own acquaintance, who was married last year, a woman predicted something that came exactly true; how she would go a journey, and lose something she valued, and have a quarrel about it, which would not be made up until something else which she particularly wished for had happened, and it came true to the letter, for they went to Ramsgate, and she lost one of her bracelets in a bathing-machine, and her husband never ceased to torment her about it until her baby was born, when he gave her a much more beautiful one. Besides, I could tell you of other things, of a more serious kind, that have been revealed in the same way.[12] The only strong argument which any of you men bring forward against the fortune-tellers is, that they are poor and live in penury, but this is a very vulgar objection, and just like Mammon worshippers, who would not believe in a diamond unless it was in a gold setting; and besides, how do you know that they are poor? Perhaps they only pretend to be, and this is the reason they live in such obscure places, and to avoid the persecution of the laws.

"I do not mean, of course, that servant-girls and creatures of that kind ought to be encouraged to go to these women, and get their heads full of nonsensical ideas that they are the children of gentlemen, and are to marry noblemen with coaches-and-six, making them unfit for their stations and duties,[13] and squandering the money which they had better put in the Savings' Bank, and not waste upon imitations of the dress of their betters, because letting such people go to fortune-tellers does more harm than good; but as to saying that a lady who consults a fortune-teller is on that account a fool, or the poor old woman ought to be sent to prison, that is just one of the pieces of impertinence and oppression on the part of men which make me so angry that I could throw things about the room.[14]

"Yours, affectionately,

"*Tuesday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] Hastings is by no means a horrible place, if you get on the high part, and away from the abominable and deleterious scents of the beach.

[2] Just so, and silence about a person is often more suspicious than talking about him.

[3] An untravelled young Englishman's joke—the Viennese park is not pronounced prayter—but CHARLEY'S wit may pass.

[4] Feminine effrontery. The other day you were only too proud if an occasional letter from you were admitted. Know your station, Miss.

[5] We do, but not in the dialect of the Gate of Billing.

[6] Without prejudice to the severe remarks which we are about to make, we may observe that this is exceedingly just and true, and CHARLES HAMERTON has evidently helped you to the fact and to the argument.

[7] All shams do some harm, which is why *Punch* murders so many that he would otherwise leave to die.

[8] You don't know what you believe, goosey.

[9] No such thing.

[10] What do you mean by things? Besides, SIR W. SCOTT believed in nothing of the kind. NAPOLEON was superstitious, as all irreligious men are, the difference between a rational and an irrational faith being thus illustrated.

[11] Come, come, nonsense like this is unworthy of you, child.

[12] Wonderful!

[13] Then truth is kept for ladies, and falsehood for menials. Are you not ashamed of yourself?

[14] MARY ANN, perpend. This is not merely a ridiculous letter, but one which argues a disturbed state of mind. Our conviction is that you, accompanied by some foolish matron of your acquaintance (the sooner you quarrel the better) have been visiting one of the impostors who pretend to tell fortunes. Prompted, secretly, by your friend, the old humbug has hinted HAMERTON, and you are in the Seventh Heaven, and hence this flood of nonsense. Now, as we happen to have discovered the real name of the gentleman you call HAMERTON, and as we know that his father has better views for him, we have written to the old man, and you will see, by the result, whether your witch is to be trusted. It is with pain that we make an example of you, but it is our duty to thousands of other girls. Look out!

## THE LITTLE WALL OF CHINA.

THE Great Wall of China having proved insufficient to protect that interesting and inoffensive nation from the inroads and encroachments of the Outside Barbarians, another line of defences has been recently set up in the line of policy pursued by the COBDEN-and-DISRAELITES. The formation of this structure was completed in the lobby of the English House of Commons, about two o'clock, A.M., on Wednesday, the 4th of March: and strange as it may seem, the building is alleged to have been wholly without plan or previous contrivance. As is recounted to have happened with the *Architectural Atoms* of the *Rejected Addresses*, certain

"——— Casual bricks, in airy climb,
Encountered casual horsehair, casual lime;" *

and stuck together for the time by a species of cohesion not in any way to be mistaken for the mortar of a coalition, but at any rate partaking somewhat of the nature of a Roman—or at least Tractarian—cement.

The erection of this barrier to the brutalities of the British has not as yet been thought to do much credit to its builders; and it probably will not be able long to stand against the battering ram of popular opinion. In fact, it may be questioned if the "atoms" who concurred in getting up the Little Wall of China, will not find that they have merely made a wall for their own heads to run against.

* *Note* (not by MR. GLADSTONE, but plagiarily like him). It is hoped the reader will appreciate the subtlety of this quotation, and observe—(1), That the term "bricks" is of course to be ironically construed: (2), That the "airy climb" was to obtain a seat in Ministerial high places: and (3), That the "horsehair" is of legal significance.

## PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

### No. V.

MR. CROTON, *the Chemist, enters his shop from the street, followed by his Apprentice,* MR. POTASH. *A new Apprentice, from Wales,* MR. DAVID GLYCYRRHIZEN, *is behind the counter.*

*Mr. Croton.* Well, that's over, and I think we've got off much better than could have been expected. The magistrate took an emulsive view of the case, and I am sure you will not make such a mistake again, MR. POTASH.

*Mr. Potash.* No, it was deuced stupid and awkward. I can't account for it, I'm hanged if I can.

*Mr. Croton.* I have some inkling of the truth. DAVY, let it be a warning to you never to gossip with a pretty customer while you are serving another person, or you may put up arsenic for arrow-root, as POTASH has done, and seat the Coroner upon a whole family.

*David* (*a slightly conventional type*). Odds splutter hur nails, hur will heed that hurself.

*Mr. Potash.* Anything sold during our absence?

*David.* 'Deed truth, no. Yes, py the soul of CADWALLADER, a woman came for squilse.

*Mr. Potash.* Well, there's plenty of syrup of squills there.

*David.* The pig pottle? Py Beumanmaur hur did not spy it out, so hur gave hur tat.

*Mr. Potash.* That! Laudanum. By Jove, that's as bad as my mistake; and what a leek-eating son of an everlasting Welsh goat you must be not to know squills from laudanum.

*Mr. Croton.* Don't be harsh with him, MR. POTASH. He is but a beginner, and our own mistakes should teach us charity for the errors of others. I have reason to think that the consequences in this case may not be precisely fatal.

*Mr. Potash.* Why, Sir?

*Mr. Croton* (*smiling*). What is the laudanum of commerce?

*Mr. Potash.* To be sure, to be sure.

*Mr. Croton.* Tell DAVID, however, for his instruction.

*Mr. Potash.* Laudanum's opium, Welshy, and opium's the milky juice of the capsule, or seed-vessel of a poppy, evaporated and inspissated by exposure to air and light, which make it dark and gummy. Do you comprehend that, my bounding goat of Snowdon?

*David* (*grinning*). Hur's awake.

*Mr. Croton.* Yes, MR. GLYCYRRHIZEN, but you would not be awake long if you took real opium. I am glad to tell you that the pure juice of the poppy passes through cleverer hands than yours before it is prepared as laudanum to be sold by gentlemen from Wales.

*Mr. Potash.* Yes, they cook its goose, rather. To increase its weight they put sugar, mud, sand, powdered charcoal, soot, and pounded poppy petals. Flour is also added, and potatoe farina, and all sorts of messes, and common gums.

*Mr. Croton.* Spanish liquorice, too. In fact, out of twenty-three samples examined the other day, nineteen were adulterated.

*Mr. Potash.* That was the gum opium, Sir; but, my eye, the powdered! Thirty-one samples out of forty were cooked.

*Mr. Croton.* Don't be so slangy, POTASH. Why not say vitiated? You are going into business for yourself. Do learn dignity.

*David.* Hur's astonished.

*Mr. Croton.* Nay, DAVID, as your friend is leaving, let him impart to you a few more of the secrets of the trade he has learned. Let us see. You will hear of Scammony a good deal—there, on the second shelf, fourth jar. That is a costly drug.

*Mr. Potash.* Yes, and I should like to know how much chalk, and starch, and jalap, and gum tragacanth, and sand, and plaster of Paris there is in that jar.

*David.* Hur's petrifaction.

*Mr. Potash.* Now there's jalap, my goat. An active purgative, on account of its resin. Now there's another kind of jalap that has scarcely any resin at all. They grind them up together, or put the real thing with the cuttings of the tree, in equal quantities, and so we draws our jalap uncommon mild, young FLUELLEN. The drug-grinder is always ordered to make eighty-four pounds into a hundredweight.

*David.* Hur's bewildered.

*Mr. Potash.* We'll bewilder hur a little more. Ipecacuanha, now. That's another root they adulterate with wood fibres. In powder, we put in tartar emetic, carbonate of lime, wheat flour, and starch. A doctor prescribes so much ipecacuanha, meaning the original article, but we improve on the doctor, for tartar emetic makes a chap twice as sick—eh, my Welsh rabbit?

*Mr. Croton.* I admit that this system makes it impossible for a medical man to know what he is giving his patient, but that is a question for the patient and the medical man.

*Mr. Potash.* I could tell hur some more, but hur seems stupefied. Colocynth, my goat, we cook with wheat flour, or chalk, and the profit is remarkable. Rhubarb we improve with flour and turmeric, and squilse, as you call them, when in powder are floured like one o'clock. You are always sucking liquorice. Do you know that it is often only a mixture of the worst kind of gum, imported for making blacking, but with a little of the real juice in it. Starch, and metallic copper go into it, also.

*David.* Machynlleth! Llanymynech! Llanvihangellagwint!

*Mr. Croton.* I will not allow you, DAVID, to use blasphemous language in my shop.

*Mr. Potash.* If he swears at that, what will he say when he knows that we put chalk into calomel, starch and sulphate of lime into quinine, lime into magnesia, water into nitre, crotón oil into castor oil, and when a doctor orders *conf. arom.* we leave out the expensive things and stick in turmeric for saffron, cassia for cinnamon, and chalk for sugar?

*Mr. Croton.* And then patients wonder that things don't do 'em good. Ha! ha!

*Mr. Potash.* And doctors don't believe they have taken the medicines. Ha! ha!

*Mr. Croton.* Well, we must all live, chemists and druggists and undertakers among the rest.

*David* (*wildly*). Hur will go back to hur mountains, to hur translucent lakes of Bala, and of Ellesmere, to hur peaceful vale of Llangollen, and to hur foaming flood of Conway. There hur will find no roguery, there hur Welsh harp will soothe hur to repose, there—

*Enter an Irish artisan, of the bricklaying persuasion, in fury.*

*Terence M'Dermott.* One of yees sould this bottle, I'm thinking? (*Exhibits an empty phial.*) Me blessed family's as sound asleep as the Hill o'Howth, and divil a one of me can make 'em open their eyes. May be I won't open yours.

[*Floors* MESSRS. CROTON AND POTASH (DAVID *diving down a trap-door into cellar*), *sweeps down all the bottles within reach, and performs a triumphant dance upon the counter.*

### Schooling for Cosmopolites.

THE Manchester School has been converted into the School of Adversity. It is to be hoped that this change will conduce to the improvement of the scholars, who, in consequence of it, will get grounded in a thoroughly English education.

SCENE—A CLUB.

*Swell.* "HAW! IS THERE ANYTHING WEADY FOR DINNER?"

*Waiter.* "SHOULDER OF MUTTON JUST READY, SIR!"

*Swell.* "HAW—SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!—AW—WHAT A VEWY ODD THING FOR DINNAW!—THOUGHT THEY ONLY MADE *GLUE* OF SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!"

## ARCADES AMBO—BOMBA AND BAIONA.

AMONG the "recent additions" to that Chamber of Horrors, the torture chamber in the Neapolitan State-dungeons, it is reported that there has been lately added an infernal machine, which has been christened the *Cuffia di Silenzio*, or Cap of Silence; an instrument constructed with such devilish capacity to torture, that BOMBA's heart (or what is left of it) appears quite overflowing with the gratitude he feels to the inventor. In proof of this, the Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"The invention is ascribed to the genius of SIGNOR BAIONA, Inspector of Police at Palermo, and it appears to have been so highly approved of by the KING OF NAPLES, that he immediately decorated the philanthropic gentleman with the Order of FRANCIS THE FIRST."

BOMBA's wisdom is indisputable; yet we think this evil "genius" would have much more fitly been distinguished, had the King been pleased to institute an Order for the purpose, say the Order of the Garotte; an honour which should have consisted in a trial if the monster's choking-cap would fit himself. It is clear that those presented with the Order of FRANCIS THE FIRST must feel themselves disgraced by finding such a brute as this BAIONA similarly decorated; and in justice (if the word exist at Naples) this should be prevented for the future, and a new Order founded for the decoration of those wretches whom his clement Majesty delights to honour.

But, after all, it may be questioned if the genius of even a BAIONA would not fail to introduce a more excruciating torture, than that with which his Royal patron is himself now daily visited. In the torment of his thoughts there must be agony by far more exquisite than in any torture which KING BOMBA can devise for his state-prisoners. With his fears of the approaching day of retribution, who can doubt that his Majesty is ever on the rack; and that to him the dreaded cap of liberty is far more terrible to contemplate, than the cap of silence can be to his (at present) subjects?

## A COMFORTING CIRCULAR.

[ON THE AFFAIRS OF THE ROYAL BRITISH TANK.]

"SIR,—We find with inexpressible regret that you are a depositor in the late Royal British Tank, a company formed, doubtless, for the most benevolent purpose, of supplying London with live eels already skinned upon truly humane and Christian principles. That truly desirable object, however, was not carried out; though, as the affairs of the Society have already had one turn through Chancery, some notion may be entertained of the contemplated process.

"However, moved by a deep consideration of the condition of the creditors, we are philanthropically inclined to buy up the deposits. Our motive is that of pure benevolence, uninfluenced as we feel, by one degrading particle of selfishness. All our personal interest is merged in the great interest we shall be happy to take on the part of the suffering depositors. With these views, and fully prepared for a sacrifice, we offer a further eighteenpence in the pound, in addition to the dividend already paid; and, in making such an offer, we beg to assure a credulous public that we make it at the peril of our own pocket.

"We know there is an insane rumour that a further dividend of nine-and-sixpence will be forthcoming. Dear depositors, be not deceived. Innocent dupes, put not your faith in Bankruptcy solicitors. But believe that, in making you the very handsome offer of one-and-ninepence, we are only animated by a wish for your good, altogether regardless of any sacrifice that may result therefrom to

"Your humble and faithful servants,

"CRACKSMAN AND SONS."

"*Bastinghall Street, March* 1857."

DENTISTRY FOR THE MILLION.—The teeth of advertising Dentists are warranted to bite.

RECOIL OF THE GREAT CHINESE GUN-TRICK.

*Cherub Cobden (to Cherub Bright).* "This is really a very Disagreeable State of Things.—Who would have thought it?"

## POCKET-BOROUGHS.

Mr. C—pp—ck, the large Parliamentary Salesman, has in his possession a certain number of pretty little pocket-boroughs, which, for the convenience of his customers, he has arranged systematically according to their price, beginning with the thousands, and winding up with the hundreds. For £3,000, he will guarantee to let you have a good Borough for "Sale, *and* Return"—but if you cannot afford to lay out more than a beggarly £300, he will undertake to negociate the sale for you, but cannot possibly guarantee the return. It is a favourite trade-saying of his that, like men, "Every Borough has its price." It all depends upon whether you bid high enough for its purchase.

### Of Two Evils we Prefer the Lesser.

The Tories insist upon calling Palmerston the "Tory Chief of a Radical Ministry." Well, even that is better than Disraeli, who, if he could creep into the same position, would in all probability be nothing better than the "Radical Chief of a Tory Ministry."

### A CRYING EVIL.

There are not less than 2,500 drummers in Paris—and "yet" (writes a correspondent) "Paris is not by many million shrieks such a noisy capital as London. The fact is, the street-vendors and itinerant musicians in our blessed Metropolis beat the Parisian drummers hollow."

## CHEAP AND NOT NICE GOVERNESSES.

The subjoined advertisement cannot be objected to by anybody who understands and acknowledges the principle of Free Trade:—

WANTED, a lady as USEFUL COMPANION and NURSERY GOVERNESS. She will be required to take the entire care of three children, under five years old, and to instruct the two eldest, and must be able to assist in all kinds of needlework. *No salary for the first six months.* She will be received as one of the family. Apply by letter, with every particular, to F. F., post-office, Twickenham Common, Middlesex.

If the state of the female labour-market is such, that a young woman is to be obtained willing to take the whole charge of three infants, teach two of them, besides dressing, washing, and combing all three, and continually assisting the smallest one with a pocket-handkerchief; also to do an indefinite amount and variety of needlework, to perform the part of a companion, and to make herself generally useful for her board and victuals and reception as one of a family, apparently in needy circumstances; if a girl is to be found ready to undertake the place of governess on these terms, there is no reason why anybody who offers them should be particularly abused for so doing. There is nothing more mean in engaging a governess than in hiring an agricultural labourer at the lowest assignable figure. The parties offer the terms at their own risk. They propose a very small remuneration, of course, in the expectation of receiving very indifferent services.

They will not, therefore, if they are reasonable people, be surprised to find—should the situation which they advertise be accepted—that the instruction given to the two elder of their children consists principally of bad English, that the nose of the baby is generally somewhat out of joint, that the bodies of the three are affected by washing only in as far as they are not concealed by clothing, and that their heads are in a state requiring the advice of Erasmus Wilson. They will also lay their account with getting none of their needlework done, of which the doing can be avoided, and that little which is done executed with the smallest possible neatness and the least care. Moreover, they will calculate upon disrespect and vulgarity upon the part of the young person who, at the price tendered by them for her company, must necessarily prove a low companion.

Finally, they will be quite prepared to lose her valuable services and society, suddenly, some day, and therewith a few, or perhaps many other matters of greater value. Of course they know that in driving a hard bargain, they run a very considerable risk of making a bad one, and of being laughed at by sentimental buffoons for buying in the cheapest labour-market, and getting sold.

### THE POLONIUS OF THE PALACE.

The *Times* says that Sir William Don, who is acting at the St. James's Theatre, is seven feet high. Colonel Phipps, on reading that fact, gave a shriek, and exclaimed, "By Jove! He's tall enough to act *in two pieces!*"

## THE COMIC SONGS OF OLD.

Where are the songs of our forefathers? the Comic Songs they sang,
When their festive halls and their tavern walls at their merry meetings rang,
With a right fol lol, and a tol de rol, and a foodle doodle doo,
And a chorus of rumpty iddity, and a burden of tooral loo.

No man dares fol de rido sing; derided he would be
If he did so, or sang hey ho, or fiddle diddle dee;
And in this age soon from the stage that injudicious clown
Would be hooted for such an atrocity as singing derry down.

The day of fol de riddle lol is past, and none would now
Adjoin ding dong unto a song, or sing whack row de dow,
Or rub a dub at any club, or private friendly board,
And no longer is chip chow cherry chow in social assemblies roared.

The teural lal, the leural lal, the leural and li day,
Of *Villikins* applause that wins in the celebrated lay,
Is all burlesque, absurd, grotesque, a mock of the ditties old,
With the tooral ooral choruses which in other times were trolled.

Those were the times of our forefathers, the funny days of yore,
Great thick cravats, Prince Regent hats, and stays when dandies wore,
High collars too, and coats sky blue, watch ribbons huge of size,
And the tightest of possible pantaloons, and pumps with enormous ties.

What jolly bucks were our forefathers, that gaily used to sing
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, when George the Third was King,
And revelry with song and glee delighted to combine,
As they drank their toasts and sentiments in bumpers of strong port wine.

### The Half-way House between St. Paul's and St. Peter's.

A Puseyite chapel may be compared to an Italian Warehouse of religion, where you can get any little ornamental ecclesiastical nick-nack you want, from an illuminated Roman candle down to a bunch of papistic artificial flowers. St. Barnabas for instance is only a kind of religious Fortnum and Mason's. They might with every propriety hang out placards, with the following tempting announcements:—

"Puseyite Parties Attended, and Religious Bands Provided." "Crosses, Candlesticks, Canonicals *à la Romaine* Lent on Hire, &c., &c."

### Gentlemen of the Jewry.

The City Jews, like sensible men, saw no harm in voting on their Sabbath. Mr. Dillon, indeed, looked to them to extricate him from the mess into which his dictatorial propensities had got him; but though the Hebrew electors admitted that as a general rule, it was lawful to help a donkey out of a hole on the Sabbath day, they preferred to show themselves Englishmen, and returned Lord John.

## M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS ON THE ELECTIONS.

THE *Presse* recently apprised its readers that M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS was about to visit England, and would supply a series of contributions upon the British elections. M. DUMAS has arrived, and was upon the hustings at Guildhall, when the Returning Officer announced LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S triumph over DILLON & Co., the Shopocrat Dictators. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with the first novel M. DUMAS has composed on the subject, and has pleasure in promoting the good feeling of two great nations by publishing the subjoined translation:—

### GOG. BY M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAP. I.

"What is Gog?"
"You do not know?"
"Or should not ask."
"I pity you."
"Tell, and make pity needless."
"*Homo trium literarum*."
"What? A thief—*fur?*"
"Not that I ever heard of."
"At least a man?"
"Are all men thieves?"
"But what is this Gog?"
"You are impatient."
"You make me so."
"Gog is a type."

"Of what?"
"Of the English."
"And they?"
"Are types of Gog."
"I do not understand."
"I suppose not."
"Will you explain?"
"I cannot. But—"
"But what?"
"I will tell you a story."
"And then?"
"You shall understand Gog."
"*Gaudeamus!*"

CHAP. II.

When the London Guild'hall was built, I cannot tell. Had it never been built at all, I do not know that the world would have been much the poorer, but there it is, and JOHN BULL thinks it the noblest place in the world, for here he elects and dines. Food and freedom, what more needs JOHN? *Entre nous*, his food is indigestible, his freedom a policeman, but if he thinks otherwise, why disturb his happiness?

Nevertheless, Guild'hall is a very ugly building.

CHAP. III.

A Scotchman!
A Lord!

A Jew!
A China merchant!

Such are the men whom London chooses for her representatives, and such the order in which she selects them. Her reasons are inscrutable, but it was a picturesque sight to see the four, in that ugly Guild'hall, advancing to thank her for her suffrage. The Scot, in his noble costume, kilt, tall black plumes, sword, and bagpipes; the venerable Jew, with his long white beard, flowing to his waist, blue gown, and delicate lean hands loaded with gems; the Lord in feudal armour, leaning on his ponderous two-handed sword; and the Merchant, in the full dress of Beadle, as ordained by SIR THOMAS GRESHAM when he founded the Exchange, all come forward together, and the frantic cries of their supporters ascend in turbid waves of sound. Guild'hall echoes with the shouting.

CHAP. IV.

They are gone, the Scot to the Scotch Stores, the Jew to his cellar of diamonds, the Lord to his House of Lords, the Merchant to his Dullwitch or Sydnam. Two figures only linger in the ugly Guild'hall. Her head reposes on his bosom, and for a moment they are as still as the statues around them. The maiden is the first to speak.

"You woted, TOMBOB, and are ruined."

"I gave a plomp. Let ruin come. I woted beside the father of SARA. We have won—What am I?"

"A traitor," thundered a third voice.

They could see no one, though the lurid light of an English sun streamed in upon the Guild'hall in all directions.

"Coward! thou that lurkest in darkness, you are a liar," cried TOMBOB, uttering with enthusiasm that taunt of his nation. "Who are you? Will you box?"

"Ah! for Heaven's sake, be calm," said SARA. "Should the QUEEN hear you."

"The QUEEN feasts the citizens at Buckingham.* She will not be here to-day, mignonette. And as for that evil scoundrel, whom I think—"

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE," said a silver voice, yet full of command, and a figure glided from behind the statue of ALDERMAN PICKFORD (who addressed GEORGE THE FOURTH in an unexpected speech worthy DEMOSTHENES), and stood before the lovers.

"HER MAJESTY!" exclaimed both, kneeling.

CHAP. V.

The QUEEN contemplated her young subjects for a moment, and then said,

"So, MR. TOMBOB, you would defy some one? We must see to that—eh? *Nemo me impune lacessit*. But my silly little Maid of Honour spoke of ruin. Let us first see to that. *Dieu et mon Droit*."

"He woted for M. LE BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, your MAJESTY."

"So have many thousands," said HER MAJESTY, smiling.

"But they have not for a father—"

"No POPERY," thundered the unseen.

"I know that voice," said the QUEEN.

Behind the mighty and grotesque image of some savage warrior, bearing a staff to which hangs a ball of spikes, a still more tremendous face looked down.

"MR. SPOONER," said the QUEEN, "I am surprised at you. Come down from Gog, and come here."

CHAP VI.

Having no sword at hand, the SOVEREIGN gently touched the youth with a pair of embroidery scissors.

"Rise, SIR TOMBOB, and ask your father to forgive the plomp wote which has made you his superior. If he refuse, you shall be sent to Maynoots to finish your education. So he relents. Then ask him to your marriage with SARA, at Windsor Palace, on Thursday. Ah, my dear Prince, you are late with the carriage."

SIR TOMBOB has in every room of his mansion in Piccolodilly, in grateful memory of Guild'hall, a statuette of

GOG.

* Query, Palace?—TRANSL.

### An Atomic Theory.

FROM the number of nobodies that are returned to Parliament, we are afraid that the next Session may already be characterised, in the Palmerstonian phrase, as "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms." So small are some of the atoms, that it is our belief the QUEEN will have to open Parliament with a microscope.

## THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL.

(A NEW SONG.)

WILL you hear of a nobleman's Three-Leggèd Stool
By which he intended to climb up to place,
And how in the sequel he looked like a fool,
When this horse-racing nobleman came to disgrace?
Rule, rule, eager for rule,
Let's hear of the nobleman's Three-Leggèd Stool.

To make it, he first had to find out three Legs,
(To a friend of the Turf no such difficult thing)
And 'twas down to the Commons he went for his pegs,
And none can deny he'd the pick of the ring;
School, school, excellent school,
For props for the nobleman's Three-Leggèd Stool.

The first that he chose was at one time a Limb
From a tree out of Jewry, or so goes the joke;
But now a mere nondescript, supple and slim,
A graft badly stuck on the old country oak:
Tool, tool, tricketty tool,
And here was one leg for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

His next bit of wood it was smooth to the view,
It sprang in the soil of a Lancashire park,
Transplanted to Oxford it warped as it grew,
And you knew it at once by its Jesuit bark:
Pule, pule, Puseyite pule,
And here were two legs for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

The third he selected with Yorkshire claimed kith,
Had been a good bludgeon in time that 's gone by,
But maggots from Russia got right to its pith,
And what was elastic grew stubborn and dry;
Mule, mule, maggoty mule,
And here were three legs for the Three-Leggèd Stool.

Then joining the three by a thing he denies
Should be called Coalition, so let 's call it Trick,
On his stool, now complete, my Lord scrambles, and tries
To mount into place, when—by Jove, what a kick!
Cool, cool, plaguily cool,
Old Pam has kicked over the Three-Leggèd Stool.

And down came the nobleman wop on the floor!
And each of the legs it flew off like a shot,
"If Oxford and Bucks the first two should restore,
Return the third leg," cries old Yorkshire, "I'll not;"
Fool, fool, Faction 's a fool;
Lord Derby goes limping, and lame is his Stool.

## LONDON IN THE WASH.

It is not often we feel called upon to offer our advice to the Geographical Society, for their proceedings generally are such as meet with our entire satisfaction. We would suggest, however, that at their next meeting, the Civil Service Commissioners should be invited to attend, with a view of giving further details as to the discoveries which have been lately made under their auspices, and brought before their notice. We learn from their report just published, that among the gifted candidates who have been recently examined, there are some who have discovered the Alps to be

"In Hungary, Swansea at Norwich, London in the Wash, Marseilles on the Rhine, and Germany in the Caspian Sea, who find the Thames to rise in the German Ocean, and the River Cary to flow by Taunton into the Mediterranean."

These are all of them most interesting discoveries; but that which, as Cockneys, most excites our wonder, is to hear that London is really in the Wash. We indeed have long felt that that is where it ought to be, for there is hardly a square yard of housefront throughout the whole Metropolis that does not look as if it sadly wanted scrubbing. If the depicter of the *Purple Tints of Paris* were anxious to paint London in anything like true colours, he would have to use epithets of far deeper dye than purple: for, to say nothing of our private residences, which when two years old appear to be begrimed with the dust of ages, our public buildings also are so dirt-encrusted, that scarcely a vestige of their brick or stone creation is discernible, and the statues that adorn (?) them are as black in the face as though they had been garotted, or were about to appear as petrified *Othellos*.

Indeed, considering the filthy state of the outsides of our structures, the Chinese are quite justified in calling us "Outside Barbarians." London dirt is as tenacious as a Sheriff's officer, and it takes something more than being "washed, just washed in a shower" to at all get rid of it. Although we should as soon expect to see a blackamoor scrubbed white as to see clean walls in London, we should certainly rejoice if means could be devised for sending the Metropolis periodically to the Wash. We fear, however, that were anyone to undertake the contract, he would soon get into hot water if he touched our vested dirts; and considering what heavy water-rates we pay for living in uncleanness, we should continually be finding ourselves badly off for soap, and no doubt should be frequently in great parochial doubt as to "How to settle our accounts with the Laundress."

## EXAMINATIONS FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

The following are the chief points of examination, as recommended by the officers themselves, for the admission of youthful candidates into a "crack" regiment:—The candidate must know sufficient of writing to be able to put his name to an I.O.U., and of reading to be able to make out the playbills, and different advertisements of the various amusements of the day; he must know enough of arithmetic to enable him to play at unlimited loo; and proportion, inasmuch as he should know the difference of behaviour required in addressing a gentleman or a blackguard; as well as the use of logarithms, as practically applied to the multiplication of interest generally enforced by bill-discounting Jews; together with the extraction of roots, as displayed in the proper selection of the cigars mostly tendered by those gentlemen in part payment of a bill. He must know something of billiard-playing (all the games—French as well as English); and he should be able to translate into the vulgar tongue certain portions of Paul de Kock's and young Alexandre Dumas' works (*Monsieur Dupont* and the *Roman d'une Femme*) without the aid of any Holywell Street edition. If ignorant of those pure French classics, he must sing any song that is popular at the time at the Coal Hole or Canterbury Hall; he must possess such an elementary knowledge of slang as most collegians acquire; and, if called upon, he must give a specimen of his skill in slanging a bargee, or squaring with a policeman. In the history of all the scandalous stories, bearing upon public characters, connected either with the legislature, church, or stage, he should be open to such questions as the examiners may think it proper, or improper, to put to him. In geography, he must prove an intimate acquaintance with the locality of all the principal cafés, casinos, theatres, divans, billiard-rooms, tennis-courts, cock-pits, skittle-grounds, shooting-galleries, about town; and he must also be thoroughly *au fait* with the various shops where the best cigars, beer, gloves, clothes, boots, spurs, revolvers, dogs, are to be procured, keeping an eye at the same time to the amount and length of credit given. In fortification, he must be able to storm the bedroom of a brother officer, who has retired to bed, and trace upon paper the Canterbury plan of drawing the bed-clothes from underneath a person who is sleeping without his knowing it. A certificate of good birth, or proofs of having mixed in the most respectable stations of life (police, or otherwise) will be indispensably required. The fact of being the son of a tradesman, or in any way connected with trade, will be considered a decided bar to one's entrance into the regiment. The possession of several blood-horses, which might be advantageously exchanged with the superior officers for horses of a less showy, but more serviceable breed, will materially smooth the path of the young candidate's admission.

### Perfect on Both Sides.

"What is on the other side of the Victoria medal?" was asking a young *Lion* at the French Embassy. "I cannot exactly tell," answered Persigny, "but it 's my impression that the reverse of *Victoria-Cross* must be Victoria herself."

### WIT AMONGST GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

The Admiralty is always spoken of by the facetious young gentlemen who do the duty of Government clerks, as "Osborne House," in allusion to the apartments that their friend Bernal occupies there.

## WHOLESOME FEAST.

*Jessie.* "AND SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE LITTLE PARTIES AT YOUR SCHOOL, EH?"

*Walter.* "AH! DON'T WE, JUST!—LAST HALF THERE WAS CHARLEY BOGLE, AND GEORGE TWISTER, AND ME—WE JOINED, YOU KNOW—AND HAD TWO POUNDS OF SAUSAGES, COLD, AND A PLUM CAKE, AND A BARREL OF OYSTERS. AND TWO BOTTLES OF CURRANT WINE!—OH, MY EYE! WASN'T IT JOLLY, NEITHER!"

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF TIME.

MANY ladies who studiously practise domestic economy in the kitchen, the parlour, and the drawing-room, are apt to neglect that matter in the boudoir. They altogether lose sight of the value of time whenever they get before the looking-glass, where their vision is engrossed by a more agreeable object, and their minds are absorbed in pleasing reflection. To be sure, this is not always the case; and a bad cold in the head; a toothache accompanied with swelled cheeks; erysipelas of the face; inflamed eyes, and other the like causes, will usually shorten the length of the time consumed under ordinary circumstances in that situation. Commonly, however, a more than sufficient number of precious moments is expended by ladies, otherwise frugal, in front of the mirror, fully to warrant the extraction of the following paragraph from *Notes and Queries*:—

"SPARE MOMENTS: A HINT TO HUSBANDS.—As all bonnets take, it is admitted, five minutes to put on, and as in practice it is found that most of them require considerably more than that time, 'husbands in waiting' will do well to follow the example of the CHANCELLOR D'AGUESSEAU, who, finding that his wife had always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner-bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence, and putting the project into execution, in course of time produced a work in four quarto volumes."

It is not everybody who can write a book, or, if he could, is capable of composing his thoughts sufficiently for that purpose, under the irritating condition of having to wait during the indefinite period which a lady, when requiring it to put on her bonnet in, calls five minutes. But there is a way wherein most men might employ that tedious interval with pleasure to themselves, and in such a manner as apparently, and in the end, actually, to shorten it. The expedient is that of smoking a cigar, or still better, a pipe. The sedative fumes of the tobacco will beguile the tiresome hour, or space of time that would, but for them, be, or seem to be, an hour; will calm the wearied husband's impatience; and will, in most instances, bring the lady down-stairs as soon as, when employed out-of-doors, for a floricultural purpose, they bring down the lady-birds from under the leaves of the roses.

### To Remove Ink-Stains.

THE speediest method is to publish a book at your own expense. You will hate the sight of ink so, that it is extremely doubtful whether you will ever stain your fingers with it again.

## A PARLIAMENT AND NO TALK!

THE *New York Tribune* records the following fact:—

"A NOVEL MEETING.—In accordance with a previous arrangement, the employés of the American Telegraph Company's lines between Boston and Calais, Mo., held a meeting by Telegraph on Tuesday evening, the 3rd instant, at eight o'clock, after the business of the line was concluded for the day. Thirty-three offices were represented, running over a circuit of 700 miles. Several speeches were delivered, and resolutions passed. After having been in session for an hour, the meeting adjourned in great harmony and kindly feeling."

Now, why couldn't our Parliamentary proceedings be conducted in an equally silent manner? Do you think COBDEN would unwind his many miles of Manchester yarns without an audience? Do you fancy SPOONER would go on raving for hours, when there was not a soul present to hear him rave? And is it likely that GLADSTONE even, with all his love of talking, would talk incessantly, when all that his eloquence could possibly bring round was a dial? Now, an Electric Parliament would remedy all the evils that verbiage at present inflicts on the patience of the nation. A Member of Parliament would be able to attend to his legislative duties without stirring from his country seat. The entire business of St. Stephen's might be conducted in a Telegraph Office. The whole Parliamentary staff, with its numerous bundles of Rods and Sticks, might be effectively cut down into a Speaker. That worthy functionary would sit in the middle of his office, like a forewoman in a milliner's work-room, watching the different needles plying assiduously around him. When the work was done, he would collect the stuff, and report the result. The threads of the various arguments would run into his hands, and it would be for him to sort them. His decisions would be final, and justly so, as he would always have the debates at his fingers' ends. The Prime Minister, or PRINCE ALBERT, might look in every quarter of an hour to see that the Speaker had not fallen asleep.

Under our improved plan, one great benefit would unquestionably be gained. There would be no noise! All zoological exhibitions would be effectually closed. Your parliamentary cocks, donkeys, and laughing hyænas would be peremptorily shut up, like their wooden prototypes in a boy's Noah's-Ark. Really we see no obstacle in the way of an Electric Parliament. It would, to a great extent, cure the absurd mania for talking, and moreover, we do not think the speeches then would be half so wire-drawn as they are now. Besides, every little DEMOSTHENES, who at present is not reported, or else snubbed under the obscure cognomen of an "Hon. Member," would have the satisfaction of knowing that his speech had gone to the length at all events of *one* line, and, if he were at some distant post, it might run perhaps to the extent of four or five lines, according to the number of wires on the different telegraphs; whilst your DRUMMONDS and your OSBORNES, as they indulged in their electric *facetiæ*, might flatter themselves with the belief that they were fairly convulsing the poles with laughter.

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## TWO LIFE-DRAMAS.

An advertisement in the *Daily News*, early in this current April, had the good fortune to attract the eye of *Mr. Punch*. The advertiser set forth that parents or guardians, troubled with the care of Unruly Children, could not do better than obtain the advice and assistance of Himself, a married clergyman, possessed of singular fascinating power over young people between the ages of six and twenty.

*Mr. Punch* has been thinking ever since about the curious interviews which this gentleman, should he be engaged by the parties he addresses, will have with the rising generation. A couple of these ideas have taken the form of *Imaginary Conversations*, and here they are:—

Scene I.—*A Nursery.*

*The* Married Clergyman *is hastily inducted by* Mamma, *who fears to remain a moment lest her resolution should give way.*

*Mamma.* *That's* the bad boy, Sir, eight years old on the 11th of July, and—(*with marked intention, for her son's benefit*) I heartily hope you will bring him to a sense of his conduct. [*Exit.*

[Married Clergyman *smiles blandly, and locks the door, a proceeding which gives evident dissatisfaction to* Young Sulky.

*Married Clergyman* (*taking a seat*). And what is your name, my boy?

*Young Sulky* (*after a pause*). Jack.

*Married Clergyman.* A very pretty name; and Jack, you ought to be very thankful to kind Providence and to your kind friends for giving you such a pretty name, when many little boys run about the street with scarcely a name to their backs. Can you read, Jack?

*Young Sulky* (*curtly*). Yes, but shan't.

*Married Clergyman.* Ah! Come here, Jack.

*Young Sulky.* Shan't.

*Married Clergyman.* Ah!

[*Smiles kindly, and produces a well-made birch-rod.*

*Young Sulky* (*angrily and frightened*). I'll tell my Mar!

[Young Sulky *rushes at the door, but the* Married Clergyman *dexterously intercepts him, and after a few preliminary arrangements, a howling follows, which* Mamma, *listening at the door, can scarcely misinterpret.*

*Married Clergyman* (*kindly*). Jack, my dear, get that book from the table, and bring it here.

[Jack *complies, and at the further demand of his friend, reads a page exceedingly well.*

*Married Clergyman.* Very well, indeed, Jack. You read excellently, and are a very good boy, very good. I don't think I need come and hear you read again; but at any time that you would like to see me, you have only to be rude, or idle, or vulgar, and I will come with pleasure. Pick up those broken bits of birch, and put them in the fire, and then we will see Mamma.

[*The* Married Clergyman *pockets the rod, and unlocks the door, having judiciously fumbled with the lock to give* Mamma *time to retreat, and to be coming along the passage.*

*Married Clergyman.* My dear Madam, our young friend, John, quite appreciates our feelings towards him, and has promised me to show himself worthy your affection. He reads exceedingly well, and *there is my address*, which you can *ask him to read* whenever you see fit. No, no refreshment, thank you. Good bye, my dear John, and may you prosper. Look straight before you, but do not forget what is behind—that is true wisdom. [*Exit, as* Jack *is taken to the maternal bosom.*

In singular contrast to the above is—

Scene II.—*A Drawing Room.*

*The* Married Clergyman *is introduced by an* Aunt *to a remarkably pretty girl of nineteen years of age.*

*Aunt.* This is Miss Obstinate, Sir, and I only hope that you may be able to break down her wicked and unconverted nature, and show her what a miserable sinner she is. [*Exit.*

*Married Clergyman* (*laughing*). Now, Margaret, when are you going to meet him?

*Margaret.* (*colouring up with great speed, and indignantly*). Meet who, Sir?

*Married Clergyman.* Say whom, next time, it is better English, Madge. When is it?

*Margaret.* I am sure I don't know what you mean, Sir.

*Married Clergyman.* Pooh, pooh, Meggums, don't get upon the stilts with me. (*Draws back his foot, under which, on taking his seat, he neatly concealed a note that had fallen from* Margaret's *pocket.*) Do you think I don't know all about it. (*Takes up note and reads.*) "——moon shone sweetly down upon your glittering curls, and you looked like a seraph in a fountain"—a profane blockhead!

*Margaret.* O, Sir, you have got my note. Please give it me.

*Married Clergyman.* I want to show it to your Aunt, Meg.

*Margaret.* I'm sure you would not do such an unkind and ungentlemanly thing, Sir. Pray, give it me.

*Married Clergyman.* If I do, will you listen to what I say, like a sensible girl.

*Margaret.* Yes, I will.

*Married Clergyman.* I'll trust you. There's the note. (*Gives it.*) But don't have anything more to say to the writer. He only wants your money.

*Margaret.* I am sure he does not. He is a gentleman to the heart.

*Married Clergyman.* Gentlemen to the heart don't begin effulgence with an i, or leave out one f. He's a snob, I tell you.

*Margaret.* He's in the Artillery, Sir.

*Married Clergyman.* All the Artillery spell. He's in the Artillery Company, perhaps, and an aristocratic-looking girl like you should as soon think of a beadle. You remind me, singularly, of my beautiful friend, the Marchioness of Blazonbury, only your hair is darker than hers. She, you know, was the belle of last season, and won the Marquis by her smile, in which you curiously resemble her.

*Margaret* (*looks in the glass*). I am too *petite.*

*Married Clergyman.* Exactly the height Her Majesty likes in her peeresses. She will not stand godmother to the baby of any one of a different height. Do you like balls?

*Margaret.* What should I answer to a clergyman?

*Married Clergyman.* The truth, my dear young lady.

*Margaret.* I adore them.

*Married Clergyman.* Don't say adore—the word is wrong, whatever the meaning may be—I can get you tickets for the Caledonian Ball

next week—they tell me three or four young lords have wagered that they leave the ball-room engaged men that night—silly fellows—would your Aunt take you?

*Margaret.* O, she *shall.*

*Married Clergyman.* Be dutiful, dear. Well, but conditionally, mind. The tickets are given only to first class people—you mix yourself up with the Artillery Company, people who can't spell—if I promise tickets to the Caledonian, will you drop this person? Consider what an entanglement to be hampered with if, as is most likely, you make a sensation at the ball.

*Margaret.* There is no entanglement, Sir.

*Married Clergyman.* Oh, yes—he sees you are an inexperienced girl, or would not have written that note, which, even as a Clergyman, I must call insulting.

*Margaret.* Do you really think so, Sir?

[*The catastrophe is easily imagined, and when* AUNT *comes back to say lunch,* MARGARET *kisses her, and the* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *remarks*—

I trust, dear lady, that with the blessing of Providence, our darling MARGARITE will be a blessing to you. (*To* MARGARET.) The tickets shall be safe—give me that note.

[*He takes the note, and that night it is returned to the Artillery Companion with an intimation that kicking will follow the sending another. So he does not send another.*

And thus two Unruly Children are quelled by the fascinations of the Married Clergyman.

## "FOR THE OAK—THE BRAVE OLD OAK."

SOME ingenious neighbours of *Mr. Punch* have invented a set of printed labels to be stuck upon the doors of offices, or chambers, when the occupant is away. They advertise forty varieties of *affiches*, from the simple "Return at ½ to 2" to the elaborate notification that the inmate is gone to the House of Commons on a Railway Bill, and may be detained all day, but found in Committee-room, No. 156. But even the forty announcements fail to include some that would be useful in the Temple and elsewhere, and it is therefore with the view of giving completeness to a meritorious invention that *Mr. P.* suggests a few additions. *E. g.*:—

"Is having a quiet weed inside with two fellows from the Crimea, and don't mean to be bothered."

"Saw you coming, as per threat, and having no tin for you, sports oak."

"Expects his cousin and her pretty nieces to lunch, and don't want the place filled with your cigar-smoke."

"Has got a new French novel, and has no idea of being bored with your reading the MS. you want him to revise and recommend to MR. BENTLEY."

"Dined at Greenwich yesterday, and is lying on the bed, trying to get rid of the whitebait headache."

"Did not receive your note, appointing to call to-day at a quarter to three, to renew that bill, and borrow the discount."

"Is late with an article for *Mr. Punch*, and prefers finishing it to hearing you on the Chinese question and the Derby."

"Would not mind *you*, but saw MOSES ISAACSON walking about the square, so keeps the door safe."

"Is dressing to meet some nice girls at the Zoological, and you'll want to go too, in that seedy cut-a-way, and with the eternal button off your boot."

"Wrote you word that he is out of town, and it is very mean of you to call and try to find out whether it is true."

"Had your Irish friend's note, but before making your acquaintance wants to hear at the Club whether anybody knows anything against you."

"Never intended to get the box at the Opera for your Guys of sisters, and don't mean to see you until it is too late to write to MR. LUMLEY."

*Mr. Punch* had an intention of patenting the above improvements upon the original invention; but, on second thought, his generosity over-rides his worldly wisdom, and he places them at the service of his neighbours at the S.E. corner of Wickedness Lane.

A TERRIBLE REVERSE.—"No children, now a-days, Ma'am! All our children are men—and all our men are childish, Ma'am!"—MR. FOGEY.

## THEATRE, BANKRUPTCY COURT.

ON Wednesday, the 22nd inst., will be repeated the Tragico-Religioso-Hypocritico Drama of

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK,

In which MR. HUMPHREY BROWN (late M.P. for Tewkesbury) will make his first appearance.

ALSO MR. ALDERMAN KENNEDY.

These representations have been got up regardless of expense, and will be repeated as long as they are found to pay.

A negotiation is pending for the early appearance (D.V.) of that Distinguished Manager,

**MR. HUGH INNES CAMERON,**

And an anxious public will have due notice of the much-desired event, as soon as may be overcome the natural timidity of a gentleman, evidently

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN.

*Vivat Lex.* *Very little Money returned.*

## SPARKS FROM FLINT.

IT used to be supposed that between the two eminent CHANCELLORS DISRAELI and GLADSTONE there was about as little sincere affection as between any other couple in the country, which is saying a good deal in these days. On one fearful night, in particular, in the winter of 1852, *Mr. Punch* remembers with a shudder how MR. DISRAELI, then (but only a few hours longer) a minister of the Crown, stood on the SPEAKER's right hand, and in *Shylock* attitude and in *Shylock* tones did emit the most bitter mockery of his antagonist; and how MR. GLADSTONE then arose, and, late as was the hour, enforced the House's attention while he tore MR. DISRAELI limb from limb, and danced over his mangled—budget. All this is now over, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and while MR. GLADSTONE is "to return to his natural place among the Conservatives," no jealousy "on the part of his brilliant contemporary is to hinder either from rendering the most effectual service."

But the mantle of DISRAELI is not hung upon a peg. It has fallen upon shoulders eminently calculated to wear it. MR. GLADSTONE, in his eagerness to damage LORD PALMERSTON, has condescended to go down into Flintshire, and deliver speeches to the Flints in favour of his relative, SIR S. GLYNNE. The Flints, however, were as firm as their namesakes in the *Quadrupeds*, and would not be moved by the great orator. They would not send SIR STEPHEN (Puseyite though he is) to his namesake's chapel. But after one of MR. GLADSTONE's elaborate addresses, a manufacturer, MR. JAMES HALL, arose, and to the very face of the Oxford DEMOSTHENES, delivered a Philippic, for our knowledge of which we are indebted to the *Oswestry Advertiser*. A sample, with the HALL mark, will suffice to show what MR. GLADSTONE caught in Flintshire.

"Gentlemen,—This is the RIGHT HON. MR. GLADSTONE, who sat in the Cabinet, and consented to the policy that led us into the Russian war (*cheers*). You recollect the state of alarm into which the nation was thrown by the graphic and heart-rending details of the suffering, starvation, and death of our brave troops, which proceeded from the immortal RUSSELL of the *Times* (*great cheering, and one cheer more for* WILLIAM RUSSELL *by Mr. Punch*). You recollect when MR. ROEBUCK moved for a committee to inquire why the people's brave army were dying of hunger and cold, while the people's ships were laden with clothes and provisions within seven miles of the scene of their disasters (*cheering*). Now what do you think was the conduct of the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE and his associates? Under a pretended offence at LORD PALMERSTON's acceding to the appointment of this committee, they left office and fled (*shame*). Yes, Sir (*turning to* MR. G.), whilst the honour of England, and for aught we know, her liberties, her freedom, and domestic firesides, upon which you have been so eloquently descanting, were trembling in the balance —(*immense cheering*)—in the hour of your country's peril—in the hour of the nation's need—you exemplified a total want of that leading characteristic of a great statesman—true courage (*great cheering*). I tell you, Sir, the nation trusted you, and you have deceived her—(*cheers*)—and I hope and believe the time is far distant when you will have another opportunity (*great cheering*). One grain of true patriotic courage will out-weigh, in the estimation of the people of England, all your commanding talents, plausibility, and powers of persuasion (*loud cheers*). I tell you, Sir, and in doing so, I disclaim all feelings of personal disrespect, that you are a GREAT POLITICAL COWARD (*great cheering*). I should think when you meet a man in a red coat, who has maintained the honour of his country, you will blush in his presence (*cheers*). The humblest soldier who wears a Crimean medal on his manly breast, is a patriot far above your mark (*loud cheers*)."

Now, MR. DISRAELI, what do you say to MR. HALL? You have considerable courage, but did you ever open upon an enemy in that fashion? There is something to be learned, Sir, even in Wales. Moreover, the oratory was successful, for a motion pledging the meeting against MR. GLADSTONE's candidate was unanimously carried. Had you not better take some lessons of MR. HALL?

## DE BALLOONATICO.

ONLY those who wish to see their children all confirmed balloonatics, will not agree with us that something must be done to check the mania for toy-balloons, which seems to be almost as catching as the measles. Every nursery we enter (and where is the well-regulated child of three years old that can exist without its weekly look at *Punch*) we find to be half full of those thin gutta percha soap-bubbles, which have been dignified by euphuists with the title of balloons. One can scarcely walk three yards in any public thoroughfare without having half-a-dozen of them flopped into one's face, and one's educated ear being annoyed by the remark that they are "puffickly armless, and hon'y tuppence heach." Of their "armlessness," however, we must say we have some doubt, seeing what a strong temptation they present to any scientific infant to try experiments by making them aërial machines. Having the feelings of a paterfamilias, we are not without some nervousness lest we may hear our nursemaid running down-stairs to her "missus" some fine morning, with the appalling intelligence that "Oh! if you please, Mem, ere's MISS ARRIET ave bin a-blowed hout o' winder, Mem:" and as we have little wish to see our rising generation flying off in this way, we think that while their present symptoms of balloonacy continue, we shall be justified in keeping them in more than usual restraint.

We have a great aversion to appear as an unnaturally "stern parient," and our milk of human kindness fairly curdles at the thought that our offspring may regard us as the BOMBA of their nursery; but we really have some notion of our issuing an edict, forbidding any child of ours to play with a balloon, until we have devised the means to neutralise its elevating tendency.

## THE LEGION OF HONESTY.

THE French have been considered to be fertile in inventions, and we have had credit for improving on their ideas. Our brilliant allies have lately been doing something which we might both imitate and improve upon. The Prefect of Police has awarded recompenses to twenty-three Cab-drivers for their honesty in delivering up articles left by passengers in their vehicles. This is an example which SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be advantageously authorised to follow. Certificates of honesty have also been given to forty-one other drivers, and the names of all these exceptional Cabmen have been posted up at all the stations for public carriages. This is an example whereon MR. JOHN BULL might improve. Let certificates of honesty be given to all such Joint Stock Company Directors as shall have been proved to have deserved them, and let the names of all those gentlemen be posted in Capel Court.

### Copy-Book Maxims,

*For Little Children of a Larger Growth.*

Too much vinegar spoils the salad.
Gutta Percha is good for the sole.
Ceremonies, like flags, are best waived.
Prejudices and frogs croak loudest in the dark.
With men, as with monuments, position is everything.
The busy tongue, sooner than not talk, scandalises.
An English wife and a French cook!—if a man's home is not happy with those blessings, it is his own fault!

### MINE INTELLIGENCE.

THERE are men, like mines, that do not pay for the working; so, before you select your man, mind he is well worth the plant.—*A Modern Machiavellist.*

## LORD PALMERSTON IN THE HANDS OF BOMBA.

LORD PALMERSTON—let MR. GLADSTONE rejoice—has been sold in Naples. "A splendid engraving of his Lordship," writes the *Times* correspondent, was lately sold, with other effects, the property of the late SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. The portrait, like the original, was handsomely framed; doubtless, as the poet saith, "framed to make women false." The picture was nominally bought by a Modenese purchaser; but, in reality, as *Mr. Punch* learns from indisputable sources, was bought for the KING OF NAPLES himself, and was straightway conveyed to his Majesty at Caserta.

KING BOMBA jumped from his sofa with a cannibal shout, when the portrait was laid at his feet. He then drew his sword, and for a good five minutes flourished it menacingly about the diplomatic head, the smiling face of the amiable Viscount; that—to the increasing indignation of his sacred Majesty—seemed to smile the more, the closer, the glittering steel flashed and flashed about it.

And then his Majesty roared for aqua-fortis; and at a thought—for such articles are always at hand in the well-furnished retreat of Caserta—the aqua-fortis was produced, and the portrait of PALMERSTON, *la bestia*, laid upon the table.

And then his Majesty, with the pommel of his sword, struck the glass—so struck it that it might be shivered to pieces, and the copper-plate lineaments of *il villano* lie bare and black before him. But the more his sacred Majesty struck, the more hard became the glass; until at length the sword-pommel rebounded from the unflawed crystal as from a diamond. His Majesty was amazed and puzzled. There was no reaching that accursed countenance, that smiled and smiled the more, the more attempted by the sword-pommel of an anointed king.

Whereupon, his Majesty besought advice of MONSIGNORE DOPPIOVOLTO, his episcopal confessor: and, with a thought, the priest turned the portrait on its face; and with a pair of pincers, that he had about him—(now and then the priest had been sent on errands of mercy to the political prisoners)—the pious man withdrew the small nails that held the board that backed the picture. In a trice, the portrait—a very fine engraving, in the diplomatic line manner—lay, an unprotected piece of paper, on the table.

And then his Majesty, with a yell of satisfaction, as though he was about to put out for ever and for ever the very eyes of liberty, poured aqua-fortis on the engraven orbs of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON; and HENRY—to the further amazement of his anointed Majesty—only winked and winked the more knowingly, the more defyingly.

"*Al fuoco! Al fuoco!*" cried his sacred Majesty; and the logs on the royal hearth were lighted, and the engraving of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON was laid upon the embers, but would not burn. His sacred Majesty poked, his confessor poked, but still—as though printed on incombustible asbestos—the accursed piece of paper would not feed the fire. No; still HENRY LORD PALMERSTON lay upon the logs, and like a virgin martyr, smiled!

"Wood! wood! more wood!" cried his sacred Majesty; and new logs were heaped and heaped, and red-hot pincers were applied to the printed PALMERSTON: the engraved Minister, nevertheless, would not burn—would not even curl with the heat, but still lay at length, and, as it were, defyingly, upon the logs.

So much wood was brought and piled, that at length—the windows being shut—his sacred Majesty cried aloud for air. The old story!—that *maledetto* PALMERSTON always made every amiable foreign court much too hot to hold him.

The windows were opened; and for a minute—free air rushing in—PALMERSTON seemed to burn. The flames caught the picture! the picture seemed, for a moment, a piece of filmy ash. But for a moment. And then, flying from the fire, like an autumn flight of swallows, there passed through the windows, what seemed a thousand thousand copies of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON, Prime Minister of England. Where they alighted, we know not; where they are to be found, we know not. But this we think we know. It only depends upon his Lordship to hang up *that* picture about the heart of every honest Neapolitan.

After all—and this is a sad thought—very many copies could not be disposed of.

## OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

*Mamma.* "WHO IS THIS HAMPER FOR?—WHY FOR POOR JERRY, WHO IS AT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW."

*Darling (reflectively).* "OH!—DON'T YOU THINK, MA, I HAD BETTER GO TO SCHOOL?"

## THE REWARD OF GOOD LIVING.

WE invite the Band of Hope—not meaning MR. BERESFORD HOPE and his Puseyite connection, but another small tea-party, so to speak, consisting of equally nice men—to meditate upon the following paragraph, which we are indebted for to the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"DEATH OF THE OLDEST MAN IN LYMINGTON.—On the morning of Tuesday last, March 31st, MR. WILLIAM PITT, the old and much respected parish clerk of Lymington, departed this life, in his 94th year. He was a short strong-built man, fond of good living, and a cheerful glass with a few friends, and throughout life enjoyed the most robust health. Till within the last few months he might be seen walking briskly along our High Street, as upright and unbending in his gait as he was harmless and irreproachable in his conduct. Peace to his memory."

By the example above recorded we are taught that health and longevity are quite compatible with a more agreeable regimen than that of total abstinence from fermented liquors. For MR. PITT was fond of a cheerful glass—the glass which cheers more than a cup of tea, and inebriates not any more, if quaffed discreetly. How many persons there are, who, restricting themselves entirely to slops, are cut off in the prime of life, if such lives as theirs have any prime, or come to an untimely end! whereas, here is a man who indulged in conviviality, and not merely lived to threescore-and-ten, or barely to fourscore, but nearly attained to the age of a hundred, and died a fine old gentleman.

## VIVAT REGINA!

THE *Court Circular* the other day, for once in the way, contained an interesting statement; namely, the following:—

"The ancient and Royal Charities of Maunday Thursday were distributed yesterday to 38 Maunday men and 38 Maunday women, with the customary formalities in Whitehall Chapel. The number of each sex corresponds with the age of HER MAJESTY."

The fact mentioned in the last sentence of the above paragraph, would obviously suggest, if any such suggestion were wanted, the exclamation of "Long live the QUEEN!" May the numbers of Maunday men and Maunday women, respectively, increase to as much above three-score and ten as the nature of things admits of.

DII MINOR(I)ES.—MOSES AND SON.

## THE NEW SALOON OMNIBUS—A GRUMBLE.

THE Omnibus is "fitted up with regard to comfort."—There is, in this vale of tears, too much comfort as it is. Make the world too comfortable, and some people will never leave it.

There is no "knife-board."—Why not? Without a knife-board, how can men show themselves proper "bricks," by getting upon it?

Inside there are two "bell-pulls."—What 's the use, then, of carrying sticks? What 's a conductor made for, but to poke at him!

There is "an umbrella stand."—What room does an umbrella take? Gammon. What 's the use of an umbrella-stand, without pegs for Crinolines?

The floor "is perfectly level."—Of course, and like these revolutionary times. Putting ERNEST JONES on the same footing with PRINCE ALBERT.

"As near privacy as you can be in anything public."—The same may be said of a sentry-box; but only fools enlist for all that.

But the best of all this is, I, *Mr. Punch*, for one, don't believe in omnibus improvements: they 've been like the improvements of what, I believe, is called our fellow creatures by MR. OWEN,—they 've been so long promised that we shall go on for ever and ever without 'em.

*That, Mr. Punch,* is the opinion of

A BLADE ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

### Chitty's Practice of Boating.

IN an account of the recent University Boat-Race, a name of great legal celebrity was somewhat curiously mentioned. Allusion was made to

"MR. CHITTY, whose practice at the oar's end as one of the University of Oxford has gained him great laurels."

Some of our readers, learned in the law, will probably now have heard for the first time of CHITTY'S *Practice at the Oar's End.*"

## YEH'S HUSBANDRY.

SURELY among the many mad acts of COMMISSIONER YEH, that recorded in the following newspaper paragraph, may, for one, be regarded as simply absurd; as ridiculous without being likewise horrible:—

"Accounts from Canton say that, under YEH'S direction, the ploughshare had traversed the site of the late factories, which the Commissioner had sown with salt."

What sort of crop MR. YEH expected to raise from his salt it is not easy to imagine, unless he may be supposed to have had an eye to the sort of harvest that old CADMUS got by sowing dragon's teeth. Whilst he was about playing the fool with salt in this manner, he might as well have salted the junk, as the soil of his country. If, in sowing saline matter, he intended to symbolise the dissension which he has sown, he should have chosen saltpetre in preference to common salt for that purpose; for in saltpetre is condensed the blast of gunpowder, and in sowing the wind as it were, MR. YEH might have intimated the apprehension that he was likely to reap the whirlwind.

# AN OLD HAND.

Little J—ck R—ss—ll. "NOW, THEN, LOOK SHARP, OR ELSE LET ME COME!"
Pam. "DON'T YOU BE IN A HURRY, YOUNG GENTLEMAN—I KNOW THE COUNTRY!"

## MRS. JONES'S MODEL OMNIBUS.

"My Dear Aunt, "*London, April*, 1857.

"You will be glad to hear that London is now in course of being actually supplied with convenient Omnibuses—vehicles which you have often expressed so earnest a longing for, and wherein, as you have always said on those occasions, one can sit without being squeezed and scrunged almost to death, and can ride with comfort to one's poor old bones. Six of these conveyances have been already started, and the proprietors—a public company—are having others built as fast as possible; so that, when next you come to Town, you will, no doubt, find plenty of them ready to take you to the Bank and to St. Paul's Churchyard, and may, therefore, expect to have your customary journeys to those places greatly smoothed. These carriages, Aunt, are called 'Saloon Omnibuses'—'Saloon,' observe, if you please; two syllables: not 'Sloon.' They are, of course, much larger than the common omnibuses; so that they afford sufficient space, not only for a lady of ample proportions, but also for her bundle, her bandbox, her umbrella, her pattens, and the parcels which she has, perhaps, purchased at the grocer's and the linendraper's. Inside, they are fitted up in the style of a first-class railway carriage, and there is no crowding and crushing—precisely that blessed arrangement that you have ever desired on behalf of them as knows what it is to suffer from they plaguy corns and bunions. So considerately have those excrescences been provided for, that people can walk from one end to the other of the 'bus without even touching other people, not to say without hitching their feet in your gown, and tearing it, or trampling upon it with their nasty dirty boots. Two bell-pulls enable you to communicate with both the conductor and the driver, instead of employing your voice for that purpose, or using your umbrella. By the way, if that little encumbrance happens to be dripping wet, there is a stand where you can put it, to dribble into that, in place of moistening your right or left hand neighbour. In what they call the *coupé*, you can sit apart from the other passengers, if their looks are disagreeable or imperent, or if they make you narvous. You are well ventilated, which will be a great thing for you on a sweltry day, and at night you are lighted well enough to enable you to read your *Punch*. No advertisements are to be allowed in the Saloon Omnibuses; thus a great temptation will be removed out of your way, and the omnibus will take you in only to carry you, and not by deluding you with puffs. The outside arrangements of course do not concern you, and you may not care to be told that there is a comfortable seat overhead; but you will be gratified by the information that the means of getting up there are easy, so that the nuisance of men clambering on the roof is abolished. It may be a satisfaction to you to know that these omnibuses have been approved of by Sir Richard Mayne and the Police authorities; but when I tell you that they have also met with the approbation of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, you will feel a perfect confidence in them. They came out, as I think you would express it, on the Thursday afore Good Friday as ever was; first they went in procession, loaded inside and out, to Scotland Yard, and then proceeded to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor and his lady, not only, as I said, signified their approbation of them, but were so much pleased with them that they invited the chairman and other members of the company to lunch; naturally looking upon a spacious omnibus as a very great boon to the Aldermen and Corporation at large. I expect, my dear Aunt, that in the construction and appointments of these conveyances you will find little, if anything, to worrit you, and to occasion you, on your return from an expedition in one of them, to pronounce the imprecation of 'Drat they omnibuses!' I trust, too, that civility on the part of the driver and conductor will be secured by adequate provisions; so that you will never be unfeelingly invited to 'jump in'—as if jumping were not out of the question for you—by the disrespectful appellation of 'Old 'ooman.' A volume of letters on the subject of behaviour was once composed by a polite nobleman. Perhaps the servants of the company will be required to pass an examination in that work, or else in a more recent publication entitled *Hints on Etiquette*. In conclusion, my dear Aunt, let me express the hope, that the prospect of omnibus accommodation will tempt you to come up shortly to town, and see your expectant Nephew,

"Jacob Jones."

"P.S.—I should not recommend you to keep it in an old stocking. I can find you a better investment than that.—J. J."

### Historical Saying.

"Look at those brave English Troops! See how firm they stand! On my word, they are like carpets—not only true to their colours, but, by Jove, they never know when they're beaten!"—Napoleon (*the Uncle*) *at Waterloo*.

Inscription for Bubble Banks.—"No money returned."

## ELEGY ON GREENWICH FAIR.

Ye rogues and thieves, it little grieves
Me, that I 've to declare,
A fact your set will much regret
The end of Greenwich Fair.
That monstrous bore exists no more,
This year it up was done,
'Tis gone—'tis fled, for ever dead,
The fair and all its fun.

Of fun what lack!—'twas down the back
To scratch the larking gents,
With toy that made to sportive blade
His coat seem torn in rents.
The showman's clown, used up, cast down,
No mirth within him had;
The harlequin with ghastly grin,
Looked pitiably sad.

The dancing-booths with dreary youths
And wretched women teemed,
Who danced in gloom, and in the fume
Of bad tobacco steamed;
A brutal crew to hear or view,
From whom you, loathing, shrunk;
Of whom to say the best we may,
The whole of them were drunk.

And Greenwich town was upside down,
Turned by a roaring mob;
A crowded mass of human ass,
Trull, ruffian, scoundrel, snob.
Now Greenwich blest will be with rest,
And all good people there,
Rejoiced have been that they have seen,
An end of Greenwich Fair.

### The Oldest Error on Record.

The invention of Gunpowder has generally been attributed to the Chinese. This must be an error—our stupid historians meant surely to say "Gunpowder-Tea?"

Education.—"Yes, Sir," (said an obtuse Alderman, who had been conversing with a wonderful Professor on the above subject), "it's perfectly true memory may make a Learned Pig; but to my mind, Sir, you can't stuff him better than with onions."

The Philosophy of Kant.—A woman beats the old German, for her philosophy is, mostly, not only Kant, but Won't! *The Hermit of the Haymarket*.

Military Promotion.—Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, is about to gazette himself as his own Army tailor. In these days of peace the eagle is to pair with the goose.

"WHAT NEXT!"

Smart Young Cad. "*Now, then! If any Lady wishes to 'Correspond,' I'm quite ready, they've on'y got to say so.*"

Indignant Old Matron (from the Provinces, and who is not up to the French system). "*Goodness Gracious me! If ever I heard such impereence—this comes o' teaching the lower orders to read and write—correspond with him, indeed!*"

## THE CHAIR OF THE DOUBTER.

A FATAL present, as we must even consider it, has been made to the magistrates of the county of Derby. They are now in possession—the thing is "for their use in the County-Hall"—of LORD ELDON'S "judgment-seat;" of the Chair of the Doubter! A brass-plate tells the whole story:—

"This Chair was the judgment-seat of the LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON, in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, during the many years that he held the Great Seal, and is the one delineated in the portraits of that most eminent Judge," &c. &c.

The brass-plate that, with faithful legal verbosity, tells the history of the "judgment-seat," with its last delivery to the county magistrates of Derby, the brass-plate (the fact is not mentioned) is the converted metal of a coffin-plate of a suitor who died in Chancery; and who, at his death, had just sufficient means to purchase the little metal tablet that told of his deliverance from the anxieties of this world, those of Lincoln's-Inn-Hall included. However, the Chair of JOHN THE DOUBTER, being now in the County Court of Derby, it is needful that, as vigilant watchers of the public welfare, we call the attention of the Derby people especially to the likely influences of the ominous present upon the administration of equity and justice in the county at large.

How does COWLEY apostrophise the chair made out of "the reliques of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S Ship" that went round the world! There was vitality, motion, magic in the seat. Once in it, and it was again a ship cutting "the burning line." And so—

"Prythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru:
With gold there the vessel we 'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
And never be poor any more."

We say, we much fear the influence of this old arm-chair removed from Lincoln's-Inn-Hall. We much fear that a simple county magistrate, once placed in it, the seat, so to speak, will get into his head. We know not what dubious, twilight thoughts may arise there, as WORDSWORTH says, "by natural ascension." For let us only think of the world as it was—of this England as it winked and maundered—whilst LORD ELDON filled the judgment-seat, whilst LORD ELDON sat upon the neck of Equity like the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad. What were the doubts that did and did *not* possess the judge in that seat in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall? Did he ever doubt the purity, the patriotism of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Did he ever doubt the orthodoxy of the chaste DUKE OF YORK, the apostolical BISHOP OF OSNABURGH? Did he ever doubt himself in his devotion to the monarch, in his belief in the virtues of the king's brother? Did he ever doubt the righteousness, the justice of dropping the PRINCESS OF WALES in loyal duty to that first gentleman, her husband? We take it no such doubts ever stirred beneath the horse-hair of that conscientious man, fixed in the judgment-seat. Doubts, however, *did* come; who can doubt them? For, at that time, England began to be astir with sedition. Impiety and wickedness were abroad, and when laid by the heels, did nevertheless defy LORD ELLENBOROUGH from the dock. And then, possibly, JOHN LORD ELDON doubted whether *Habeas Corpus* ought not to be for ever suspended; whether HONE ought not to have been hanged, and whether a clamorous Scotchman named BROUGHAM ought not somehow to be for ever and for ever crushed and dumfounded. When the DUKE OF YORK was laid in St. George's Chapel, did not LORD ELDON doubt whether the Sun of Protestant England was not for ever set in the scarlet sea of Rome; though himself resolving to survive, if possible, and watch the horrible consequence; to which end, whilst the Defender of the Protestant faith was lowered into the vault, did not the astute JOHN LORD ELDON, warned by the mortal coldness of the chapel flags, stand upon his hat?

"At sea there 's but a plank they say
'Twixt sailors and annihilation;
A Hat that awful moment lay
'Twixt Ireland and Emancipation."

Now, this chair, this seat of a quarter-of-a-century of doubt, this chair of the once Chancellor, JOHN LORD ELDON, placed at the disposal of the county magistrates of Derby, will so oppress, so mystify the judicial head with arising doubts, that we much question whether arbitration will ever succeed to evidence. With ELDON'S judgment-seat in the county Court of Derby, we advise all men and women who would litigate, mutually to embrace; for though they may bring a grievance only a week old into court, we fear it will be so long doubted upon, that it will outlive the oldest suit yet known in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall. We so strongly feel the possibility of the evil influences of this Chair, that we are convinced no Derby magistrate will be able to sit in it for a single morning, without for ever after doubting whether he sits upon his head, or quite the contrary.

## ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS ("*père*, not *fils*"), continues his contributions from England to the *Presse*, and evinces his perfect comprehension of British politics, by assuring his French readers that the real questions which agitate society here, to its lowest depths, are not, as is ignorantly supposed, LORD PALMERSTON'S fitness for office, and the propriety of the Chinese war, but—the admission of Jews to Parliament, and the Sunday question. He begs his countrymen to disbelieve any assertions to the contrary. *Mr. Punch* has only to compliment the brilliant story-teller upon the acuteness of his perceptions, and to assure him that he is perfectly right, that the points he has mentioned are those which have stirred the nation so enormously, and that its palpitation is still caused by the considerations he raises, coupled with the even more absorbing and maddening questions of the Sound Dues, the rumoured resignation of LORD CANNING, and the stoppage of Holborn, owing to the new paving.

## CLERGYMEN OF ALL COLOURS.

WE do not like blue clergymen; yellow clergymen; pink clergymen. We look upon them as rather monstrous. Nevertheless, such many-coloured pastors have abounded at the late elections; the reverend gentlemen "giving out" candidates from the hustings, as they would give out the morning lessons from the pulpit. If these worthy men feel such unconquerable interest in their party friends, why do they not in the privacy of their homes, offer up a small prayer for them? Why should they come and stick figurative ribbons in their beavers; as though men were to be "shovelled" into Parliament by benefit of clergy? A correspondent in the *Times* gives the names of no fewer than thirteen parsons; and all of them, dropping manna from the hustings; all of them talking honey with, of course, not so much as a single locust, in favour of the tadpole senators they propose for mature frogs. The *Times* writer calls this visitation of election parsons "a wide-spread evil." We rather incline to think it the very worst sort of black fever.

### Civil and Religious Bigamy.

MR. JUSTICE WILLES, in sentencing a bigamist the other day, told him that not only had he wronged two women, "but had profaned a religious ceremony," and therefore the Judge gave him two months *per* wife. Bigamists will find it to their advantage to eschew the service that begins with "Dearly beloved," and ends with "Amazement," and to marry before the Registrar.

## THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

Tune—"*The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve.*"

O sigh and mourn for good times older,
There 's little need for their upholder;
A few folks now are very clever,
But many are just as great fools as ever:
Continue in a gross condition
Of ignorance and superstition.
Even now there are respectable farmers
Believing in wizards, and witches, and charmers.
Oh no! oh no! we need not grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Against their faith 'tis vain to battle.
They think their wives and children, cattle,
Their cocks and hens, their horses and asses—
For all the enlightenment of the masses—
Bewitched, enchanted, and bed-ridden
By crones who practise arts forbidden:
And when they see them mumble and mutter,
Believe they have cursed their cheese and butter.
No no, my friends, we need not grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

When at night they hear the winds loud blowing.
Their heifers, calves, and oxen lowing,
Cackling geese, and horses neighing,
Squeaking pigs and donkeys braying,
Watch-dogs howling, babies squalling,
Toms and tabbies caterwauling,
The din they fancy caused by witches,
Who damage their wealth and destroy their riches.
Oh no, my friends, we cannot grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Tales they tell, which you may swallow;
How a fiery dog did their dog follow,
Who presently stopped and put his tongue out
Of his mouth which half a yard long hung out;
And how they heard all kinds of knocking,
And other noises equally shocking:
Quote King James their faith's defender,
And cite in proof the Witch of Endor.
No, no, indeed, we should not grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

They want to doom old women to slaughter,
Under pretence of Trial by Water,
And in their heads they cherish the maggot
That we ought to return to fire and faggot;
Burn the witches, and hang the wizards,
Who stick so firmly in their gizzards.
Their minds' eye still sees beldams gliding
About by night, on broomsticks riding.
So then, you see, we need not grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Old wives, whom they 'd consign to ducking,
Have warts and moles by imps for sucking,
According to their estimation,
Of which they ask for exploration
By pins into those places sticking,
Or all such spots by needles pricking.
From a knave they buy counter-charms and riddles,
Out of their money the flats who diddles.

You 'll therefore own we must not grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Not only folks in lower stations
Have faith in charms and incantations,
But many people higher rated,
Are equally infatuated:
For they believe in spirit rapping,
Through mediums somehow tables tapping,
Spelling out many a precious crammer,
Spelt wrong and quite devoid of grammar.
Then how can anybody grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve?

## NOTICES OF INSOLVENCY.

Notice is Hereby Given, That the persons whose names and descriptions are hereunder written intend to apply at the next Westminster Sessions to be relieved from all the liabilities they have incurred as Traders upon cant, party-cries, popular ignorance, former prestige, and faction generally, they being entirely Bankrupt in political reputation, and Insolvent as regards their engagements to the persons with whom they have had dealings. Notices of opposition must be entered on the paper of the House of Commons.

Disraeli, Benjamin: formerly a revolutionary epicmonger; afterwards a pupil of the late Joseph Hume, radical, deceased; then a tory-liberal and vituperator of the late Daniel O'Connell, radical, deceased; then for some time a tide-waiter at the door of the late Robert Peel, Baronet, liberal conservative, deceased; then a vituperator of the said Robert Peel, and a hanger-on at the stables of the late George Lord Bentinck, conservative, deceased; also biographer of the said George Lord Bentinck; then in the service of the Earl of Derby as exceedingly odd man, and now of no occupation whatsoever; of Maidstone in 1837, of Shrewsbury in 1841, of Buckinghamshire in 1847; inventor of a successful specific for getting rid of proprietors' money, called the Representative; also of a quack mixture called the Asian Mystery, for the cure of social disorders; also of a great variety of more or less adhesive epithets fastened on with a composition of gall and impertinence; also of a new date for the Christian era; also of an Equitable Adjustment of Taxation, by taking it off the territorial aristocracy and placing it upon the consolidated fund; also of a Treaty between England and France for the more complete subjugation of Italy; also of a great number of Mare's Nests, for which he received no consideration or credit whatsoever; does not admit that he has ever failed in business or anything else. Attorneys, Thesiger and Napier.

Gladstone, William Ewart: formerly holder of a double first-class ticket for Oxford, which explains his habit of trying to go two ways at once; then a doctor of civil law, which was a degree too civil for him, and he has since laid the law down, with incivility; afterwards a conservative; then a Peelite, and since a partner in a Manchester concern, which failed; at various times in business for himself as a splitter of hair, and also as an upholder in the Church furniture and ornament line; also as a maker of budgets, in which he was successful, but his prospects were destroyed by the war; also as the representative of Nicholas Romanoff, of St. Petersburg, Turkish toweller, deceased; also in partnership with Gordon and Co., Aberdeen software merchants, bankrupt; also as a spinner of yarns of unprecedented length and tenuity; and now of no occupation whatsoever, except that which Nicholas the elder habitually provides for idle hands to do: of Newark in 1832, of Oxford in 1847; attributes his failure to the existing prejudice against non-natural views of things. Attorney, Roundell Palmer.

Cobden, Richard: formerly in successful business in cheap bread, in connection with which he obtained an honourable position, and dealt in unadorned eloquence; then speculated unsuccessfully in crumpling Russia; then partner in a discovery that Russia ought not to be crumpled; then in a land scheme for allotting to Russia waste lands in Moldavia and Wallachia; then in business as a peacemonger, and embarked in a scheme for paving the streets of St. Petersburg with English flags; then originator of a proposal for feeding the British Lion with humble-pie; then partner with both the above-named insolvents in a scheme for introducing a new Bottle-holder of Derby manufacture; of Stockport in 1841, of the West Riding in 1847, and now of no place whatsoever; attributes his failure to the acknowledged fact that the entire nation, with the exception of a few of his own friends, is in a state of insanity. Attorney, Hadfield.

### Election Eloquence.

A Cynic has expressed the opinion that of the gentlemen who at the late election addressed their constituents, or would-have-to-be constituents, from the hustings, the majority were Poll parrots.

## WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

—— "ROSE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME DINNER?"
*Rose.* "HAVE HAD MY DINNER."
—— "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD FOR DINNER?"
*Rose.* "SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN S!"
—— "AND WHAT BEGINS WITH AN S?"
*Rose.* "COLD BEEF!"

## ANGLO-FRENCH FAMILY EXHIBITION.

THE French Government has instituted a French and English International Fat Cattle Show, with the view of encouraging the improvement of live-stock in France. This Exhibition has been just held at Poissy on the Seine. Prizes, amounting to 30,000 f., were offered by the Government, to be competed for by French and English fat stock. These circumstances were stated, and some account of the Show in question was given in the *Times* of Good Friday. In the same paper, and on the same day, the expediency of establishing another Prize Show may have been suggested to the Government of NAPOLEON III. One of the leading articles referred to the startling fact that, whereas the French Census of 1846 gave an increase of the population to the amount of 1,170,000, the last Census, for the five years ending 1856, showed an increase of only 256,000 souls. These figures make out an evident case for the institution, in France, of a show of live-stock, the notion whereof was originated, not in England, but in the United States. It can hardly be necessary to particularise the kind of stock in question, and to advise the French Government to get up an International Baby Show.

It is very desirable that the show should be international, for not only have we greatly exceeded our neighbours as to this stock in the comparative rate of production, but they have sometimes made merry at our expense on that very account. *Une famille Anglaise* may now present itself to the eyes of French statesmen as something not to be laughed at, for a different reason from that for which it is sometimes no joke to the British paterfamilias. France would be benefited nationally, and England individually, by the encouragement of Baby Shows in the former country. The liberal allotment of prizes would increase the French Census returns, and greatly alleviate the difficulties of particular Britons: poor curates, and others, who are blessed, indeed, with numerous children, but not exactly with the knowledge of what to do with them.

### Comfort for the Carlton.

THE *Press* says, in reference to the elections, "What the Conservative party loses numerically, it gains in unity." We do not understand this, unless it means, that at some contest two lean Tories have gone out and one fat Tory has come in. If this be our contemporary's meaning, we can have no objection to the Conservative party gaining as much unity as it pleases. "Let them have men about them that are fat."

## —— FOR SPEAKER.

TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ABOUT TO ASSEMBLE.—A Gentleman who holds, and has long held, a commanding seat, is not unwilling to take upon himself the place of Speaker. He has no aristocratic connections; but has all his life been accustomed to look high; if he has never looked above him, it is simply because such visual altitude is utterly impossible. He can, however, pledge himself to impartiality of vision, never having winked at any advantage, however small, that presented itself for his benefit. He sleeps with ease and despatch; having for several years sat under the REVEREND MR. MUMBLECRUST of Stanedwindows, without any interruption to that most comforting pastor. Salary is every object; and the service of plate forthcoming on every new parliament, for private reasons, required with as little delay as the public service will allow.

Please to Address "ONE OF THE GRACCHI," *to the Care of Mr. Punch.*

*** The natural good temper of *Mr. Punch* induces him to insert the above; inasmuch as, in the pending struggle for Speakership, he would fain not stand in the way of any worthy, however humble individual. Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* owes it to himself to declare that he has no personal knowledge of "ONE OF THE GRACCHI;" and further, from what he *has* known of the modern ancients, he is generally induced to write down BRUTUS as an Anglo-Roman who bilks his washerwoman; and MUTIUS SCÆVOLA as a gentleman addicted to quit his lodgings with no receipt from his landlady.

### Home-Truths.

THE more servants, the less speed.——The Monthly Nurse is greater than the Master.——Depend upon it, Cupboard Love is all stuff.——Spare the whip, and you'll spoil the Syllabub.

HISTORICAL MEASURE.—An ALISON a day wouldn't make a GROTE a year!

## THE "DIVINE WILLIAMS" OF LAMBETH.

THE much-tempted ST. ANTHONY of Lambeth has received a "Correction Paper" from the publishers of DEBRETT'S *Peerage*, with a request that he will fill up the blank spaces the moment he receives his title. The blanks are as follows:—

*Title at full length,* _____
*Derivable from what Estate,* _____
*Ancestry, if any,* _____
*Crest,* _____
*Motto,* _____
*For what heroic deeds is the family distinguished,* _____

*** *It is requested that, wherever convenient, a copy of the Pedigree and family Arms be sent with the above particulars, so that no mistake may distressingly occur in the copying.*

MR. W. WILLIAMS has sent the paper to his Solicitor, requesting to know whether it will not furnish him with a good Title—to bring an action for libel. The publishers, however, aver that it was forwarded to the honourable gentleman "merely for form's sake," and nothing more; though it is more than doubtful whether the entire thing is not the result of an election hoax?

### The Invincibles.

A WOMAN will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may wave over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten,—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the Battle of Waterloo.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 18, 1857.

## THE BEWITCHMENT OF LORD PALMERSTON.

The progress of witchcraft is something awful. It is known that a common practice of the old sorcerers when they wanted to injure anybody, was to make a figure of wax to represent the object of their malice, and having mumbled a certain amount of blasphemy and nonsense over it, to thrust pins and needles into it, and stab it with daggers. By a confidential foreign correspondent, we are informed that a similar piece of magic has been attempted in a distinguished Russian circle at Brussels, at the expense of the noble lord at the head of Her Majesty's Government. These people got an effigy of his Lordship constructed in the manner of a Guy Fawkes, which they sprinkled with dirty water, devoting it solemnly to the deuce by the invocation of St. Alexander Newski. They then suspended it by the thumbs of its gloves, and inflicted several hundred stripes with a knout on its back and shoulders. After that they tied the figure to a stake, and proceeded to tar and feather it, alternating the application of the brush with the recitation, sentence by sentence, of a panegyric over the left on the noble original, which concludes a biographical sketch of him in *Le Nord*. Their incantation thus commenced, and continued:—

"Lord Palmerston is one of the least scrupulous men living."

Here the officiating wizard dipped his brush into his tar-kettle and dabbed a quantity of its contents into the vicarious Palmerston's face.

"He has not a real conviction, he is influenced only by the one principle of egotism."

Another dab of tar, slap in the chaps.

"He is no doubt popular, because he is of *pure English blood*."

At these words the whole company of witches and wizards set up a diabolical yelling, and uttered the most horrible curses and imprecations, and the operating magician dashed the scalding tar into the effigy's eyes.

"He has all the faults and all the caprice of the people whom he flatters, and who see in him the incarnation of self-confidence, and a pride truly genuine because it is excessive."

The nose of the figure was daubed with a quantity of the strong-scented semi-fluid.

"Lord Palmerston, to please them, condescends to borrow from them even their greatest defects."

The tar-brush was again saturated and discharged, first on one ear and then on the other.

"To-day everything is permitted to Lord Palmerston."

The delivery of this sentence was followed by another chorus of cursing and howling.

"Never has man done so much evil to his country as Lord Palmerston has done; for he has kindled against England hatreds which will be inexorable."

The chorus was renewed, and the assembly wildly brandished their wands and broomsticks, and grinned and glared like so many cats mad with fury.

"He is perhaps of an age too far advanced to see himself the awful consequences of his policy; but if that day should ever arrive when England shall become the victim of the world's vengeances, then most assuredly there will not be any benedictions breathed upon the monument that contains Lord Palmerston's remains."

The officiating conjuror now proceeded to the completion of his odoriferous process, and tarred the dummy representative of England's Premier from head to foot: after which he scattered over it a profusion of feathers, repeating a benediction backwards. In the meanwhile the attendant wizards and witches, forming themselves into couples, danced solemn waltzes and polkas in their surrounding circle. Straw and faggots were then brought, and piled about the typical victim, when they were set on fire, and Lord Palmerston's sympathetic substitute was reduced to ashes amid execrations and shouts of "Anathema!"

This dark and deadly operation of the Black Art was performed in the court-yard of a certain hotel, the known resort of Russian cabalists. The sorcerers were all of distinguished rank, male and female, and among the latter were included the principal diplomatic hags and witches who weave their spells, and practise their enchantments in the various Courts of Europe.

### Merry May-Makings at Exeter Hall.

If the Maynooth Grant didn't already exist, it would be necessary to invent it, if only to give the Exeter-Hallites something to growl and howl against!

## IS EATING SALMON INJURIOUS?

The *Old Woman's Magazine* pronounces oracularly against "excessive" salmon-eating, and says:—

"Let us briefly sum up—1st. To take salmon late at night is excess.

"2nd. As gentlemen are strangely constituted, to be helped to salmon more than once, or to partake of salmon twice a-day, is excess.

"3rd. Indulgence by married gentlemen in salmon is excess.

"4th. More than one small thimbleful of brandy after salmon is excess

"5th. There are certain constitutional symptoms, which, occurring in any individual case, are criteria of excess. Coming home late is one of them. Stumbling up-stairs is another. Putting the candle out with one's hat is a decided indication. A call for soda-water, and a reluctance to get up, when the feverish victim wakes, are also signs of excess, which cannot very well be mistaken. [Advantage should always be taken of any lucid interval that may occur to administer to the patient a good stinging lecture on the humiliating evils of eating too much salmon.]

"6th. Pickled salmon (when one ought to be at home in bed) is excess."

Our venerable contemporary, after answering the question, "Whether Eating Salmon is injurious?" most emphatically in the affirmative, winds up by imploring "all gentlemen who are of a nervous excitable temperament, and addicted to late hours, to abstain from it." It is, indeed, most singular, that men, after confessing openly that the headache they are suffering under is to be attributed entirely to "the Salmon," and nothing else, will still persist in partaking of it! As the intoxicating qualities of that ichthyological stimulant have been clearly demonstrated by thousands and thousands of melancholy instances, we most earnestly desire to see the habit of eating salmon diminish; and we entreat every Paterfamilias, who likes to eat a hearty breakfast, or cherishes the slightest love for his wife, to abandon the pernicious habit altogether. Let them lay our advice to heart. Let them throw up a doubtful pleasure over-night for a certain good the next morning. Ten years hence they will thank us, and present us, most likely, with a testimonial. In the mean time, as it is as well to counteract this largely-spreading evil as much as possible, we propose that little tracts, of a pleasing persuasive tenour, and with moral engravings, be distributed at Greenwich, Blackwall, Richmond, Crystal Palace, and all other places where the practice most extensively prevails, proving by frightful illustrations, taken from every grade of life, the deplorable excesses that arise from eating salmon. A "Salmon Pledge," also, wouldn't be a bad thing.

## THIEVES AT EXETER HALL.

An audacious attempt was made at Exeter Hall on Easter Monday, by some dishonest wretches, to rob Mr. Sims Reeves and other vocalists, but it was happily defeated by the firmness of the attacked parties, who successfully resisted the rascals. The latter evinced their disappointment by yelling and hissing, but finally went away without obtaining what they sought. The police ought to have interfered, but the names of several of the parties are known, and should such an attempt be repeated, it will be easy to single them out for punishment. *Mr. Punch* congratulates Mr. Reeves and his companions upon their spirited conduct, in reference to which, *Mr. Punch* begs, in apparent opposition to the meaning of the above remarks, to cry *Encore*.

Elegant Distinctions.—You persuade a woman, you convince a man, and you force a Chinese or a pine-apple.

## CRITICS AND TAILORS.

CRITIC sometimes makes a reputation for others, and yet cannot succeed in making one for himself; in the same way that there are Tailors, who can dress others to look like gentlemen, and yet fail most signally the moment they attempt to assume the appearance of one themselves. The style of the Tailor always will peep out!

## JANUS TYPE.

IT seems that a French printer has invented a new kind of type, that has a letter at each end. The consequence of this convenience is, that this double-faced type does double duty; for, put into a machine constructed for the purpose, it prints two copies instead of one. We are not yet informed whether the compositors receive double wages, or at what rate the printers themselves are to be paid for printing, according to this new form, *en partie double!* It is a two-fold idea, that ought to have emanated from the Dublin press, and, besides saving time and labour, will present admirable advantages to such conscientious political writers as, fond of playing with a question, are in the habit of *writing on both sides.*

## MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SUPPOSE you thought that you would frighten me dreadfully by that piece of nonsense you stuck to the end of my last letter; but, if you did, you deceived yourself most exceedingly. You know nothing at all in the world about what you pretended to say you would tell, and if you did, which is impossible, because there is nothing of the kind, and is it likely now that if there was I would put anything about it in my letters to you to be printed for all the world and his wife to see?—but if there was, you are much too dear an old darling to make mischief. Are you not?[1]

"I want to write to you upon a very serious subject. I give my general support (as Papa says) to LORD PALMERSTON,[2] but I suppose that he, like everybody else,[3] is liable to make mistakes sometimes, and besides I dare say if the truth were known he has nothing at all to do with it, but it is some stupid clerk in the Government offices (they all look idiots[4]) who has taken upon himself to do it.[5] At LORD PALMERSTON'S time of life, though I must say he looks five and twenty years younger, but then he don't smoke—SMOKE! (big letters please[6]), he cannot be expected to attend to everything. But I mean about making bishops. The moment a Clergyman has established a reputation, and filled his Church quite full, and gained the hearts of his congregation, they take him away, and make him a bishop, and we see and hear no more of him. This has happened twice within the last year or so to my knowledge. I need not mention names, and I think that it is time the custom should be stopped.

"It stands to reason, my dear *Mr. Punch.* What on earth is the use of a bishop? I don't mean that, you know, but what has a bishop to do that any stupid country curate could not do?[7] He comes and preaches a charity sermon now and then, and it is a remarkable thing how very bad those charity sermons are,[8] and I don't wonder they draw so little money. The Dissenters manage much better; they send the plates round from pew to pew in the hands of deacons and people that personally know everybody in the chapel, and can see whether they don't give, and can say next day, 'How mean dearly beloved sister BROWN gets with her worldly goods—she only gave us sixpence for our dear missionaries,' and so the screw is put on (as AUGUSTUS would say), but I was speaking of a bishop. He has to do confirmations; and if he had to catechise the young ladies it would be another matter (our curate was so modest that when we came in class he used to sit on the corner of his table with his back to us, and ask us over his shoulder what was our duty to our neighbour),[9] but this is all done ready to the bishop's hand. Consecrating churches, too, but that is a form. Then you will say there is the House of Lords, but if you think that a minister of religion ought to be making speeches, and crying hear, hear, and coughing down honourable Members and all that, I don't; besides, if you want that sort of thing, there are plenty of noisy quarrelsome clergymen who are always getting into riots with their flocks, and you might make them bishops, and let them expend their fury upon politics.[10]

"He was a perfectly dear man, one of the clergymen I allude to whom the Government has made a bishop of. I never would go to church when I did not think he was going to preach.[11] Such a gentleman, and such a perfect manner, and a lovely voice. It was impossible not to feel persuaded of the truths of religion when he preached, though I dare say some glum old stupid man might have said the same words, but who would go and listen to him, I should like to know?[12] He was so earnest and affectionate, but all in perfect good taste, and never forgot that he was a gentleman, and that he was addressing ladies. Not that he minced matters, my dear soul; far from it; the way he denounced the wickedness of the lower classes, and cheating tradesmen, and swearing and drunkenness about our streets, was quite awful at times, and I only wish that the people he alluded to had been there to profit by his exhortations, for I am sure it must have done them good; and there ought to be galleries built for such persons, where they can come and be lectured, without coming into contact with their betters.[13] He looked quite like an apostle, and when you recollect that he was an Honourable, and had been brought up with every luxury, and I dare say might have been a Prime Minister if he had liked, to think of his devoting himself to such dull work as making sermons and looking after a parish (not a West-end parish neither) convinced me that he must be a sincerely good man.[14] As for the women, they were wild after him, and on the days when it was known that he would preach everybody went, and people had to stand in the aisles and sit on the pulpit stairs; and when there has been a disappointment, and he has not come, I have seen ladies leave the church after the second lesson. He was a divine creature,[15] and I say again that whoever advises LORD PALMERSTON to take away such men and make bishops of them has a great deal to answer for.

"Yours, affectionately,

"*Sunday.*" "MARY ANN."

[1] You will see. We are not to be coaxed over. Besides, who is the young lady who has called five times to try to see us, would not leave her card, but seemed very anxious?

[2] He must be very grateful. Perhaps he will give C. H. a situation.

[3] Except one person, who is annotating your note.

[4] Some of them, and are what they look. But not all.

[5] It may be so, but we never heard that the appointment of bishops devolved upon Government clerks.

[6] Big it is. But this is all folly. WE smoke.

[7] Why stupid, Miss? A country curate, who really does his duty, is to be honoured as much as any man living.

[8] Very true. We cannot tell why. Perhaps a gentleman feels at a disadvantage in begging shillings, with his thousand guinea equipage at the church door, and diamond rings on his fingers.

[9] It did the reverend gentleman credit, you giggling things.

[10] The hideous ignorance and folly of this sentence defies comment. We print it as an awful warning of what women can say when permitted pen and ink.

[11] More shame for you. The sermon is but an inferior part of the service. But, evidently, you are utterly in the dark upon the whole subject.

[12] Simply disgusting.

[13] Idiot.

[14] Idiot.

[15] Idiot.

## TREASON TO THE CHURCH.

THE Chartists say that LORD PALMERSTON'S making no new Bishop except out of an "Honourable" and Reverend (we have had three titled hierarchs within a year) gives them hope of his church-reforming intentions. They believe that he means to expel the Bishops from the legislature, but desires that they should possess the titles which are said to give them so much influence in converting the upper classes. We trust that the aristocratic Evangelists will defeat the insidious Bottleholder, and henceforth refuse the lawn intended, like the robe given by CLYTEMNESTRA to AGAMEMNON, for entangling the head upon which the axe is to fall. IS PELHAM so far on his way to Norwich that he cannot be recalled in favour of SPURGEON?

## "Bits of Sunbeam."

WE learn that "sprinkling Gold Dust on the Hair is becoming more and more in vogue." We hope not; or, to a certainty we shall hear of Duchesses being waylaid, and—as sovereigns are, at times, Hebraically treated—"sweated" for the precious particles. The gold-dust "imparts to the hair that shining golden hue which a great poet has said"—(TUPPER, no doubt,)—"'appears as though a sunbeam had been broken into bits, and scattered among the tresses.'" We think there must be a little mistake as to the particular luminary, broken into bits: for with respect to a head given to gold-dust, we should say it was rather influenced by the moon than the sun.

## A FASCINATING CHRISTIAN.

THE Inverness contest, *Mr. Punch* observes that MR. MATHESON of Ardross came to the hustings attended by Ten solicitors, and his adversary, MR. CAMPBELL of Monzie, by only Five. The fact biassed *Mr. Punch* in favour of MR. CAMPBELL (though on the other hand MATHESON might plead that he was keeping twice CAMPBELL'S number of attorneys out of mischief), but when *Mr. P.* came to read the Monzie speeches, he did not find that the relative position of the parties was so unequal as might be supposed. MR. CAMPBELL, before the election, said:—

"I will not for one moment deny the pride and satisfaction I feel when I see man, woman, and child, electors and non-electors, struck, as it would seem, by some most miraculous and to me most *unintelligible fascination*—as it would seem to be, where people have given me their hearts, as you my good friends seem to have done. Many men, I believe, would launch forth into self-glory and foolish expressions of worldly pride and goodness. That is not the feeling with me."

However, a little later, the honourable candidate broke out with one declaration worth noting:—

"GOD BE THANKED, I AM A CHRISTIAN!"

And proceeded to prove the fact, first by declaring that DR. BOWRING was "the murderer of the Chinese women," and secondly by the following reference to his antagonist's statement that he had paired against Maynooth instead of sitting up to vote against it.

"Such a thing as that to be said on the hustings! Why I could have taken that man and shaken him as a dog would in my mouth—I could have roasted that man alive—if I had liked."

On the whole, therefore, *Mr. Punch's* readers may think that such a Christian as MR. CAMPBELL, with five attorneys, was about a match for a gentleman who did not proclaim his Christianity and had ten attorneys. But the sequel proved that it was not so, the "unintelligible fascination" of MR. CAMPBELL gave way in the chill presence of the poll clerks, and the Fascinating Christian of Monzie, on his next appearance, had to say:—

"I come here a disappointed man, but I am old enough to know that disappointment must be as long as we are on the face of the earth. I am prepared for disappointments, and I come with a calm, equal temperament to meet this difficult position of a beaten, vanquished political man. I am tempted now, more and more, to say that I come here calmly and happily, though a beaten man."

His calmness and happiness increased by the recollection that he had not roasted MR. MATHESON alive, the pastoral CAMPBELL has now leisure to count his sheep, an operation heretofore, it seems, suggested to him by some collectors of Scottish Agricultural Statistics, with the unfortunate result of putting their Fascinating Christian into such a boiling rage, that he wrote a letter from Glencoe, the terrible character whereof has thrown the massacre in that neighbourhood entirely into eclipse, in the eyes of the Highlanders. But as by short sums we learn to do long ones, the very slight knowledge of arithmetic required to sum up MR. CAMPBELL'S votes may help him to perform the more elaborate computation of his "fleecy care."

## THE MUD-FISHES.

THERE is a very ugly fish, known as the mud-fish, native to the river Gambia; and one of these fishes was for some time an inhabitant of the aquarium in the Crystal Palace. Well, a while ago it seems, the fish made its escape. How, who should say? for very strange are the resources of mud-fishes, and other things that live and fatten on mud. The mud-fish was given up for lost, when, a few days since, it was discovered in the large flower-fountain at the north end of the Palace. And, behold, the mud-fish had grown twice its former size; and there was good cause for its magnitude, since the mud-fish, all alone, had devoured the large quantity of gold and silver fish with which it was stocked. After this fashion do the mud-fishes of this world swallow gold and silver, remaining no other than mud-fish to the end!

### A New Tale of a Tub.

IT is not generally known that when MR. D. URQUHART lectures on the use of the "Turkish Bath," he illustrates it with a lay figure of LORD PALMERSTON, which he takes a savage pleasure in plunging into hot water, and towelling as hard as he possibly can.

## ARMY EDUCATION.

A GENERAL order, dated "Horse Guards, April 1, 1857," has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch* for publication.

### QUALIFICATION OF JUNIOR OFFICERS.

To write a distinct hand, especially upon a stamp; inasmuch as certain estimable money-scriveners, Hebrew and Christian, have found great difficulty in bringing to the memory and acknowledgment of the writer his hurried autograph. It has happened that even twelve men have been required to assist him.

To have a good colloquial knowledge of slang; in order that in any accidental encounter with the natives, the officer and gentleman may not have the worst of it.

To have the eye of a cat for horse-flesh.

To be able to draw at sight upon "the governor."

To know the use of an eye-glass and pocket-mirror, and to be able to lay down the leading features of the ballet and the opera.

To know so much of vegetable history, as to be perfectly aware that under no circumstances is it advisable to spell cucumber with a K.

Also a knowledge of St. George's Fields fortification, in order to keep on the outside of the works.

To consider no amount of drill a bore.

To harmonise logarithms with billiards, and to open the door of science (if possible) with a golden latch-key.

To sketch on horse-back on the bridle thumb-nail, the more prominent features of Rotten Row.

To judge of ground, and its proper occupation for a handicap.

To be thoroughly acquainted with the topography of Fop's Alley; and especially as relates to duels upon the principles of hair-trigger-nometry.

## SONG AND GLEE OF MERRY ENGLAND.

### GLEE.

Is smoking injurious, tell me troth, ha!
Ay, marry, is it in a chimney, quoth-a.
Smoking in a chimney
By my troth, ha!
Smoking is injurious.
There it is injurious.
Marry, in a chimney,
A chimney, quoth-a.

### SONG.

A good old song man's heart doth cheer,
Like a cordial cup of old strong beer.
This being so, a wight would think
The more men sang, the less they'd drink.
Or drink but half, and take in song
The other half, which were as strong:
But where good liquor doth abound,
And song as well as pot go round,
Folk mostly do the other thing;
They drink the more the more they sing.

## THE "CAMELLIA" AT EXETER HALL.

THE Lady of the Camellias has been permitted to sing at Exeter Hall; but the audience were advised by the following very moral—

"Notice.—The Exeter Hall Committee have interdicted the publication of an English translation of the above programme in the form of a Book of Words!"

Whatever was wrong was made correct—whatever was light, was "kept dark"—by remaining in Italian. The old gentlewoman in the comedy consents to accept the very black-tongued parrot when informed that though the bird swears horribly, it can't utter one naughty English word, but only swears in Portuguese. Now *La Traviata* was only naughty in Italian. People—concluded the pious committee—know nothing of the words, and there can be no wicked significance in mere music. *The Rogue's March* is not *The Rogue's March* without the verse: there can be nothing wrong in mere fife and drum; and—with no English translation—*La Traviata* is mere sound and fury, signifying so much rent to the Exeter Hall Committee. Such casuists would split the prickles of a hedgehog into hairs fine as the hair of guinea-pigs.

### A Rub for the Cloth.

CLERGYMEN should not show themselves at the hustings. Far better for them to stop at home in their studios, and engage their innocent minds with the "doctrine of election."

FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE, PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.

## OUDE IN THE CITY.

THE PRINCES OF OUDE have sat at the table of the LORD MAYOR, and been duly toasted. MAJOR BIRD—an Indian BIRD—"on the part of the OUDE family," returned thanks in a speech fragrant with spices, and flowing with "all the drowsy syrups of the East." He said—

"He believed that a new era was dawning on India, and that it was heralded by the appearance of Indian Princes at the table of the LORD MAYOR of London."

There can be no doubt that the appearance of the PRINCES OF OUDE at the LORD MAYOR'S mahogany was somehow reflected like a dawning sun upon far-off Hindostan. The LORD MAYOR himself must have become an object of mysterious interest to BRAHMIN, and all the aldermen have been suddenly dear to VISHNU. The "loving cup," of course, circled round; but wherefore was it not filled with the water of the Ganges? MAJOR BIRD, with a delicate double compliment to MR. SHERIFF MECHI and the Stationers' Company, next touched upon manure and paper. Why was England so great, asked a pundit of the suite of Oude? and another pundit made answer—

"The reason is plain, the people all work, and nothing goes to waste. The dry bones which we throw out to the dogs is converted into manure, and produces fresh food for man; and the rags which have served the beggar are made into paper, on which are written the laws with which this people govern the world."

We might add something touching the tons of gold, in the form of manure, which we annually cast in the Thames, committing the two-fold wickedness of waste and contamination: we might, too, speak of the paper that carries a tax that does not cheapen knowledge; but no, we will not pause on these things, but with MAJOR BIRD proceed in company with KING SOLOMON and QUEEN SHEBA.—

"They had all read how the QUEEN OF SHEBA came to visit KING SOLOMON, and how she went away fully satisfied. He (MAJOR BIRD) trusted that the distinguished guests of whom he was the unworthy spokesman would have the same story to tell when they returned to their native country."

Of course, the parallel of KING SOLOMON and the LORD MAYOR is perfect. We are, moreover, glad to know that the bill of fare, duly translated by MAJOR BIRD, was received and will be treasured by the Princes, as SOLOMON'S Song. As for the QUEEN OF SHEBA, any comparison with that effulgent lady is evidently the rightful property of the QUEEN OF OUDE herself; for though her Majesty may have thought it superfluous and unnecessary to bring with her apes into England, she has not forgotten the peacocks, a sample of which was shown in the BIRD that did such a magnificent tale unfold in honour of his mistress. And will the QUEEN OF OUDE depart "fully satisfied?" Well, we hope so; but we rather doubt the result. We fear that such a tale is only the faltering song of a BIRD of Paradise; yea, of Fool's Paradise.

## THE SPEAKER IN RHYME.

(*Being the resolution to be submitted by* LORD PALMERSTON *at the opening of Parliament.*)

RESOLVED, Though for graceful conveyance of message or
Compliment, none beats the elegant THESIGER,
Though, if we made choice of a Tory, we 'd all poll
For the dignified, well informed, highly bred WALPOLE,
Though business, and blandness, and boldness, and brains
Combine as the qualifications of BAINES;
Though, (*malgré* his pepper, a broth of a boy,)
We all like the cabman's reformer, FITZ-ROY,
We agree in a vote that this House has not any son
So fit for the Chair as JOHN EVELYN DENISON.

### Sir John Bowring's Pillow.

WHEN SIR JOHN BOWRING took leave of the KING OF SIAM—(by the way, we wish the KING OF NAPLES could be sent to be civilised by the Siamese potentate)—his Majesty presented his visitor with a handsome pillow, saying, "when you are far away, and lay your head upon this pillow, then think of me who gave it you." This pillow was stuffed with softest down, but SIR JOHN BOWRING'S "friends" in the House of Commons—friends, as some of them pathetically confessed, of twenty years standing—have done their best to mix the down of the pillow pretty thickly with thorns.

# "GREAT AND IMPORTANT EVENT."

*(Vide Gazette, April 15, 1857.)*

**H.R.H. Paterfamilias Tying up his Door-Knocker.**

## THE HORSE ON THE TABLE.

The "Dinner after the manner of the Ancients," in *Peregrine Pickle*, is generally regarded as an extravagance. Fact, however, in gastronomy, as well as other things, is stranger than fiction. Witness the following bill of fare, served by the firm Chevet, the other day, to certain Parisian hippophagists:—

Bread-soup of horse-broth; boiled horse-flesh; iguanas stewed in butter; dabs, with Dutch sauce; *vol-au-vents d'amourette* of spinal marrow of horse; chine of horse (*filet de cheval*), roasted; truffled Turkey; and pie of horse-flesh, *à la mode*.

Such was the banquet whereon—according to the *Morning Post*—M. de St. Hilaire, and his disciples, lately regaled themselves. One of these was a Dr. Yvan, the astonishment of the world, who devours all that is eatable, and, perhaps, a few things more. This gentleman is said to have partaken, in the course of his life, of dog, cat, monkey, rat, lizard, shark, and even to have tried leeches. Horse-leeches would have been an appropriate garnish to his *filet de cheval*; or, perhaps, he would have preferred them for a preliminary course, whereat they might have been served under the denomination of "black-bait."

It may be necessary to observe, that the iguana, mentioned among the viands above specified, is not a reptile, but a Chinese root, a sort of substitute for a potato.

We observe, with some wonder, that M. de St. Hilaire's feast did not include toadstools, some of which are said to make an excellent pickle; though it is too early, as yet, for most, if not all, uncultivated *fungi*.

The horse meal of M. de St. Hilaire and party was, we are told, an experimental one. They may be considered to have acted logically in trying food which nobody can well be supposed able to fancy.

The roast horse-flesh is said to have been exceedingly rich in gravy; but the reader will naturally remark, that he would rather see his horse running with speed than with gravy, and for a plate instead of in one.

The publication of the above details will, perhaps, create serious alarm in studs and stables, by reason of the apprehended murrain, and the possibility that horse may be drawn upon in case of the failure of beef.

Every one to his liking, for all Lord Chesterfield's objection to that maxim. By his Lordship's leave, also, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Dr. Johnson would, probably, have declared, that the man who would eat horse also would eat horse-chestnuts; and, whatever the French may be capable of, there are, doubtless, few Englishmen who could manage to get down horse without horse-radish.

## CONSOLATION.

Puss-in-the-Corner, dear Lord Chelsea,
Is a very pretty game,
But it needs, as you must well see,
Players, lad, who don't run lame.

I from Brentford ran to Dover,
Seized your corner with a shout:
You from thence to mine cross'd over,
And, my dearest boy, you 're *out*.

*The Admiralty.* R. B. O.

## A SAFE FORTUNE.

An inveterate old grumbler says: "There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace, and flowers. You see a milliner's large advertising van that sidles along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is beyond something that looks like an entire shop-front put into motion with all the goods exposed in it for sale. I really believe, if any showman would open an exhibition, where one could see a woman, such as women were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well-proportioned, and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognisable bundles of fine clothes that they now are—I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would rapidly realise a large fortune."

## COCKS AND BULLS OF THE CALENDAR.

The *Univers* has been recommending a certain St. Joseph de Cupertin to the veneration, and, we may likewise phrenologically say, to the marvellousness, of the credulous portion of the French public. About this saintly individual the Ultramontane organ relates some bold anecdotes. St. Joseph de Cupertin appears to have beaten the most miraculous of mesmeric patients into fits. He not only cured diseases without physic, but he could also peep into the minds of people, and read their most secret thoughts. A misfortune is said to have once befallen him, which, if it really befel him, might be quoted as an example to warn saints, when attempting to convert sinners, to keep them at a distance, or get to their windward. After a conversation with a libertine, "he was, so to say, impregnated with an unbearable smell, which neither lotions nor tobacco would remove." About the nature of this smell there may be some question. Many people may suppose that it was an unpleasant one in the ordinary sense of the word. But such was, probably, not the case. The scent, though strong, was, of course, opposite to the odour of sanctity, which is well known to have usually accompanied abstinence from soap and water. It may, therefore, be presumed to have been some kind of perfume: and perhaps the libertine infected and annoyed the holy man with an intolerable fragrance of lavender-water or eau-de-Cologne. But St. Cupertin was chiefly distinguished by a wonderful peculiarity which may be called his standing miracle. The *Univers* says that—

"His feet appeared to touch the earth with regret, and the slightest thought of heaven, where dwelt his desires, detached from earth this body, already spiritualised; he was often seen to rise in the air to a considerable height in presence of a crowd silent with astonishment. The sight of a high altar, a crucifix, or an image of the Holy Virgin, sufficed to produce this extraordinary phenomenon."

In St. Cupertin we observe a striking exemplification of the difference between the Popish saints and our own of Exeter Hall. The latter are all serious; whereas the former manifest an opposition to the laws of gravity. Hence their votaries ought not to wonder if the relation of some of their performances should excite laughter.

St. Cupertin has been introduced into France together with a new Roman Liturgy—a Liturgy new at least to the French Church, to which, therefore, the Saint is new also. He will, however, doubtless find himself at home, among friends; of whom St. Denis, for one, with his head under his arm, will keep him in sufficient countenance.

## A LOST ART-TREASURE.

We hope that the exhibition of statues, pictures, and curiosities, Germanistically called Art-Treasures, about to be held at Manchester, will be complete in all its departments. Every phase and era of British art especially ought, if possible, to be represented. There is but one particular period of our native sculpture whereof but few illustrations have been preserved, and these few are only to be met with in the remote corners of stonemasons' yards. It is that which was remarkable for the production of an extraordinary statue of his Majesty George the Fourth, which, within the memory of not very old men, stood crowning a not less extraordinary architectural structure at King's Cross. Where is this remarkable monument of a past age? Diligent search might yet discover it, buried, perhaps, amid lumps of plaster of Paris, disjointed limbs of casts from the antique, and other rubbish, on some of those numerous statuaries' premises which impart a melancholy classical beauty to the New Road. It ought not to be lost if it can be found. It is—or was, if it is no more—a great deal better, in its way, than the statue of George the Fourth in Trafalgar Square in the same way; indeed, than all our public statues: greatly exceeding the whole of them in ludicrous expression and æsthetic force of absurdity.

## THE BALLOON OF LIBERTY.

We have often wondered that the notion of advertising by means of balloons has never occurred to any of our enterprising commercial countrymen. It has been adopted at Venice with views, however, of a nature superior to mercantile considerations. In the foreign correspondence of the *Times* there appeared the other day an account of the performance of a ballet called *Bianchi e Neri*, wherein the niggers throw off their chains, and rise in insurrection, the spectacle whereof created great excitement among the audience. The writer proceeds to say that

"During the same afternoon an enormous tricoloured balloon was seen hovering over the quay Degli Schiavoni."

What a hint to an enslaved population! The balloon alone would have been significant; but with the addition of the tricolour, there could be no mistake about the symbol. It set an example from the skies to an oppressed people. It said, in the plainest of possible figures, "Do as I have done. Rise!"

## "GIVING THE OFFICE."

PUNCH has a notion that a very gigantic Job is in course of perpetration, and he proceeds to sound the alarm.

These Plans for the Government Offices.

It was originally announced that all the world might compete for the honour of laying out Downing Street and the vicinity.

Particulars were furnished to all the world, and Two Hundred and Fifty architects, British and Foreign, set to work and prepared costly plans, which have been sent in.

But this was done in the faith that Government was going to show fair play. The designs were to be exhibited to the public, in order that the best man might win.

Now, it seems that the judgment is to be given without reference to the public.

And, we do not even know who are to be the Judges.

THIS WON'T DO.

Into whose hands do the authorities want to job and juggle the thing?

They can't want it for SIR CHARLES TARRY, who is, or ought to be, busy with the unfinished Houses that were to cost £1,110,004, and have already cost £2,500,000.

They can't want it for the BARON MARROWFATTI, who had so recently the splendid haul for the Scutari monument, and who, besides, is not an architect.

They can't want it for the man, whoever he was, who made the Trafalgar Square Fountains, because his remorse must long ago have consigned him to Hades.

They can't want it for the designer of the Wellington Funeral Car—no man has, in one life, two such chances of committing a hideousness.

They can't want it for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, though he is understood, in Ciceronian language, to have "tendered his high Offices" to the Government.

Now, for whom do they want it?

It is not a situation in one of the Houses of Parliament, to be given to a nobleman's butler, or a local Judgeship, to be given to a patronised barrister, or a Commissionership to be given to a worn-out hack, or an Excise-place to be given to a loyal voter at the hustings, or a Consulship to be given to a bankrupt coal-merchant, or a Bishopric to be given to the cadet of a family that supports a Minister.

These are all matters of course, and no one would be impertinent enough to censure the natural disposition of small patronage.

But this Plan is the largest interference with London which has been devised since the Fire, and upon its character depends the question whether, for future generations, Westminster shall be a beauty or a blotch.

Job with your butlers and bishops and coal-merchants and consuls, but the Two Hundred and Fifty Plans must be judged fairly, and by men who are known to be trustworthy.

*Punch* demands the names of the Judges.

### The New Reading Room.

THE magnificent New Reading-room for the student at the British Museum will be opened on the 8th of May; on which occasion, it is said, MR. PANIZZI, in the handsomest way, proposes to give a banquet to the customary readers. The dishes will be served in alphabetical order as far as the catalogue is at present completed. Had the whole thing been done, the letter Z would have been represented by a haunch of Zebra; as it is, the banquet will be limited to A B C: namely, Ale, Beef, and Cheese.

TO BANKS THAT FAIL.

*Q.* WHEN a Bank fails, what would you call a Sovereign remedy?

*A.* To pay Twenty Shillings in the Pound.

## HOW TO WEED YOUNG PERSONS OF BAD HABITS.

THE Governing Council of the Canton of Berne, have just enacted that young men are to be prohibited from using tobacco, until they have been confirmed. MISS JONES approves highly of this enactment, although, she says, it may be open to the objection of turning the young men into "confirmed smokers." But she dearly wishes that there was some such regulation in England to prevent *young girls reading novels!* She lays it down deliberately as her opinion, that, what smoking is to boys, novel-reading is to girls. It turns their brains, makes them giddy, and fills their heads with things that have no right to be there. In fact, she doubts whether a novel—full, as they generally are, of love, and weddings, and all such nonsense—is not far more pernicious to a young girl, who is scarcely out of her pinafore, than a penny pickwick is to a boy, on whose monkey back has not yet sprouted the tail-coat of manhood! Besides, the cigar is generally followed by a feeling of nausea; but the novel creates an artificial appetite, that, once raised, not all the circulating libraries in the neighbourhood can fully gratify. A whiskerless stripling can only smoke a certain quantity of tobacco; but the little chit of a girl, who has once contracted the evil habit of reading novels, will go on for hours and hours together, and will actually take the captivating volume to bed with her. She neglects her duties, becomes listless and moony, robs herself of her sleep, and believes that every cab, which stops at the door, conceals the faultless form of some enamoured ALPHONSO, who, long loving her in secret, has come to carry her off. MISS JONES concludes a brilliant anathema against the baneful practice by declaring that, if she could have her way, no young lady should see a novel until she was married, or until she had received two or three offers, when, it would be only fair to conclude, that her mind had become so far tutored in the school of the world as to be above the deleterious influence of such sickening rubbish!

## UTRAM HARUM MAVIS ACCIPE.

HANDSOME reward is hereby offered for an explanation of the principles on which the Directors of Exeter Hall regulate their censorship. They refused, the other day, to allow "*Sally in our Alley*" to be sung in their semi-consecrated edifice, but on Easter Monday they permitted "all the choicest music" from *La Traviata* to be sung there. Now, in "*Sally*" the poet celebrates an honest girl whom an honest lad desires to make his wife. In *La Traviata* is described the love, disease, and death, of an "unfortunate"—the very name "a Traviata" being now commonly used to indicate one of those unhappy victims of society. The saintly Directors of Exeter Hall consider the *Harlot's Progress* more fit to be presented to the general public than *Marriage à la Mode—de l'Eglise.* Why? Next, we want to know why, on Easter Monday, they permitted the *Traviata* words to be sung, but refused to allow them to be printed in the programme. Do they think that the Eye is more susceptible to unvirtuous impressions than the Ear? Or did they suppose that the public might, if unaided by a libretto, take the music for that of an oratorio? On what principle do they sanction the utterance, by singers, of sentiments which they try to hinder listeners from comprehending? Is it moral for a vocalist to sing words which it is immoral for an audience to hear? We hope to a full explanation, but, *en attendant*, we are in great fear that the whole business is a sad compromise between Evangelical and Mammonical principles. The Directors believed that there was something wrong in the affair, but then, they receive a high rent for the use of their hall. As good men, how they ought to rejoice that the erection of a new Music Hall for London is likely to remove temptation out of their way.

### The Art of Omnibus Correspondence.

*Innocent Old Lady.* Can you tell me, if you please, Sir, how omnibuses "correspond" together?

*Fast Young Gentleman.* Why, you see, Ma'am, to write is to correspond—so when one 'bus goes *right in* to another, they call it corresponding. [OLD LADY *audibly shudders.*

### Earl "Humphrey."

A CONSERVATIVE contemporary (the aristocratic Whigs seldom condescend to furnish news to their own organs) announces that LORD COWLEY, our Ambassador in Paris, is to receive an Earl's coronet. Five balls are to be given to a nobleman who never gave one supper!

## ANTICIPATED CONVERSION OF DISSENTERS.

CHURCH of England Marriage is, no doubt, a feat sometimes requiring extraordinary exertion. The Church ceremonial being a regular and established conventional formality, is too often used for the cementing of hearts which have nothing else to fasten them together, and which consequently require the united force of two or more ablebodied clergymen to couple them. One is not surprised, therefore, when one reads that at such an operation, the Honourable and Reverend —— has presided, "assisted" by a lavender-gloved Reverend or two. But it now appears that the Dissenters also think it desirable to double the power of the marrying engine. We read in a Welsh paper (save that we have changed names):—

"At the Independent Chapel, Llansaintffraid, by the REVEREND THOMAS HUGHES, *assisted by the* REVEREND MORGAN MORRIS of Trehowellagollen, MR. EDWARD ROBERTS of Penmanmaur, to JEMIMA, daughter of MR. JOHN JONES of Llanytwch-cwmcch, Llansaintffraid."

We cannot quite understand this kind of thing. Worldly people sometimes marry from worldly motives, as we have said, and two parsons may be wanted to solder the Hymeneal chain. But to be a Dissenter is a perpetual protestation that you are not worldly, but other-worldly. *Ergo*, with Dissenters, marriage must be a spontaneous act based upon the purest motives, and its solemnisation must be the easiest thing in the world. Why then are a HUGHES and a MORRIS wanted for so slight a task? Can it be that the love of display, that weakness discoverable even in independent as well as established bosoms, prompts Llansaintffraid Dissenters to publish to the world that they have two clergymen, like church couples at St. George's, Hanover Square. Or is it that Nonconformity, which now builds elegant Gothic places of worship with spires and bells, has its titles of "Reverend" and "D.D.," and is altogether growing gentlemanly, wants to drop the stubborn Non, and to be received into the bosom of the Establishment? Is it to meet Dissent half way that LORD PALMERSTON appoints four Evangelical bishops in a row? These are suspicious signs, and the Right Reverend Bishop *Punch* intends to have a meeting with his brother of EXETER upon a state of things highly calculated to alarm those two buttresses of the Establishment.

## "KNOW THYSELF."

A GENTLEWOMAN named MISS DASH DASH informs the world by advertisement that she "continues to give her graphic and interesting Delineations of Character, discoverable from the handwriting." A spider having been duly dipped in an ink-bottle was suffered to crawl about a sheet of writing-paper; which was immediately forwarded to MISS DASH DASH with the required "13 penny postage stamps," for the sybil divines nothing under a clear shilling, and her response costs a penny. After a very brief delay, MISS DASH DASH sent the following delineation of character as supplied by the spider:—

"The individual is a young lady who, too often suffers herself to become a victim of useless suspense. Moreover, she is so frequently bent upon conquest that it can be no wonder, if her most skilfully-woven plans are rudely broken by those she would ensnare. She is, certainly, of a domestic character; nevertheless gives no sign of housewifery, as it appears to me that she can't abide a broom, and has no respect for the tidiness of a housemaid. Is an excellent hand at crochet and open-work."

With the slight mistake of a spider for a young lady, the "interpretation" must be considered perfect, and well worthy the thirteen postage stamps.

## 'WARE RUSSIAN RAILWAYS!

RUSSIAN agents are hard at work again, trying on their Government's loan for the construction of railways intended for strategic purposes, all included in the one great purpose of subjugating the world. During the present high rate of interest, it would be an insult to the understanding of our readers to advise them to invest money in the Russian Railway Loan, to say nothing of the baseness whereof such advice would presume them capable. But if they know any fool proposing to embark any capital in that scheme, let them point out to him his folly; and, should he persist in his stupid as well as vile intention, let them excommunicate him and deny him fire and water; refusing to hand him the decanter wherewith to temper his brandy, or the box of lucifer-matches to furnish him with a light for his cigar.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER ON WHEELS.

THE hon. and gallant Member for Southwark may be speedily expected to publish a volume on *The Cabs of London*, with a portrait of the author on the cab-box. A man applies at Southwark police-office for comfort and advice: the man has made himself liable to some thirty cabmen, having hired them to convey the patriotic supporters of SIR CHARLES to the poll. "Well, go to SIR CHARLES for the money," is the natural response of his worship. "It's of no use," rejoins the complaining MR. STERS, "to go and see SIR CHARLES: it would have been a good job had he never come to the borough." This may or may not prove true. For our own part we believe that the Thames Tunnel would not have collapsed with a spasm of disappointment had SIR CHARLES "never come to the borough;" but having once put his foot into Southwark, SIR CHARLES is, of course, ready to answer the monetary consequences. Besides, it is very plain that, on his part, the hiring of cabs was altogether superfluous; seeing that if he had only solicited his friend, the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, his Russian Highness would have supplied the Baltic Admiral with any number of droschkys.

## THE MUD-FISH.

BY AN INDIGNANT TORY FOOTMAN.

"The Mud-fish at the Crystal Palace escaped from his tank, and could not be found. The other day he was discovered in the marble canal, under a fountain, where he had been amusing himself by eating the gold-fish, and doubling his size."

IN SIR JOSEPH'S marble dishes
Cuts about them golden Fishes,
All their life in splendour passes,
Them 's, you see, Us Hupper Classes.

From his tank, while folks is sleeping,
Comes the nasty Mud-fish leaping,
With no end of spite to ward us,
That 's, you see, the Lower Horders.

Up and down our basin scouring,
All his betters he 's devouring;
Gorging till he gets enormous,
Just as would them low Reformers.

Moral struck me when I seed 'em:
Don't give low folks too much freedom:
Gold fish lives on this here basis,
*Keep the Mud-fish in their places.*

*The Gun, Pimlico.*

## OBITUARY.

DIED, on Easter Monday, that terrible old nuisance, Greenwich Fair; not a bit lamented by any one who knew it, pickpockets and gents alone perhaps excepted. The deceased had been for many years in a bad way, and at the last had sunk to so low a state that it was evident its existence must be put a stop to. For many seasons past the deceased had been subject to attacks by the public press, and from what had transpired in contemporary columns—those which are devoted to Police reports especially—it was evident that the deceased could not long be expected to survive. It may be said, therefore, that the death was chiefly brought on by exposure; while it will generally be admitted that it can but be regarded as a happy release.

In their reverence for the departed, a few sorrowing swell-mobsmen are about, we understand, to raise a tombstone to its memory, on the spot once sacred to the Crown and Anchor. The device will simply be an empty hand and an extinguisher; and the motto, in thieves' Latin:—

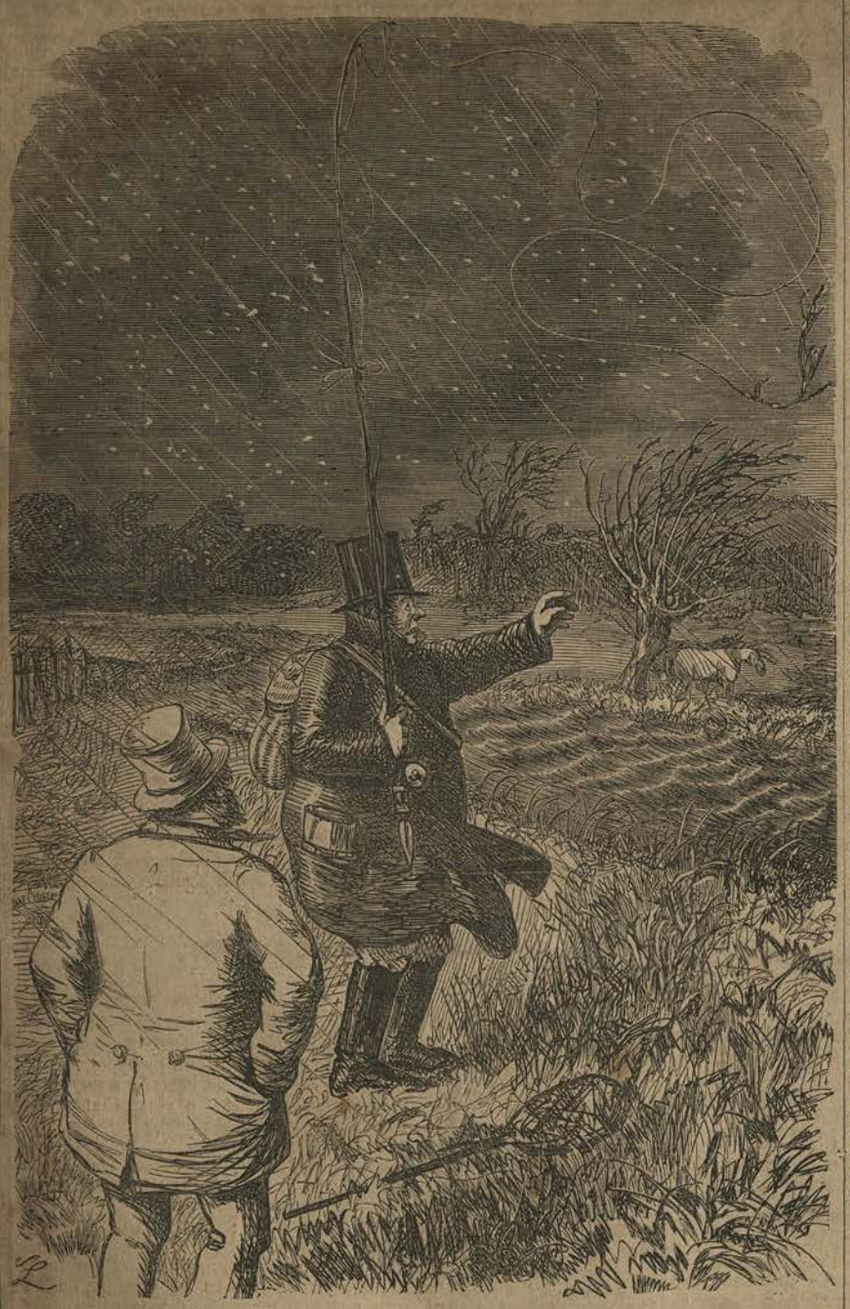
"Sic transit gloria Easter Mundi!"

### Mr. Gladstone's Tea and Coffee.

WE think we have discovered the reason why MR. GLADSTONE affects to make such a point of cheapening tea. He wishes, perhaps, to make some amends for that memorable piece of mismanagement for which he and his Peelite colleagues in office under ABERDEEN deserve to be called the Green Coffee Cabinet.

### Accident in Transitu.

How happily was the vessel which broke down the other day on her passage out named the *Transit!* With similar felicity a grove, in the Latin language, is called *lucus*, and by the same figure of speech we denominate a dunce a bright youth, and call the officials of the Admiralty clever fellows.



**THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!**

*Miller.* "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY 'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING, THEY MOSTLY DO!"

## A CROSS FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

You know, brethren of the Peace Society, that a new military and naval decoration has been instituted, under the name of the Victoria Cross, for the reward of valour displayed in actual warfare. You know what kind of merit it is which is thus rewarded—merit of a low kind, you will say. Too true. Yes, brethren, the merit, in truth, is that of mere brute courage—the very quality which makes dogs delight to bark and bite, and bears and lions growl and fight—which impelled a bull, the other day, to charge a railway train right full in the face, and between the glaring eyes of the engine, which was bearing down upon him at full speed, in the dark. To be sure, a brave man may have some other inducement to run his head into a cannon's mouth than that which urged the bull to dash his against the locomotive; but still, no doubt, the impulse is mainly the same in both cases—animal courage: the instinct of opposition to danger stupefying the sense of danger. Certainly it is humiliating to consider that of two men whose dispositions are precisely similar, but whose intellects are unequal, the more stupid will be the more courageous. His apprehension of danger will be the less strong. It is undeniably sad—an evidence of deplorable retrogression—that there should be, at the present day, a necessity for the cultivation of a mental force of so unspiritual a nature. You must naturally have been shocked, on reading, the other day, in the published list of the heroes lately decorated with the Cross above named, the following specification of the bravery of a British soldier:—

"THE ARMY.

"2nd DRAGOONS.

"SERJEANT MAJOR JOHN GRIEVE (No. 774).—Saved the life of an officer in the Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaclava, who was surrounded by the Russian cavalry, by his gallant conduct in riding up to his rescue, and *cutting off the head of one Russian*, disabling and wounding the others."

Ah, brethren! there was a time when we thought to hear no more of cutting off heads except as a bygone atrocity; a matter of history, and HENRY THE EIGHTH and BLUEBEARD. We do, however, hear of it as a contemporary achievement; a meritorious act, rewarded with a mark of honour. What is more, brethren, we must admit that the honour is exceedingly well bestowed. If we had not heroes like SERJEANT MAJOR JOHN GRIEVE of the 2nd Dragoons to cut off our enemies' heads in case of necessity, we should be unable, brethren, to eat, drink, sleep, marry, give in marriage, and spin calico, with any security.

All honour, therefore, to physical courage—and we ought to rejoice that it is capable of being so cheaply rewarded. Really, the figure at which we get a common soldier to run the risk of death attended with the greatest pain, or of wounds entailing a life of the direst misery, is very low. What should we do if there did not, in a pretty considerable number of human minds, exist a property of passing, on occasion, into a state of excitement overpowering both the imagination and the intellect, so as to preclude the idea of imminent lacerations and shattered limbs? For this is a mental property necessary for the defence of material property, when that is assailed by means of weapons and projectiles calculated to cut, tear, and crush the living body. Therefore, brethren, let us not object to the distribution of Victoria Crosses, but, on the contrary, applaud it with the warmest enthusiasm. And let us remember that, if we want to have no more rewards for cutting heads off conferred for some time to come, our wisest plan will be to maintain an efficient number of heroes in perfect readiness, whenever they may be called upon, to perform that feat of swordsmanship.

## *TO A CORRESPONDENT.*

A RESPECTED Correspondent writes to us to say that ever since the appointment of the amiable gentleman, and excellent scholar, now Censor of Plays, he, our Correspondent, has been hammering at a joke which is to bring in the names of that gentleman, an admirable actress at the Lyceum, and two rivers in Russia. He has not quite done it, but thinks he could make it out, if we would give him a little more time. He may have as much as he pleases, but we dare say we could knock it off for him at once. If the best actress at the Lyceum liked a farce, why must the Manager make a long journey to get it licensed? Because he would have to go from the Dneiper to the Vistula. Certainly not—sold again. Because he would have to go from the WOOLGA' to the DONNE.

EXPERIENCE.—Like Time, it puts a man up to many a wrinkle.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 25, 1857.

## "THE SMOKE CONTROVERSY."

*"Fixing a flexible tube to, and Smoking Cavendish out of your Mother's best Silver Tea-Pot is excess."*

*Vide "Lancet," April*, 1857.

## CRINOLINE VIEWED AS A DEPOPULATING INFLUENCE.

AMONG the causes which are cited to account for the decreasing rate of increase of the French population, it is thought that the spread of the Crinoline contagion is proving most injurious in its effects upon the census. The *mode* now prevailing is one of such extravagance that it is continually demanding fresh sacrifices, and ladies have to choose between a fine dress and a family, for no income but a ROTHSCHILD's can provide for both. The result is, for the most part, as we learn by the *Examiner* that—

"Where you would see with English habits half a dozen healthy boys and girls walking with their parents, you see instead, in the Bois de Boulogne, a fine lady in a handsome open carriage."

To take a broad view of the subject, we must look at the wide petticoats, and the many "widths" of silk which are consumed in covering them; and we shall see at once a proof that the declining census has greatly owed its decrease to this Crinolineal influence. Of course, the wider grow the dresses the longer grow the bills which ladies have to pay for them, and the narrower in consequence become their means of living. So much swelling when they are out necessitates their pinching somewhat closely when at home; and whatever can be done without is given up at once as not to be afforded. Children are not in the fashion, and may therefore be dispensed with; so that as the petticoats expand, the population dwindles, and a love of a new dress supplants that of a family.

If the census fail to bring the nation to its senses, it is obvious that Government will have to interfere, and devise the means to check this forced march of extravagance, which is proving a dead march to the non-rising generation. We would suggest, were we consulted, that a Censor of Crinoline should forthwith be appointed, and that the shops of all the milliners should be under his inspection; so that no dress be permitted of extravagant circumference, or of such a richness of material as might impoverish a family. It would, doubtless, much conduce to the prosperity of Paris, were cradles brought in fashion and were Crinoline kicked out of it; and we should be rejoiced to hear that coral bells and baby-jumpers were becoming there a merchandise in more demand than air-jupons. All true friends of France would rather see a houseful there of children than of petticoats and flounces, and at present only in the mansion of a millionnaire would there be room enough for both.

It has been said that Frenchwomen display, universally, the best of taste in dressing, and are, by nature, gifted with extraordinary aptitude for learning and avoiding what is unbecoming to them. But certainly at present they evince but little proof of this. We cannot think it in good taste to show more love for finery than affection for a family: nor can we regard it as becoming in a wife to so far forget her nature, and distort her duties, as to ruin her husband by the richness of her dresses, and in the blindness of idolatry to even sacrifice her children to the Juggernaut of Fashion.

## PROSE OF THE PULPIT.

AN amusing correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of "HABITANS IN SICCO" has been lately complaining of the average quality of sermons. HABITANS IN SICCO is not content to dwell in the dry pastures to which most flocks are limited by most pastors. But he mistakes, or does not consider, the orthodox end and object of sermons intended for intelligent people. The chief merit of such sermons actually consists in their dryness. Herein they resemble the favourite vinous beverage of so many of those who write, or at least deliver them. If a sermon had not that merit, no enlightened individual would have any in hearing it. Most persons of common ability and education know nearly all that a clergyman has to tell them. To them the use of a sermon is simply disciplinary. There would be no moral effort in listening to a sermon which interested their understanding or excited their feelings. For them, what is called an "awakening" sermon is a mistake. The sermon ought, on the contrary, to have a somniferous influence, to be resisted by them as an act of duty. Then it exercises them in patience and long-suffering: the greater the bore the better the sermon in regard to them.

If the above view of sermons is not correct, it ought to be, according to existing arrangements. A sermon to be good, in the sense of being eloquent, impressive, and instructive, requires perhaps rather more ability on the part of the author than a good serial: and how can authorship, with oratory to boot, be expected from the ordinary run of reverend gents? Nothing can be reasonably expected from them beyond the platitudes which you get—uttered with a peculiar intonation for which those clergymen are chiefly remarkable who intone their sermons only, and which may be described as a melancholy moaning, recognised at any distance, at which it is barely audible, as the noise of preaching.

## MANNERS.

THE annexed advertisement has puzzled us to understand.

TO ADULTS who have NEVER LEARNT to DANCE, —A lady of celebrity receives daily, and undertakes to TEACH, ladies and gentlemen, in 12 private lessons, to go through all the fashionable BALL ROOM DANCES with ease of manner and grace of deportment, including the necessary manner of entering and leaving a room, curtsey, &c.

What is the necessary manner of entering and leaving a room? For anybody but a zany in a pantomime, who may crawl into or out of an apartment on all fours, we should think that the simple method of progression on two legs was the only one which there could be any necessity, or, indeed, reason, for adopting. It is difficult to conceive what there can be to teach in respect of entering a room or leaving it. That there may be something to unteach is intelligible enough, for some people on entering, or leaving a room, pull up their collars, others throw their coats off their chests, others rub their hands as if they were washing them: and these are unnecessary manners of entering a room, to be unlearned by all gents who aspire to ease of manner and grace of deportment.

### Russian Railways and Piety.

IT is said that the Russian Railways remaining very dead in the market, the EMPEROR ALEXANDER has received a very handsome mercantile offer from the late Manager of the British Bank, proposing to attempt to give the stock a lift, as the British Bank was opened, by means of prayer!

## BAD NEWS FOR DONKEYS.

SININE longevity has been a somewhat fruitful subject of discussion among naturalists, but we believe that nearly all the best informed authorities, from CUVIER to SAM WELLER, agree almost precisely in their views upon the matter. It was the opinion of the latter that the age of asses, on the average, is of so prolonged duration that he questioned if the man were living who had seen a dead one: and although CUVIER may not go quite the length of this, he still describes the donkey race as being most conspicuously a long-eared species.

All friends, however, of the ass (and the cynic might remark that there are few human families which in one or other of their members may not claim relationship) will be concerned to hear that steps are being taken which will tend to shorten very much its average existence. A paragraph just quoted from the *Union* informs us that—

"In consequence of the success which has attended bringing horseflesh into use as human food a Society has been formed at Paris for causing the flesh of young asses to be eaten also. The Society maintains that such meat is the most delicious in existence, and quotes the example of MÆCENAS and CARDINAL DUPONT, both distinguished gourmands, who were passionately fond of the flesh of young asses."

Of course, if this Society attains much influence, the longevity of donkeys will be counted shortly with the Hessian boots and pigtails of our fathers, among the almost fabulous traditions of the past. To please the palate of the gourmand all asses must die young, and they no longer will enjoy that patriarchal age which, it is believed, their flesh is heir to. If the onophagites prevail, a donkey's life will soon become as short as is its gallop, and essays will be written in the praise of juicy asslings, after the manner of ELIA's *Essay on Roast Pig*.

Well, certainly there is no accounting for a gourmand's tastes; and what is one man's asses' meat may be another's poison. We must confess we have ourselves no inordinate desire to sit down with our family to an asinine repast; and while our friends can give us a beefsteak and oyster-sauce, we shall not grumble at the lack of donkey cutlets or stewed ass's head to follow. In fact, so long as a lamb chop and a haunch of venison be procurable, we think that the man who would prefer to dine off donkey, must in some degree be regarded as a cannibal.

## TESTIMONIAL TO WORKING MEN.

DURING the war, a number of artisans and artificers were employed at the dockyards and arsenals; and to their labours was in a great measure owing the termination of the Russian war. Having withdrawn from their former engagements, they found themselves, on the conclusion of hostilities, without the means of procuring work in place of that which Government no longer required. Under these circumstances it was thought fit that a testimonial should be given them for their services, and accordingly they received one at a moment's notice in the shape of the sack. In answer to their petition for help to emigrate, it was intimated to them that Government would help them if they would help themselves. They complied with the condition, and scraped a sum of money together; but the Government has not been so good as its heavenlike word. We hope that another war will not happen till these circumstances shall have been forgotten; for they are such as, if remembered, will hardly induce working men to undertake public employment in a hurry.

### The Maine Liquor Law.

MR. GOUGH has gone into mourning for the acknowledged failure of the Maine Liquor Law. He writes, "The Maine Law is a dead letter everywhere." Drowned, like poor *Ophelia*, but not of "too much water." The fact is, temperance is a matter of education; it is not to be forced into people's houses either on high or low service. Unlike the New River, temperance is not to be turned on "from the Maine."

### ROTHSCHILDISH QUESTION.

WHEN will the Peerage, iced with pride, come to:
Thaw, and Resolve into itself a Jew?

## A BUBBLE TOO BAD FOR BARING.

CAN anybody of the British nation,
Attempt a railway loan's negotiation,
His countrymen in Russian toils ensnaring?
No firm in England, sure, could be so base,
Let us then hope that such is not the case,
Although reported of the House of BARING.

Since Russian railways clearly are intended,
Troops merely to convey when they are ended,
No one for liberty one button caring,
Would lend a halfpenny for their construction;
Whence we will venture upon the deduction
That nought has been lent by the House of BARING.

How dreadfully the trade of money-dealing
Must wither every patriotic feeling,
For the world's conquest if the CZAR, preparing,
By promise of per-centage could persuade
Such capitalists his designs to aid,
As the world-famous British House of BARING.

The British merchant throughout all the earth,
Was once renowned for honourable worth,
And still, in spite of late exceptions glaring,
Enjoys a portion of his ancient fame.
But oh! what would become of his good name,
If Russia's factors were the House of BARING?

And then the usury with which is baited
The Russian hook, is at a figure rated,
Which may be termed comparatively sparing;
Precarious, too, if war should intervene,
To take the Russian loan would, then, how green
Have been of the bamboozled House of BARING.

Invest no money, friends, if you have any,
In foreign undertakings; not a penny.
How many are of dividends despairing
Who sunk their cash in various foreign bonds!
They might as well have thrown it into ponds,
Not to be thought of by the House of BARING.

In model lodging-houses, and improvements
At home; or promising colonial movements,
You will take shares, if honourably daring,
But rather lend your rhino to old Scratch,
Than risk it on the bubble, called a catch,
Blown by wild Rumour on the House of BARING.

## SOMETHING IN A NAME.

WE see that MADAME ORTOLANI is announced as a songstress at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre: and her name so reminds us of a bird which we have never as yet thought to be a singing one, that we feel impelled, as naturalists, to go and hear her. We think we may expect that, while she is confined to MR. LUMLEY'S cage, we shall find her sing more after nightfall than by day: and in this respect at least we may look to trace in her the nature of the nightingale. But what a pleasure it would be to us to discover in her voice a further reason for the parallel, and how we still more should delight to find in the Italian Ortolan a songstress to remind us of the Swedish Nightingale!

### Small Prophets and Quick Returns.

THE extreme uncertainty which the country entertains touching the principles of a great many members of the new parliament, will warrant the adapting, in future elections, the inscription on the railway pay-places—

"ELECTORS ARE REQUESTED TO EXAMINE THEIR CANDIDATES, AND SEE WHETHER THEY ARE THE TICKET, BEFORE LETTING THEM LEAVE THE HUSTINGS, AS NO MISTAKES WILL AFTERWARDS BE RECOGNISED."

## "SAFE AS THE BANK"—(BRITISH TO WIT.)

HERE has been published lately a pamphlet with the somewhat taking title, *When Banks thus Fail, who are Safe?* Not having perused it further than the title-page, we cannot be expected to correctly guess its authorship; but Rumour might do more unwisely than assign it to the pen of that ready (money) writer, MR. INNES CAMERON, who, for his aptitude to keep things dark, might be christened with propriety a Cameron Obscurer.

We hazard this conjecture from the fact that MR. C., having made himself scarce, (and the scarcer all such men become the better for society,) and having, with the elder DANIEL TUCKER, "got out of the way" at a time when, like YORK, he was likely to be "wanted;" MR. C. is clearly quite in a position to point out to us how, when a Bank fails with which one is connected, one may personally secure one's safety—from arrest. Having taken his line of conduct from a line in *Hudibras*—slightly changed for the occasion into—

> "He that cheats and runs away,
> May live to cheat another day!"

MR. CAMERON has plainly solved the problem of the pamphlet, and may therefore not unreasonably be guessed to have propounded it.

As so shining an example is pretty certain to be followed, it would be as well if steps were taken to in future stop the flight of all such birds of prey, and pray (for, although belonging to the hawk tribe, the CAMERON was "reckoned a religious bird;" his epistles mostly bear the Exeter Hall mark). There perhaps would not be quite so many pigeons plucked in future by these mohawks were the latter to be dealt with more as vermin, and hunted down as objects of exterminating pursuit. We incline indeed to think, that a new Game Law should be passed to prevent the game of "beggar my neighbour" being played with such impunity as has been heretofore indulged in. As farmers nail a captured kite to their barn-doors *pour encourager les autres*, so when next a bubble breaks we should like to see the blowers of it "nailed" on the spot; and it would increase our satisfaction and the force of the deterrent, if the process of nailing them were entrusted to the police, and if, to clench the matter, the riveting afterwards were done in Newgate.

## OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

THE man who is proud of his money has rarely anything better to be proud of.

Trees with double-flowers are, too often, the emblem of Friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

In medicine, a Brougham goes much further than knowledge.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived!

Common sense has become such a rare commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master-mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man, *living*, should say an ill-word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad-eating is always in season.

In France there is nothing young—excepting your *objets d'antique*.

## FUNNY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is perhaps no valid reason why the subjoined piece of intelligence should create a laugh—but it probably will:—

"The First Regiment of Zouaves has just taken up its ground for a camp at Tizzi Ouzzou, the very entrance of Kabylia."

Sheer no meaning not only puzzles, but also frequently amuses, more than wit, and the extremely nonsensical sound of Tizzi Ouzzou will perhaps create that merriment which would fail to be excited by a pun upon the word Tizzi too obvious for these columns, or any other.

## OUR BOOTYFUL DIRECTORS.

THE trite maxim that "Heaven will help those who help themselves" appears to have been borne in mind most carefully by the Directors of those joint-stock bubbles which have lately burst in the sunshine of publicity; for there is clearly no denying they have "helped themselves" most liberally to all the funds within their reach. Purely in the way of business, and to afford the bank a means of employing its spare cash, one Director gets it to discount his bills for him to the tune of rather more than "If he had but a thousand a-year;" while another kindly "borrows" of it some few tens of thousands too, paying very regularly very handsome interest—which is the more considerate, seeing he has no idea of ever paying back the principal.

It has been pleaded "in extenuation" (a phrase which we should rather read "in aggravation"), that trifles such as these should be regarded purely in the light of speculations; and that as regards their having turned out to be losing ones, it has been asserted with a spirit of very virtuous indignation, that Directors cannot claim to be infallible, like Popes. It seems to us, however, who are used to call spades spades, and to speak of tricks by their right name, whether in card-playing or otherwise, that such "speculations" are extremely near akin to peculations, in fact that the initial S is all the difference between them.

To profit by the lesson, and prevent as far as may be all such speculations for the future (although, we fear, so long as fools are found well off for soap, there will be no end to blowing bubbles for them), we think that shareholders would do wisely to reject all Directors of a speculative turn of mind, supposing means to be devised by which that mental turn could be corporeally discernible. Perhaps, too, it would be as well if Joint-stock Companies were forced to keep an oculist upon their staff, in order that all future candidates for a directorship should be examined as to the straightforwardness of their views. For instance, were it certified that, like the ghost of *Banquo*, any claimant had been ascertained to "have no speculation in his eyes," that fact might—or might not—be regarded as an ocular demonstration in his favour.

DELICATE, BUT UNINTENTIONAL, COMPLIMENT.

Second Lad. "*No—there's nothink new,—'cept as the Queen's a-doing well.*"

First Ditto. "*Well, that ain't no news—for Her Madjusty's allus a-doin' well!*"

### Heroic Act by a Surgeon.

IT appears that on Wednesday week ERASMUS *WILSON jumped into* the Regent's Canal, and brought safe ashore an old woman, who, in her despair, had attempted suicide. Unlike beauty, true humanity is more than *skin*-deep.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY
all likenesses warranted KERRECT.
no LARGE mouths. or white eyes
made Here — no deception!
THE ORIGINAL
PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT
an Exact likeness & a rasher of Bacon for 6d

## ART-PROGRESS.

*Artist (!)* "NOW, MUM! TAKE ORF YER 'EAD FOR SIXPENCE, OR YER 'OLE BODY FOR A SHILLIN'!"

## FLOWERS FROM THE WEST.

THE preposterous assertion that the inhabitants of the United States use the English language is one which *Mr. Punch* has occasionally to refute by quotations from the American press. The other day he cited an instance where incomprehensibility arose from the peculiar political slang of the country. Now he proposes to show the style in which plain men of business discuss their affairs. The following passage is from a New York *Prices Current* for the present month. Imagine Mark Lane addressed in these terms:—

"BREADSTUFFS have been characterised by a considerable decline in free on board value. This fall, has to a slight extent been neutralised by advance in Freights, with occasional, spasmodically delusive, pulsations, of abortive speculation. Recent English advices seemed ominously prognosticative of reclamatory evidence, against prudence of American Corn Factors, during last six months. Reaction, has not yet kindled a flame, from these charred embers, of financially speculative shipments. Apathy pervades our Corn Exchange, and rumours of large purchases, are only listened to with passive facetiousness, by those who, are technically known here as American Shippers. Receivers, with profound appreciation of that '*Mille et une Nuit*' magnificence, which since 1853, has surrounded them with a reflective halo of monetary repletion, nevertheless, now anticipate a lower range of prices at seaboard, than those hitherto current. Accommodating themselves in all probability to reduced ideas of local Millers, or Speculators, based practically upon reflective foresight, and chaotic anticipation among Consignees at Atlantic seaboard, Farmers may send their surplus Wheat freely forward. Demand for Spain, has at last ceased, knocking away last monetary supports, of value upon stilts, and inaugurating the launch of a somewhat crazy vessel, into an Ocean of 'Unrestricted Competition,' commencing 1st September, 1857. '*Hannibal ad Portas*' is not a pleasant classical facetia, at this moment, with our '*Patres Conscripti.*' Indian Corn is presumedly the pet article of shippers for a monetary holocaust, to perpetuate fallacious speculations, always resulting in self-castigation."

This kind of beautiful writing has long been used in the composition of American fashionable novels, but we were not aware, until favoured by some Liverpool friends with the document whence it is taken, that the luxurious corn-merchants of New York demand that their sacks should be wreathed with such flowers of loveliness. However, every nation to its own language. All that we protest against is, the sentimental assertion that England and America speak one tongue.

## HEADY STUFF.

OUR subscribers are advised to draw the attention of any stupid acquaintance whom they may happen to have, to the notification following:—

HUNGARY WATER Refreshes the Memory, invigorates the brain, increases the power of thought; for two centuries its reputation has steadily advanced till at the present time it has fairly eclipsed all other odorant waters. 2*s.* a bottle, 10*s.* 6*d.* a case of six flacons.

Hungary must be a wonderful country compared to England. British water simply refreshes the animal system, but the water of Hungary, according to the above advertisement, refreshes the intellect. Hungary water will perhaps be introduced into the Universities, where an occasional glass of it may tend to simplify the "Little Go." If the clergy would take to Hungary water in lieu of port, that improvement of sermons in general just now so greatly desired might ensue. The new House of Commons might try Hungary water, and then, perhaps, the speeches of the Members would be less remarkable for stupidity and dulness than such orations have mostly been heretofore. We have now arrived at the end of April; and so it is too late for anybody to make a present which would have been seasonable on the first of the month; namely, to send a bottle of Hungary water to a fool.

## PUNCH AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE *Civil Service Gazette* states that a gentleman named WOOD, holding a situation under Government, was questioned respecting a squib published in *Punch*, and that, when he found his denial was considered insufficient to clear him, he committed suicide in despair. We doubt this story; because the heads of the Government offices must know that very few of their subordinates are capable of writing anything but a legible hand. If it is true, however, it is an evidence of the exercise of no small amount of petty tyranny, and of a considerable deal of mean injustice on the part of certain officials, whose position in office may be said to be that of JACK.

# OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH TO THE LADIES.

MEMBERS of Parliament and Peers of the Realm being about to be instructed how they are to spend their evenings for the next three months, HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY has been pleased to direct that a companion speech might be prepared for her, in which she should apprise their wives and daughters how to get rid of the nights while consorts and papas are prosing or sleeping for the good of the nation. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with a copy of the QUEEN'S Speech to the Ladies, and is informed that in the event of HER MAJESTY'S absence at the opening of the session, it will be delivered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who, as the peer most conversant with the topics referred to in the address, will follow the LORD CHANCELLOR, a peer not supposed to be very conversant with any topic at all.

"MY LADIES AND GIRLS,

"It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that besides the usual number of balls, *soirées*, dancing-teas, at homes, and other descriptions of parties with saltatory and matrimonial objects, a great variety of public amusements will be offered to you during the season.

"At the opera-house which bears my name, you will hear a very delightful recruit from the ranks of the church, SIGNOR GIUGLINI, a tenor of an admirable character. That fascinating little personage, MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI, is again present with all her enchantments, and MR. LUMLEY, whose talent for discovering the stars of the ballet rivals the skill of AIRY or ARAGO in ransacking the firmament, has introduced to you a most charming *danseuse*, MADEMOISELLE POCHINI, whose achievements leave nothing to be desired except that she would perform them over again.

"I regret to state that the vulgar selfishness of certain dogs-in-the manger, ordinarily known as Renters, has excluded MR. GYE'S operatic company from Drury Lane Theatre, but it may be heard in great force at the pretty Lyceum, where my illustrious Sister, the Queen of Song, reigns in superb health and unflagging vigour, supported by the illustrious MARIO, COUNT DI CANDIA, and by that consummate tragedian, SIGNOR RONCONI.

"My meritorious BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, at the Haymarket Theatre, offers to such of you as possess an unvitiated taste for the drama a series of plays of an interesting character, with highly entertaining farces, as also a burlesque, in which my English is quaintly dealt with by the ingenious FRANK TALFOURD, and in which you will see spirited acting and elegant appointments.

"I specially charge and command each and every of you, as you value your QUEEN'S good opinion, to visit MR. WIGAN'S theatre in Wych Street, for the purpose of beholding MR. ROBSON'S performance as the *Miser*. Such extraordinary acting has not, I am informed by universal voice, been witnessed since the days of MR. EDMUND KEAN, who, I am further informed, never displayed genius surpassing that evinced by MR. ROBSON in this character. You need not be ashamed of the tears he will elicit, as they will result from an exercise of the highest Art, and as you will find the entire audience affected in common with yourselves.

"MR. CHARLES KEAN has placed upon the stage of my daughter's theatre a spectacle in which the life of a byegone age is reproduced before you with extraordinary fidelity and splendour, and you will have the additional advantage of hearing, in the course of the spectacle, several well-selected passages from a noble tragedy by MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"At the Adelphi Theatre, you will find that MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER continues to present a series of most effective dramas, constructed upon that principle of intense interest which may be regarded as the element of legitimacy at his establishment; and it is with great pleasure that I announce to you, that this distinguished actor, who can ill be spared from the stage (at present not rich in artists), and re-appears in a character of importance, in which you will not fail to see him.

"My trusty MR. MITCHELL is about to re-open the St. James's Theatre with a celebrated company of artists from the capital of my valued ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. A series of choice operettas, to be conducted by the composer to the Théâtre des Bouffes, M. Offenbach, will be given, and the list comprises some exceedingly charming works.

"I could wish that you would all take an opportunity of visiting the only theatre where the works of MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE are given as plays. I allude to the house under the management of MR. SAMUEL PHELPS, at Islington. The distance is trifling to those who, like yourselves, possess the means of vehicular conveyance, and you will be amply rewarded in witnessing exceedingly fine acting by MR. PHELPS, and a careful, intelligent, and judicious performance by his excellent Company.

"I should deplore your omitting to delight the younger branches of your families by indulging them with an occasional visit to ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, where the equestrian performances, under the direction of MR. COOKE, are as extraordinary as ever, with the addition, as in the exploits of MISS EMILY COOKE and others, of a gracefulness which commends itself to the cultivated eye.

"Having thus indicated to you, my Ladies and Girls, how you may pleasantly dispose of the time while my LORDS and GENTLEMEN are attending to the business which I have marked out for them, it only remains for me to express my certainty that amusement, however delightful, will never engross the British Female, to the neglect of her more elevated and serious occupations, and with this hint to wish you a series of exceedingly pleasant evenings."

## CRINOLINE IN THE STUDIO.

WE believe it is no secret in artistic circles—although not a whisper of it has as yet been dropped in print, that the approaching Exhibition of the Royal Academy is causing more than usual uneasiness to the humanely-minded members of the Hanging Committee; the space at their command being annually the same, while each year brings new claims to it, without much absence of the old ones, the task of its allotment is of more and more perplexity; and the proportion of portraits is of such alarming increase, that the labour of rejection every spring becomes a greater one. Moreover, it is feared that from the fashion of wide dresses, which has lately been persisted in, the "portraits of a lady" will be found to be this year of more than common magnitude; and as nine-tenths of those sent in are generally of life-size, the Committee have, indeed, ample cause for apprehension. We imagine that but few of those "gay beings," who have lately sat in Crinoline to have their portraits taken have consented to be shorn of their proportions on the canvas; and we suspect that any full-length, or, what is more important, full-width portrait, would be found to take up pretty nearly one whole side of any of the three large rooms of the Academy. So that, in point of fact, were but twelve of them admitted there would be no space to show a single other picture.

As this would, of course, be too preposterous to dream of, we would suggest to the Committee, as a fit solution of their difficulty, that they had better not attempt to make any selection, but should exclude alike all portraits from Trafalgar Square, and provide them elsewhere with a place of exhibition. We are not aware precisely how many petticoats will now go to the acre, but by roofing in LORD'S Cricket Ground, or Kennington Common, there might perhaps be found expanse sufficient for the purpose; and as no one ever looks at portraits, except, of course, the sitters and their most immediate relations, their removal to either of the distances we speak of, would produce no inconvenience to the general public.

### Encores.—Putting a Case.

"IF you buy a chicken at the poulterers," asks APOLLO PRIMS, "and you find the chicken very nice, for that reason, do you think the poulterer ought to make you a present of a second chicken for nothing?" "Can't say the poulterer ought." "Very well," makes answer PRIMS, very triumphantly. "When you come to Exeter Hall market, and pay your money for one nightingale, have you a right to expect a second nightingale gratis, because the first was so very delicious?"

### The End of Controversy.

DITCHER *versus* DENISON; DENISON *versus* DITCHER,
Neither plaintiff nor defendant
In this case, when there's an end on't,
Will be much wiser, or much richer.

A VEHICLE FOR FALSEHOOD.—The late puffs about the Saloon Omnibus. For *where* is it?

TERRIBLE APPARITION!!!

SEEN IN FRONT OF THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.

No. 1.

"No, *Mr. Punch*, I can bear it no longer! I have suffered so much—I see so many around me suffering like myself. Whenever I broach the subject, I find such a store of smouldering discontent, that I feel certain, if I do not find a weekly vent-hole in your columns, we shall have a frightful catastrophe some day. Yes, Sir, Society is like JAMES THE FIRST'S Parliament-House. It is undermined; there are gunpowder-barrels piled, and faggots stacked; all that is wanted is a GUY FAWKES with his lantern and brimstone-matches. I propose to bring out the powder, barrel by barrel,—to unstack the faggots, and separate the sticks. Then we may safely use the one in bringing down our game in a sportsmanlike fashion, and the other in roasting scientifically what otherwise, sooner or later, must have been barbarously blown up. Excuse this excited and figurative introduction of my subject. Strong feelings, long pent up, cannot be discharged without considerable recoil and concussion. If I am flurried, consider that the silent sufferings of thousands are about to find a mouthpiece in me. I labour, like the Pythoness, because, like her, I am about to be oracular.

"A reference to the title of this paper will indicate the motive of this somewhat incoherent preface.

"Sir, I am a married man—a householder of the middle class—nearer, perhaps, to its upper than its under stratum—living in London, discharging, I can honestly say, my duty to my family, to the utmost of my power, and paying rates and taxes with a punctuality which quite affects the tax-gatherer and rate-collector of my district.

"My wife is an excellent woman, not less anxious to do her duty in her sphere than I will make bold to say I am in mine. Our children are healthy and promising, our circumstances unembarrassed, our tempers even, our income sufficient for our wants, and our expectations, on both sides, by no means to be sneezed at.

"And yet I am a sufferer—a sufferer in so many ways, that I hardly know with which kind of suffering to begin this out-pouring.

"SIR, I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS CONDEMNED, FOR NO CRIME, TO THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL!

"The Tread-mill! Why not the crank, the pillory, the press, the rack, the thumbscrew, the scavenger's daughter—'Little-ease' itself? I mean to express, by whatever image our suffering may best be described, that I am one of the millions struggling with a host of oppressive, costly, body-and-soul-crushing, social usages, which we have been thrust into somehow or other, and find ourselves groaning under, without any offence of our own. Most suffer in silence. I have long suffered so. At last I have determined to speak—and I know that thousands and tens of thousands will bless my courageous pen.

"Where shall I begin?

"I might take my stand on this side the very threshold of married life—at the Wedding itself, with its absurd and costly paraphernalia of bridesmaids, and Honiton lace, and *Glacé* bonnets, and orange-flower wreaths, and best French gloves at 3*s.* 9*d.* a pair. But many may think any complaint of that part of the ceremony transacted in church indecorous. Though why people should not go quietly to church, with two or three of their best friends, male and female, neatly and chastely dressed, and there—stripping off as much as may be of our tailorings, and getting down as well as we can from our social stilts—kneel humbly to take upon them those life-long vows—the crown of manhood and womanhood—I, for one, never could see.

"There is a demand for simplicity in funerals; why not in marriages? We are not more equal beside the grave than before the altar. The parson who consigns dust to dust, and the parson who joins man and wife together, equally consecrate a common lot of humanity.

"I protest against the vanity and ostentation which wait upon us, on our entrance into wedlock—the hired broughams, and the wedding-favours, and the fashionable church, and the team of parsons—the gorgeousness of the bride and the bridesmaids—the glossy newness of the wretched bridegroom. It 's all wrong. How dare we set about what should be the most serious and awful act of our lives—I protest there *is* no act of our lives so solemn except death—all varnished and rouged and masked and 'got up?' Marriage, as it is, is led up to by altogether too gay and glittering a "κῶμος"—or revel-rout. It would be better to approach the altar with seriousness at least, if not with some sadness; above all, we should utterly repudiate that pretentious show, above our means and unbefitting our stations, with which most of us flaunt and swagger into holy matrimony.

"Sir, when I was married, I was a bolder man than I am now. The social irons had not entered into my soul. I protested then, as I do now, against the cost and display and uncomfortable splendour of the marriage ceremony. But I did more. I carried my protest into act. My wife had been peculiarly brought up, and luckily, thought as I did. Her Mamma, and all her relations, I am thankful to say, were at a distance. Mine were eccentric people. We were married quietly at Kensington Church. We had only one brougham, which was not hired—but a friend's. My wife and three of my dearest women-friends (they have been my wife's best friends ever since) went in the brougham. I followed in a cab, with two of my man-friends. My wife wore a French grey chalis dress, and a pretty little straw bonnet with white ribbons. I had on the blue coat which I had mounted a year before for my friend BLAZER'S marriage—BLAZER did the thing handsomely; was turned off at St. James's, with coaches, favours, bridesmaids, *glacé* bonnets, Honiton lace, orange flowers, best French gloves, mother-in-law,—in short, with all the *obligato* accompaniments. It was only by the passionate persuasion of the friend who acted 'Father' on the occasion—he was married, and a miserable grinder on the social mill already—that I was induced to purchase a pair of white gloves, which I did at the haberdasher's nearest the church.

"So we were married. It was cheap—it was snug—it was of a piece with our daily existence. We did not roll into wedded life on a grand triumphal chariot, with eight horses, to come down to a tax-cart immediately after. We began our journey, DARBY and JOAN fashion, in the tax-cart. Would that I could always be allowed to tool that humble but easy-hung vehicle! But alas, the gig of respectability is every now and then driven to the door, and one must mount, under heavy penalties, leaving the cozy old tax-cart in the stable-yard. But the gig of respectability is bearable. Not so that terrible, black, dreary, stifling prison-van—with 'Society' painted in blazing capitals on the panels. Against compulsory riding in *that* odious vehicle, I mean to protest as vehemently as you will permit me. To that end I send you this groan, the forerunner of many more, should this awake an echo. I doubt not it will awake thousands, on the part of those who would be but too ready to sign themselves as I do,

"A SUFFERER."

"P.S. I have not yet done with the penal accompaniments of wedlock. I have much to say on the subject of wedding breakfasts, but they deserve an extra groan to themselves."

### Oude Among the Shoe-Blacks.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE and the Princes have given £10 to the East London Shoe-Black brigade. This donation, it is said, was made by our Eastern visitors in recollection of what His Majesty of Oude had obtained of the East India Company: they having first blackened him so thickly before they finally polished him off.

## SOUTHWARK AND THE BALTIC.

Number of enthusiasts of the classic borough of Southwark have given Sir Charles Napier a dinner. For, said the chairman of these innocent creatures, "Sir Charles stood so high in their opinion that, say what they would against him, no one would believe them." Beautiful is belief; sustaining is faith! Hence, it is said, that among the electors of Southwark are a set of believers whose faith it is that Sir Charles's perfect firing, by keeping his cutlass sharp, had the most mischievous effects on Cronstadt, and very sensibly hastened the termination of the war. When men are found to have faith in wizards, why should there not be believers even in Sir Charles Napier?

Sir Charles, of course, returned thanks after his own way. He had been three times before a Southwark constituency. On his second appearance "he obtained the victory, without firing a shot." It was otherwise in the Baltic. There, also, he had fired no shot; and, doubtless for such reason, had won no victory; but this result, as it would appear, made no difference to the idolators of Southwark. Doubtless, had a Nelson come among them with Trafalgar in his chaplet, he would have been considered ineligible by the circumstance. To some folks there is no such recommendation as noisy, pig-headed imbecility.

A congratulatory address "elegantly engrossed on parchment" was presented to the distinguished Member; and the chairman assured the electors that "they had done themselves great credit, and had conferred great honour." The credit was in their choice; the honour in the fact of representing such influence, such intelligence, as shown and developed by a Southwark constituency.

Sir Charles, however, gave the electors warning. Should they again want his services they must pay for them. "He would not spend one shilling." No; he would enter Parliament gratis, or he would remain in private life. "Return me if you please. If you do not"—thus ran Sir Charles's threat—"I will take my hat off, and wish you all good morning." All we can say in answer to this menace is, we think Sir Charles will look admirably well with his hat off; and for the borough of Southwark he can make no more valuable utterance, than by saying—"good morning."

## THE SWAN OF AVON A GOOSE.

A Miss Delia Bacon has written a book, entitled, *The Philosophy of the Plays of* Shakspeare *Unfolded*. That philosophy, as unfolded by Miss Bacon, turns out to be not Shakspeare's at all, but to belong to Raleigh, to Miss Bacon's namesake of Verulam and the *Novum Organon*, and to others than the divine Williams. Miss Bacon had better fold Shakspeare's pages than attempt to unfold his philosophy; she is evidently unable to read him, and should shut him up. Let her henceforth confine herself to the unfolding of table cloths and other linen matters more fit to be unfolded by feminine powers than those sheets which contain the philosophy of Shakspeare.

### A GRAVE OPERATION.

A New Company advertises "Washing in Earnest." As if any washing could be so serious a matter as that which constitutes an adjunct to domestic happiness.

## A NEW HANDEL SENSATION.

A Certain man was born in 1684, and died in 1759.

Between those dates he achieved certain things, whereof the world has heard, but never so nobly as it will hear of three of them in the Crystal Palace in June next.

The man was George F. Handel, and the three works in question are the oratorios of *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabæus*.

During the last ninety-eight years a good deal has been said about these wonders in musical art, and, decidedly, it is somewhat late to discuss them. Happily, one may now be permitted to listen in reverent admiration, not unmixed with awe, as those giant utterances are given forth. No one is even called upon for eloquent description of the sensations he felt, or would be thought to have felt, when carried away in the surging and whirling waves of the Handelian music. This is a great comfort.

Possibly no such a series of glorious sensations has been permitted to a multitude for the last thousand years, as a multitude, in the right mind, may experience on the three Handel days, now coming.

One sensation, however—not exactly glorious—may be felt by thousands. We mean the sensation of gratitude for an escape.

Take a minute between the grand acts—take an instant when the colossal harmony is a thing of the past, and let this thought pass through your brain:

This giant, this poet, this magician, this—what signifies tautology—this Handel—

"*Was intended for a Lawyer, but—*"

There!

On second thoughts. No. Take breath, and do not take that thought with you into the Crystal Palace. Do not mar the magnificent pleasures of the three days by a recollection which has too much of grotesque terror in it to be quite in place. But think over the fact in the mean time—at other times.

The man who composed *The Messiah* might have been a Lawyer!

Will there be any Lawyers in the Palace on those days? Doubtless, for where's that palace, be it ne'er so wide—and so forth. And where—at least where on earth and below it—do they not go?

Will *they* have a sensation? And will it be like the sensation felt by the earth-born horses when Pegasus, for a moment harnessed to the manure-cart, burst his bonds, spread his wings, and flew upwards to the Sun. The other horses, being at the work that was fit for them, started, snorted—and pulled away at the manure-cart.

Handel might have been a Lawyer! Never forget this when tempted to ungrateful thoughts touching destiny.

Monuments.—We are told that every man should leave some monument behind him; but really after looking at the wretched stuck-up things called monuments, that are dotted about London, we must say that we see but very little encouragement for it; on the contrary, we rather admire the man who, as monuments go, leaves no monument behind him.

## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

*Hector.* "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLER—WHO ARE YOU STARING AT?"
*Hodge.* "WHOY SHOULDN'T I STARE AT YER? *I PAYS FOR YER!*"

## ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SAYS PRINCE ALBERT, on Tuesday,
"I 've come to tell news t' ye.
There 's a new Baby. Guess!"
"Girl, Pa," cries the PRINCESS
"To make up for the *bride*,"
Adds sly WALES, half aside
"Let 's light up the Palace,
Says light-hearted ALICE;
"I 'll teach her spellin' or
French," says grave HELENA;
"I 'll never tease her,"
Says laughing LOUISA;
"I 'll nurse her, rather,"
Says gallant young ARTHUR;
"And Me too, me hope hold
Um baby," says LEOPOLD;
"Who 'll write and tell AL?"
Says PRINCE ALBERT, "I shall."

Then they all began shouting, for, coming to lunch
And caudle, they saw their best friend, *Mr. Punch*.

## THE MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT.

*La Figlia del Reggimento* is just at present attracting some attention, which might be likewise as well bestowed on *La Madre*. Poor old MRS. SEACOLE is hard-up. Now MRS. SEACOLE was a real suttler-woman in the Crimea; and a mother and a nurse to the wounded soldier. She did not skip and amble about in the costume of a military Bloomer; but she often marched under fire, distributing refreshments and restoratives among the wounded, and dressing their injuries with her own hands. She also used to doctor the navvies and the Land Transport Corps, and her practice in cases of camp-disease was highly successful. The Opera of MRS. SEACOLE, *la Madre del Reggimento*, consisted in these good works. It will suffice to add that a fund—which is described as yet in its infancy—has been got up for her benefit.

### QUERY ON MILITARY EDUCATION.

OUT of 100 Candidates for a Commission in the Army, how do 99 generally spell aide-de-camp?

## LEGITIMATE INDIGNATION.

MR. ROWLAND HILL reports, with satisfaction, that the Initial system, by which the delivery of London letters is to be so greatly facilitated, has been all but completely adopted by the public, and that 55,000 Metropolitan letters are daily posted with the proper initials. This gratifying result he mainly attributes to *Mr. Punch*, who refuses to take in any letter addressed to himself, unless it has the essential E.C. upon it. *Mr. Punch* has some notion that among the epistles he has rejected for want of these letters was one from LORD PALMERSTON (who should have been more careful) asking him to accept a Baronetcy. If so, *Mr. P.* begs to express his indignation that what was pressed on a W. WILLIAMS and given to a LOCOCK, should be offered to Him. He is neither a Nass nor a Naccoucheur. Has PAM's brilliant success turned his head? If so, the sooner he begins to right about face, and ceases to write about folly, the better.

## A BRITISH WELCOME FOR BOMBA.

WHERE does KING BOMBA expect to go to? MIVART's has been suggested as an asylum for the expected Royal refugee; but if Naples is getting too hot to hold him, England has become so already. MR. JOHN BULL is not very particular about his guests, but MR. BULL cannot extend his hospitality to torturers; and if the modern TIBERIUS should repair to this country, he will find it as necessary to shut himself up as he does in his own. Shut up indeed he would probably be by medical order, and not merely because it would be unsafe for himself personally if he were allowed to go about. In one sense only can the mad tyrant hope that England will afford him an asylum.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A SUCCESSFUL FOOL.—He shot up like a Balloon, and came down like a monkey in a parachute!—*Cremorne Proverb.*

## THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE CITY.

MR. ALDERMAN ROSE asked the Common Council to assist, by a grant of money, in the purchase of Crosby Hall for educational purposes. This matter, put in the shape of a motion, was defeated by an amendment, seconded by the severe MR. H. L. TAYLOR; of whom, said DEFUSY LOTT, it would be as well to expect moustachios on the face of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, as a charitable smile on the countenance of MR. H. L. TAYLOR. We think there is less difficulty with the Archbishop. His Grace, if it so pleased him, might grow moustachios; but by what hitherto unknown process is MR. H. L. TAYLOR to obtain even a look of charity? And it is right it should be so. When charity begins at home, why should a careful citizen insist upon bringing it abroad with him? Charity, like the poker, should remain at the fireside.

## BUCKNALL AND THE BABY.

ON Thursday a Court of Common Council was held to consider the pleasing fact of the birth of a Princess. Common Councilman BUCKNALL was eloquent, impressive, and truthful. Hence, he said—

"I am convinced that, *however much* any member of the Court may feel interested in the birth of a child by a member *of his own family*, or by one with whom he is connected by ties of duty and affection, he must *feel an equal interest* in the birth of a Princess by our glorious and gracious QUEEN."

Hence, the Royal family is, in fact, only an extension of BUCKNALL's family circle, and the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL hold precisely the same place in the heart of the speaker as ALBERT EDWARD BUCKNALL and VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA BUCKNALL. Beautiful is loyalty, when deepened by such truth!

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

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## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.

No. 2.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I PROMISED to devote an entire letter to Wedding-Breakfasts. It is not so much that these entertainments are more dreary than the rest of the table ceremonies, under which society suffers. On the contrary, except for the plague of speechifying, they would be rather jollier than most of our social gatherings: but the wedding-breakfast stands in the front-rank of the married man's experiences. It is like those rites which used to come first in the initiation of a novice into the ancient mysteries, or the secret-societies of the middle-ages, in which the greenhorn was made to run the gauntlet of the most hideous hobgoblins, and the most startling surprises. Such an introduction was supposed at once to caseharden the candidate's nerves, and to test his courage. On the same principle one may suppose the newly-married man is exposed to the green-grocerism, the Gunterism, the champagne-fired enthusiasm and speechification, the stale and threadbare pleasantries, the mock sentiment, and pinchbeck cordiality of the wedding-breakfast. It is a quintessence, as it were, of what he will have to go through in the future, in the way of costly and pretentious entertainment, affected good fellowship, and hollow gaiety. If he can stand those awful waiters—the array of those long tables, with their spun-sugar bird-cages, and plaster-of-Paris temples—their profusion of highly-decorated pastry, forced fruit, glacé tongues, insipid chickens, chilly galantines, and ice-creams; if he is not sickened with the speeches, and does not loathe champagne for ever after, he may be safely pronounced fit for the inner rites of the married life of society.

"But the performances in the mysteries will be found, on the whole, duller than those of the initiation. The bead still dances in the champagne of wedding-breakfasts. The liquor handed round at the dinners, and breakfasts and suppers, of which that is the prelude, will be found *flat, insipid*—dead as ditch-water. I always feel that there is something significant in the general chilliness of the viands at a wedding-breakfast. You detect a gelatinous character about the feast. Your fun, like your fruit, is forced. The very wedding-cake has its emblematic icing—for so, I believe, the highly decorated crust, apparently compounded of sweetened gypsum and prussic acid, is styled by the confectioners. There is good fruit and aromatic spice under that most indigestible and snowy covering, whereof none can eat and live! What a good and sweet, and sustaining thing marriage is in itself. Why do we invest it with icing? Why hide its sweetness and its spices—its mixture of currants and lemon-peel, and its substratum of honest flour,—under a hard shell of frosty ceremonial, flourished all over with shallow devices in confectioner's taste? Why do we all put our necks under the heel of GUNTER? Why allow our simple pleasures to be dashed by the awful presence of those white-cravatted waiters—Eumenides of the chair-back, each shadowing forth the Nemesis of the bill to pay?

"But worse than the cold breakfast are the speeches. Which of us has not groaned under this infliction? So far as I know, every one admits that these wedding-breakfast orations are an intolerable nuisance. I don't know which of the prevailing styles of this class of oratory is worse, the pathetic or the jocose, or the floundering, which aims at a combination of grave and gay, and comes to grief between the two. There is that dreadful friend of the family, who proposes the health of the young couple. Why can't he be content to do it simply, to utter in six words of honest meaning a hearty wish that happiness may attend them—that God may bless their union? Every one, if appealed to, must admit you can't get beyond that. No person—one would suppose—who really felt a genuine regard for the pair—or for either of them—would wish at such a time to attempt more than a brief and fervent blessing.

"Yet here is a well-meaning Briton—no fool, probably, in his business—not a recognised bore in common life—not an open and notorious humbug, hypocrite, and impostor—who gets up to propose the health of the newly-married couple, or the health of their respective Papas and Mammas; and in so doing, maunders for a quarter of an hour in a style that blends folly, tediousness, and insincerity, till you blush for the man as you sit. My readers may have observed—I often have—the expression of pain and shame on the countenances of the listeners to a discourse of this class. I always long to hide my face while one of these melancholy exhibitions is in progress. I believe, from comparing notes with others, that this feeling is very common.

"But worse even than this—the heavy business of the wedding-breakfast—is its light comedy, the hide-bound pleasantry of the gentleman who rises to propose 'the bridesmaids', and similar provocative toasts, in what the reporters call 'a highly humorous speech.'

"Of the many forms of social suffering I know of none worse than sitting under one of these *douches* of wedding-breakfast jocoseness. Not one Briton in a thousand can be playful on his legs—above all not playful *extempore*. He *must* be common-place—must stand in the old JOE MILLER ways—must trot out the battered old hack pleasantries, or he is lost. So long as the man is humble-minded enough not to attempt anything new, one submits with a certain equanimity. The mind is subdued to familiar forms of suffering. But the infliction becomes terrible, when the speaker is ambitious enough to attempt anything original. Fear is then added to the listeners' other sufferings. There is the constant dread of a fall—of the poor fellow's being entangled and tripped up in one of his own complicated metaphors—of his staking himself on one of his own jokes—not that the point would pierce very deep—of his coming down with a crash in one of his oratorical flip-flaps. Do not tell me there can be any pleasure in a performance, at the conclusion of which every one vents a pent-up breath of thankful relief—which is watched as one watches the tottering steps of an unskilful tight-rope dancer, in a 'terrific ascent.' The audience can no more relish the jokes of the wedding-breakfast orator than the spectator enjoy the squibs and crackers let off round the performer in one of these break-neck exhibitions at Cremorne or Vauxhall.

"This social nuisance of wedding-breakfasts has lately had a colossal illustration, which I have been surprised to find has received no notice from *Mr. Punch*. I allude to that gorgeous Judaic family ceremonial at Gunnersbury, in which God Hymen and God Mammon were equally honoured, where, to judge from the newspapers, the altar must have been of solid gold, the nuptial torches of precious woods steeped in the rarest spices, the bridal couch stuffed with bank-notes, and the liquor, in which the health of the young couple was pledged, nothing less than *aurum-potabile*. Even here I observed that the nuisances I am complaining of were duly submitted to. LORD JOHN RUSSELL did the heavy business, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE the light comedy. The state of the thing was grand, befitting what LORD JOHN described as 'a union between two members of the most powerful family of Europe,' but no act of the social penance was wanting.

"As to the gold and gems, the pearls and diamonds that flashed and shone through the luxuriant paragraphs of JENKINS, in describing that marriage, I felt for once that such display was not out of place. There was something grand in the Oriental magnificence—the insolent splendour—the parade of 'money-power.' Dukes and Lords, and Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State were summoned to bow down before the Golden Image that ROTHSCHILD the king had set up; and they came and bowed dutifully, and did public suit and service to the 'Almighty Dollar.' Mammon really kept royal state at Gunnersbury Park that morning. Let us hope that poor little Hymen was not smothered under his robes of cloth of gold; that the fair young bride may not find herself, like TARPEIA, crushed beneath her gifts—those armlets and necklaces, and jewelled parasols, and gem-encrusted writing-cases, and services of gold and services of silver—which so bewildered and bedazzled us 'outer barbarians' even upon paper; that there may be no danger for her and her husband, of the fate of MIDAS, who, having the power of turning all things to gold, starved for want of bread.

"On us humbler labourers at the social crank that Gunnersbury wedding works somewhat as the apparition of a PALMER or a WAINEWRIGHT—a REDPATH or a ROBSON—might tell upon our brother

convicts at the House of Correction. It is the impersonation, on a colossal scale, of our own aims and efforts—the audacious realisation of our humble possibilities. We thrill with awe—we long to bow down and worship. This anonymous God of Society is, after all, no other than our old friend Mammon, let him disguise himself as he will. We see him on his throne at Gunnersbury, among the Mosaic millionnaires. They sacrifice to him with the same rites as ourselves, only with infinitely more cost and magnificence. They are slaves, as we are, but they wear more gorgeous liveries. They too were working at their social tread-mill, though the steps of the machine were of fine gold, and the rails of diamond; they too were bored; among them too every honest man and woman at that Gunnersbury breakfast, writing him or herself down truly, would have signed, as I do,

"A SUFFERER."

## THE GREAT TOBACCO QUESTION.

Experienced Smoker (loq.) "*Cigars? Pooh!—Cigars are all very well for Boys, but give* ME *a Pipe!*"

## BROWN'S ACCOUNT.

MR. HUMPHRY BROWN is, doubtless, acquainted with the Portuguese canon for a sonnet. It should open with silver and close with gold. MR. HUMPHRY BROWN opens his account at the Royal British Bank with eighteen pounds, fourteen shillings, and closed it with a debt of upwards of sixty thousand pounds! Is not this a silver opening with a golden close? Silver and gold. Well, it is a pity that, such is the law, we cannot have a little iron mingled with the precious metals. A little iron ought to decorate the legs of the gentleman whose hands have shut upon so much of other people's gold and silver. MR. BROWN is—*was*—a great ship-owner. Well, it is a pity that MR. BROWN and his companions of the British could not be invited to take a sea-voyage to Bermuda. The very ship that MR. BROWN did *not* sell to Government might be fitted up with every convenience for the transit. And this MR. HUMPHRY BROWN on the recent dissolution stood again for Tewkesbury! Oddly enough, he was rejected; although a very little while before his sympathetic and admiring townsmen presented him with a candelabrum: a thing not to be hidden under a bushel of MR. BROWN's imperfections. At the present time, MR. BROWN stands for nowhere. This is a pity; this ought not to be: but then, the law is imperfect, and the pillory is abolished.

### Always the Napiers!

THE NAPIERS are always bestowing something on their fellow-creatures; and if they shine in giving anything, it is when they bestow their "contempt." Last week, SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was very liberal of his "contempt." We believe that if an earthquake were to open under the NAPIERS, they would declare the shock to be "only worthy of their contempt, and altogether beneath their notice."

## A FASCINATING CHRISTIAN.

THESE Scottish Chieftains are "kittle cattle to shoe." At least, a little shoe (under the above title) which *Mr. Punch* recently ventured to put upon a chieftain called CAMPBELL OF MONZIE, seems to have pinched him, though he is not very precise in pointing out where it hurts. However, he writes so gentlemanly a letter upon the subject that *Mr. Punch*, who, like CÆSAR, "doth never wrong but with just cause," hastens to reply. MR. CAMPBELL, or MONZIE, as his own reporter familiarly calls him, says that *Mr. Punch* "should have satisfied himself that he had a correct report of MR. CAMPBELL'S speeches, before proceeding to hurt the public usefulness of a man professing such principles." *Mr. P.'s* answer is brief. He certainly happened to select the quotations from the *Inverness Courier*, and not from the *Inverness Advertiser*. He knew the former to be a paper of high character, and conducted by a gentleman who bears an honoured name in literature. Moreover, *Mr. Punch* has so much confidence in British journalism generally, (which repudiates the American system of reporting, wherein falsification and garbling are considered mere smartness,) that he unhesitatingly takes the report of any respectable paper, as material for comment. On examining the *Inverness Advertiser*, (MR. CAMPBELL'S organ), *Mr. Punch* does not find the expressions he cited from the other paper, but *Mr. P.* knows a little about speech-making and speech-publishing, and MR. CAMPBELL will permit him, until further notice, to believe that the rough and ready talk of the platform is unceremoniously given in one paper, and that the second, and revised thoughts of the speaker are given in the other. *Mr. P.* conceives that he has both the "correct" and the "corrected" remarks before him. This is, however, a question for the two journals; and as to hurting the public usefulness of MONZIE, (we have written ourselves, like SIR WALTER'S Greenhorn and Grinderson, into familiarity,) *Mr. Punch* designed exactly the reverse, having actually suggested a service which MONZIE could do to the agriculture of his country.

"Abroad in the meadows, to count the young lambs,
And make up a list of their sires and their dams,
On paper so clean and so white.
In such pastime a Chieftain had better engage,
Than in talking himself into anger and rage,
And getting a wipe from the good-natured sage,
Who answers him now so polite."

## RUSSIA IN FRANCE.

MUCH rose-water has been poured upon the bear. DUKE CONSTANTINE has been most delicately treated on his way to Paris. All the arsenals, all the dockyards, have been thrown open to him, whilst at the same time all ugly memoranda of a late disagreement between France and Russia were carefully set aside. Now and then, however, the Duke would be over curious, and so stumbled upon disagreeable objects. For instance, at Toulon, there was the hull of Sebastopol half-hidden under tarpaulin; why, hull-like, was it not wholly enveloped in Crinoline? His Highness was slightly disturbed at the first glance of an old acquaintance, but speedily recovered himself, and eyed the hull as coolly as belles can, upon occasion, eye anybody.

("And looked upon the strange man's face
As one she ne'er had known.")

In Paris, the Duke has been shown all the sights, and—to the disgust of Austria—has sworn eternal friendship with the *parvenu* NAPOLEON. Wherever he goes, the Duke is accompanied by GENERAL TODLEBEN: should His Royal Highness cross to England, it is understood that he will be attended on his progress by SIR CHARLES NAPIER. If the Duke should not have time to visit Woolwich, he will at least examine, under the care of SIR CHARLES, the cutlass that was sharpened by the precise firing that was to have knocked down Cronstadt. The decorations bestowed upon LORDS LUCAN and CARDIGAN will also undergo the honour of a very close inspection. It is reported that a copy of WILLIAM RUSSELL'S *Crimean War* has been magnificently bound by order of the Commander-in-Chief, and will be duly presented to our distinguished visitor, but with this condition—he must first pay the visit.

### Clicquot's Glee.

NEUFCHÂTEL, NEUFCHÂTEL,
A Principality to sell!
Only for one million francs,
'Tis almost giving it for thanks.
At such a price the bargain 's funny.
Sold again, and got the money!

REFORM.—In political as well as in all personal matters, the synonym for to-morrow.

## PALMERSTON, "BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES."

ARLIAMENTARY Reform—prophesies the *Quarterly*—"will probably task those remarkable instincts of self-preservation in which LORD PALMERSTON has always shown himself to excel, not mankind only, but even birds, beasts, and fishes."

The force of compliment can no further go. How vain is it to hope to catch and subdue a Minister who, as JONATHAN has it, licks all creation! PALMERSTON is not alone PALMERSTON the Irishman; but PALMERSTON the bird, PALMERSTON the beast, PALMERSTON the fish! Put PALMERSTON in another NOAH'S Ark, and he would be Prime Minister of the whole menagerie. For consider PALMERSTON the bird; the lapwing. How he decoys his pursuers from the nest; how he trails along the ground; how he leads far and far away the curiosity that would destroy his expectations. Think how PALMERSTON the cuckoo "sucks little birds' eggs to make his voice sweet;" adapting to his own preservation the best hopes and dearest property of others! Contemplate PALMERSTON, the beast—the fox PALMERSTON—think of him in foreign henroosts; now all but run down, with the whole country at his heels; and now, stolen away, and curled up snugly in a red box, with not a hair turned. Consider PALMERSTON the fish, the torpedo eel. Lay a little finger on him, and take a shock for your pains. Think of PALMERSTON, the official cuttle-fish. Move for "copies of correspondence," and straightway all around shall be so darkened with official ink that the fish itself shall not be discoverable head from tail.

Is not this, taking the *Quarterly's* word for the matter, a most portentous Minister. A Premier who is merely a man might be managed; but how to deal with a PALMERSTON who is not only a PALMERSTON, but a bird, a beast, and a fish?

## EBENEZER AND THE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subjoined rather curious paragraph occurs in a letter on the subject of "Church Rates," addressed by one A. T. apparently a Dissenter, to the *Times*:—

"Dissenters object to pay Church-rates on two grounds—first, because the proceeds of them are devoted to the support of a religious system which, in their opinion, is not in harmony with the word of God; and, secondly, because the method of collecting them is compulsory, and not voluntary. The plan of your Homerton correspondent meets the former of these objections, but leaves entirely untouched the latter, which is by far the most serious objection of the two."

Will not A. T., on consideration, be inclined to amend the last sentence of the foregoing paragraph by substituting "stronger" for "most serious"? Surely Dissenters consider the scriptural objection to the payment of church-rates more serious than the political and personal one—though the latter may be, and probably often is, very much the stronger. However, the strongest objection to church-rates is perhaps that felt by honest members of the Established Church, who are, or ought to be, ashamed to be beholden for the maintenance of their places of worship to people of other persuasions.

### Funeral Rights.

A REAL Undertaker having been returned for Greenwich, MR. NEWDEGATE, as the only member heretofore known by that title, is about to petition for compensation. *Mr. Punch* sees no objection to two undertakers, considering how many black jobs are done in the House, and he would be decidedly glad to see a great many more Mutes.

☞ LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN COMPARED TO THIS BEFORE!

LIFE is a Picnic, which would be all the more agreeable, if we could only agree beforehand as to the share each of us was to take to the entertainment. As it is, for the want of a better understanding, a degree of insipid sameness often arises when, upon stock being taken of the company, it is found out that every one present has brought a calf's head!

## THE POOR PATRONISING THE RICH.

A PIPES and Beer meeting of the Society of the Poor for the Improvement of the Rich was held last evening at the Society's Rooms. Want of space prevents us from reporting the speeches, but their substance is embodied in the subjoined resolutions of the meeting, which were handed to us for publication:—

"RESOLVED—That this ere Meetin, as reperisentin the Porer classes, is dooly Sensibel of the Kindnes and Considration of the Hire Orders in interestin theirselves the Way they Do about our wellfare, and seein as Won good Turn deservs Anuther is Desirus to reciprocicate the Hobbligacion.

"RESOLVED—That accordinly this ere Meetin feels its Self lowdly cauld Upon to ixpress its Art-Felt Sorrer hat the Wice and Himmorality now so onappily pervalent Amung the Shuperior Clarses, and Pledges Hitself to use its Best egsertions for the Corection and Remuvial hof the Same.

"RESOLVED—That to Wene the Ritch from their Gamblin Betin and Oss Racin, and dror them from their Aunts of Dicipation, instead of Witch to Forster in their minds a Taste for rashanall Ameusment, to Himpres on them as is Intrusted with the Manidgment of Afairs banks and Railways in pertickler the Adwantages of Honisty, and the Rewin consekent upon Misconduit allso the Misimployment of Time of the Femail part of the ritcher Popolation in the Destructive sistim of Late Ours and Dansin away till Four and Five in the morning with the Nesesity of Punctual payment of the Employed, their dredful Extravagance, the Foly and souperstishion of Sperrit Rappin and all sich deloosions the same as beleavin in Whichcraft, dewellopin amungst Them a love of Industry and those Talents which is been wouchsafed to their Keepin is the Principal Objecks of this ere Society.

"RESOLVED—That this Year Society afectionatly intreats Their ritcher Bretheren to Receave Their exortations in the Sperrit they are Ment and not to Kick them Whose soul Haim in Ouse to Ouse Wisitation is the Good of the Hinmates Down Stares for Importunance or horder them to be Turn'd Hout by ther Pampered Menials and guv in Chardge to the Polecpe.

"RESOLVED.—That Hall Efferts of the Lore Clarses to Elp the Ire will be inefectial Without they endeavours to Elp Their Selves their Cordial cohoperation is theirfore inwited in this Good and Blesid vurk particklar by libberal Subscripsons witch may be forraded Hither in chex or Cash post Orfis horders or Postidge stampes to the Treasrer of this hear Sosiety.

"H. WALKER,
"*Buggin's Buildins, May*, 1857." "*Honory Secrary.*"

## STRANGE MYSTERIES IN THIS WORLD.

JULIA (*an Islington Belle*). Well, do you know, you *do* astonish me! On my word I took him to be a gentleman—for I'm sure you never meet him, not early in the morning even, but he has a pair of the most beautiful white kid gloves on!

AMELIA (*her facetious friend*). Why, you little simpleton, that fact is easily explained. *The fellow is a glove-cleaner!!!* They're not his gloves, but his customers'. Out of the thousands that are left with him, it would be hard indeed if he couldn't select a good pair! Why, JULIA, your Beau, dear, is only another kind of nurse—a man-nurse, I declare, who walks out with other people's kids to give them an airing!

### "What art thou, that Buddest?"

A LEARNED controversy is waging on the question whether the Buddhist Nirvâna, or *summum bonum*, means a "blowing-out" or an "absorption." An estimable and accomplished gourmand, (dating from the Ship at Greenwich,) informs us that in his opinion the *summum bonum* is a judicious union of both, and also that there are more Buddhists in London than Bishops imagine.

### The Ruling Passion.

As a trap to catch some golden sunbeams of success in England, the Russians speak of the "advantages" their scheme of railways offers as a "guaranteed investment." Now we have great reluctance to express ourselves offensively, but we must say, that we think this throwing of the hatchet makes us somewhat doubtful if they really can have buried it.

MORBID PHILANTHROPY OF ADVERTISING!—Don't *Beat* your Carpets!

"WHAT CAN YOU SAY FOR YOUR FRIENDS NOW, RICHARD?"

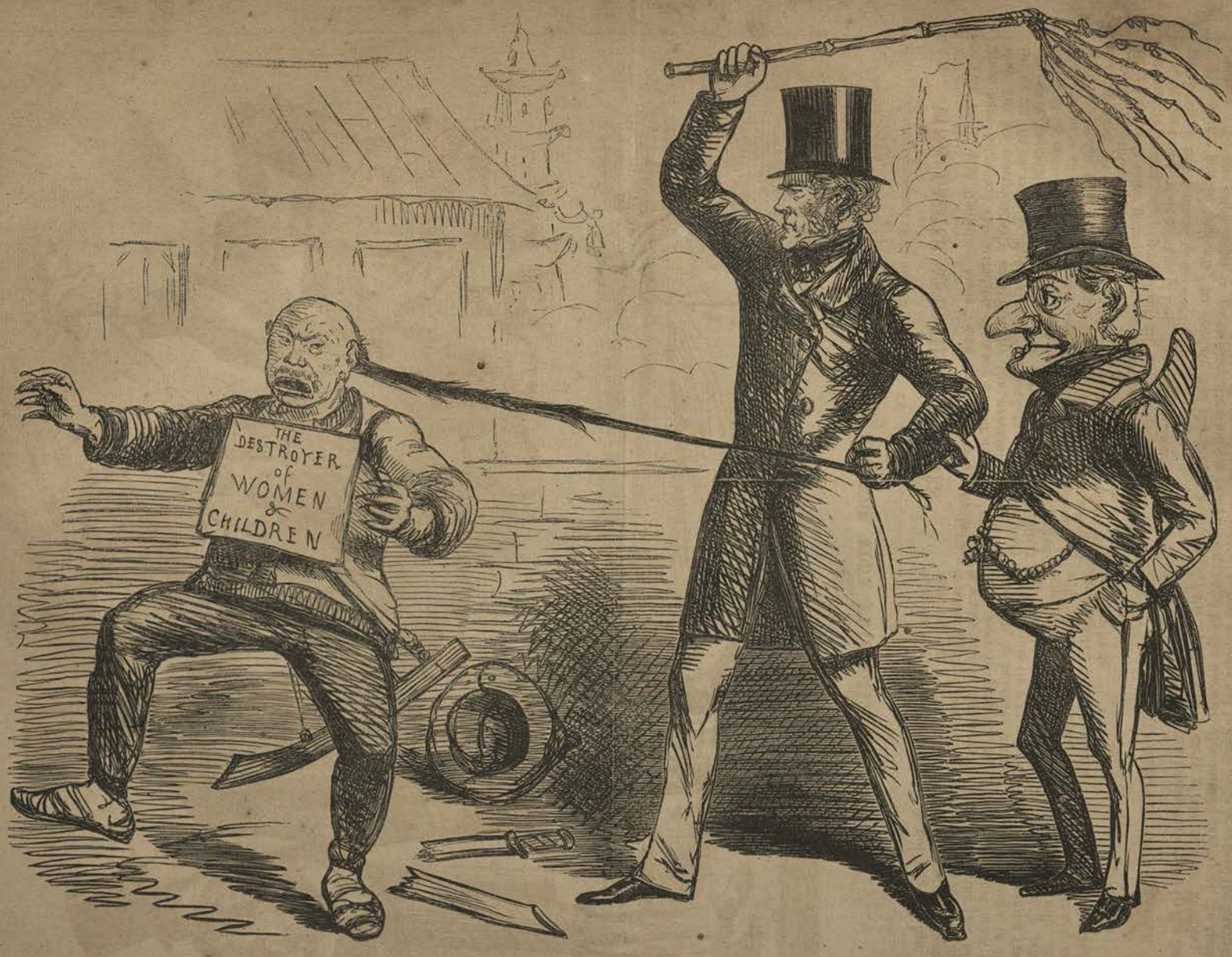
## FINE LADIES AND THEIR TAILORS.

The boots with "military heels" now commonly worn by ladies must have attracted the attention of many of our readers, because they are so conspicuously exhibited by the necessary practice of lifting up the excessively long clothes. The jackets, also of a military character, resembling in design, if not in material, the tunics lately invented for some of the dragoons, must have been likewise remarked. These articles of attire apparently indicate that a certain change is coming over the female character—a tendency towards the masculine. To cap this, we may say, take further the wide-awake hats. The superior education which has of late years been given to woman may be the cause of these phenomena; the higher and harder cultivation of the understanding may express itself in the gentlemanlike boots, the tunics, and the wide-awakes. But the assimilation of ladies to gentlemen is not confined to outward habits.

The softer sex is beginning to emulate the sharper in habits of conduct. To one such habit in particular, attention has been drawn by "An English Clergyman," writing in the *Times*. He states that a celebrated and fashionable dressmaker's establishment in Pall Mall has lately failed by reason that duchesses and other ladies who dealt there would not pay their bills. This is a common trick with fine ladies, and it is a man's trick, a fast man's trick, equivalent to the common dandy's trick of not paying his tailor. Not to pay his tailor—or to pay his tailor—the dandy regards as a high joke. No doubt it is, in its way, capital fun, but it is not ladylike fun. It may be all very well for a duke, but it is unbecoming in a duchess. Moreover, it is the efficient cause of starving needlewomen. This system of tick is worse than *tic dolloureux* to them. It is the tick of a death watch. It is easy to predict the consequences that must result from the adoption, by ladies, in regard to their milliners, of the behaviour of men towards their tailors. We shall have dashing young girls passing the Insolvent Court with fabulous milliner's accounts in their schedules, consisting partly of charges for bills discounted. They will take to billiard-playing and smoking cigars, and we shall see them seated on the counters of tobacconist's shops, kicking their military heels.

## THE TEMPLE AND ITS BAR.

No less than three gentlemen were called to the Bar, the other day, by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; and as many as eight by the likewise Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. Law reform appears not to have quite destroyed the forensic profession—and perhaps it may even survive a Marriage and Divorce Act, which will probably leave it "Breach of Promise" to live upon. It is observable that the Middle Temple called its three new barristers to the degree of the Outer Bar. Hence it will most likely be concluded by many French commentators on English manners and customs that Temple Bar is the British Palace of Justice.




# A LESSON TO JOHN CHINAMAN.

Mr. Punch, "GIVE IT HIM WELL, PAM, WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT!"

## NESTOR AND AGAMEMNON.

In the *Quarterly Review*, No. 202, just published, at the close of a delightful article on English Political Satire, appear the following statements about *Mr. Punch*.

That "the largest part of *Mr. Punch's* fun has always been social." That his work "is a combination of scattered excellences." That "the world never before had a specially comic journal of so much merit, combining social and political matter, and combining also the satire of the pen with the satire of the pencil." That "the talent of Gilray and the talent of Hook are found in it together." That "the *Snob Papers* would not have disgraced the *Tatler*." That "the domestic sketches of Mr. * * * * * are charming little works of art, which it would be libellous to class with caricatures at all." That "the fanciful wit which flavours the writings of Mr. * * * * * * * carries us back to Fuller or Cowley, and is of far rarer growth than the men of past times would have expected in a paper professedly comic and polemic." That "in the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal." That "the decorum which distinguishes *Punch* from the best effusions of the class in olden days belongs as much to the age as the periodical." That "at the worst of times our facetious friend is innocent?" That "the greatest proof of *Punch's* success is the number of its imitators, the *Pasquins*, *Pucks*, *Puppet Shows*, *Squibs*, *Sparks*, *Great Guns*, *Journals for Laughter*, *Joe Millers*, *Mephistophileses*, *Diogeneses*, *Judys*, *Tobys*, *Falstaffs*, *Punchinellos*, all those loose bantlings of the wit of the great city, now no more.

> Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos,
> Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo."*

"Long," adds the *Quarterly Review*, "may *Punch* survive these short-lived offshoots from the parent stem."

*Mr. Punch* is far too much overcome to do more than to acknowledge the strict justice of all that the reviewer has advanced, and say Amen, and to answer the *Quarterly*, reverently, in the words of the King of Men to *Nestor*—

"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise."

* For the information of the railway interest, evangelical bishops, the military, and others supposed to be unacquainted with classical literature, *Mr. Punch* begs to translate.

> "Which at starting were clearly unfit for the race,
> And quietly shut up, in insolvent disgrace."

### Pattern Piety.

Captain Gordon, an earnest Tory, was defeated at Berwick. What of that? Bruised spices give forth the strongest odour. Captain Gordon is a stranger to Berwick; nevertheless Captain Gordon has offered to build a new Church outside the walls at his own expense! "The human mind," says *Doctor Pangloss*, "naturally looks forward." There will come another election; and though a clergyman is not eligible for Parliament, a man may nevertheless seek the House of Commons through the Church.

## ODE TO HUMPHRY BROWN.

What matter, Humphry, if our name
Be sullied with a little shame?
To future times if we go down
With Paul and Co., my Humphry Brown?

The mark of shame no longer
Is now, with red-hot brand,
As when men's nerves were stronger,
Burnt in the rogue's right hand.
Ah! we are gentler to our brothers
Than stern Britons were of yore;
We do not crop or slit each other's
Ears or noses any more.
No scoundrel's spattered visage
The pillory doth frame.
There is no smart, in this age,
No sting involved in shame.
Those whom reproaches only can assail,
Such missiles can endure with patience meek.
Mere empty words are flung by those who rail,
And not full eggs, that really hurt the cheek
Which they saluted with a noisome crash.
No backs are scored by Satire's airy lash.
Hooray! we can't be whipped at the cart's tail.

Oh, joyful mitigation,
Of penal legislation!
Sing whipping, branding, pillory, and stocks,
All, all abolished,
O'erthrown, demolished!
And if a brother's caught, who, like a fox,
Turns out to have been living;
His brethren are forgiving,
Forbearingly regard his depredations,
And judge in mercy of his peculations.
Friends, we have all of us our little failings.
Come, come, ye diddled, hush those noisy wailings.
Ye ruined, check those bitter curses;
And oh, ye bitten, shut not up your purses.
Your trustfulness in man let no fact smother.
We all, at times,
Commit some crimes.
Hope on, and trust, and swindle one another!

Now, meanwhile, Humphry, let us thank
Our stars, and chiefly Mercury,
The planet of the British Bank,
Named from the rascal's deity,
That some are not now at the crank
Grinding, as they deserve to be.
Nor tripping, on uneasy toes,
Upon the tread-mill's steps—as yet.
Nor picking oakum, task for those
Who have picked pockets, fitly set,
The penal servants of the Crown:—
Or where should we be, Humphry Brown?

## THE WICKED SCOTCH SWALLOW.

That old friend and contemporary, the *Dumfries Courier*, states, respecting the swallow, that "this welcome harbinger of summer made his appearance at Dumfries on Sunday." It is to be feared that the publication of this intelligence will be prejudicial to the unfortunate bird, and will perhaps subject it to persecution at the hands of the Scotch Sabbatarians, who, during the ensuing summer, may be pleased to vent their bigotry, and at the same time exercise their marksmanship, as many of them as have any, on the swallow, by shooting it for the sin of appearing at Dumfries on the "Sabbath."

## SNIPPINGS AND CLIPPINGS.

A Critic is always more feared than loved.

When you're beaten, fairly beaten, say it's treachery.

To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception.

Those who fancy that money can do everything are generally prepared to do everything for money.

Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of a man.

Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.

Experience is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on, until after we have caught cold.

Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "A Knave or a Fool?" The majority would be at least 2 to 1 in favour of the Knaves!

**THE LATEST CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.**

## THE WEAVERS, THE DUKE, AND THE DUCHESS.

THE *North British Daily Mail* tells a very pleasant story, very creditable to the DUKE OF ATHOLL, very honourable to certain weavers of Perth. It seems that some of these men last Midsummer visited the DUKE OF ATHOLL'S grounds; when the DUKE, with the courtesy of a true gentleman, attended his visitors through a part of the domain. The summer, autumn, and winter passed; and last week the weavers returned to Dunkeld House, bearing a present of table-linen to the Duchess; an acknowledgment of the Duke's courtesy, a tribute of their own thankfulness. The weavers' present consisted of "some superb specimens of table-linen, consisting of two dinner-cloths of the finest double damask, with napkins to suit, the patterns being wrought with the finest artistic skill." All this speaks well for all parties: and when at Dunkeld House the table is covered with gold and silver, how very prettily will the magnificence of the Duke be set-off and contrasted by the simplicity of the weaver! Rank and wealth can have no surer support than when based upon such workmanship. Such a weavers' table-cloth is made worthy of a Duke's cloth of gold.

## BUBBLE REPUTATION.

IT seems, in spite of all their puffing, that the blowers of the Russian Railway Bubble can't prevent its sinking. Although they have used the very softest of soap, they find that, speaking vulgarly, it will not wash. The only wind raised in England has been an ill one for the scheme, and the breath of public favour has been altogether wanting to it. The Bubble has, in fact, been already so much "blown upon" that it can't be far from bursting; and unless they somehow wash their hands of it, the capitalists who are said to have subscribed for Shares will not be better off for soap for having done so.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF CONVOCATION.—Bosh.

## SIR CHARLES NAPIER AT SEA.

THAT remarkable man, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in that remarkable work of his, *The History of the Baltic Campaign of* 1854, has done his best to overawe us with his pictures of the military and naval strength of Russia, which he paints in what we cannot quite believe to be true colours. We suspect, indeed, SIR CHARLES is painting in distemper—the distemper being that of a jaundiced disposition, which suffers from the fancy that its owner's talents have been slighted, and that he in due course has become a blighted being. That many of the inferences which he has drawn from what was shown him in his visit to St. Petersburg may fairly be regarded as drawings of the long bow, we could quote passages abundantly to prove; but as we have not quite so much space at our command as SIR CHARLES NAPIER, whose history of six months is spun into a yarn that covers full 600 pages, we must restrict our scissors to a single snip. Speaking of the monetary power of the country, which he, of course, infers should be to us a monitory one, SIR CHARLES puts forward his opinion that—

"So long as Russia possesses a paper-making machine and a printing-press, she cannot want money. The paper rouble issued by the Government has precisely the same value as the silver rouble."

This estimate of the strength of the Russian sinews of war, appears to us as coming it a little too strong. SIR CHARLES might with equal truth imagine that we none of us can ever be in want of money so long as we can sign a cheque: no matter if our bankers will honour it or not. Of course, too, were the principle a sound one, it would apply to other countries as well as to Russia; so that no peculiar advantage would be gained to her by acting on it. In war, as in law, the side which has the longest purse generally wins: and did a paper-mill and printing-press suffice to pay a nation's debts, that country would be victor which could print the fastest.

It is pretty evident SIR CHARLES has somewhat flimsy notions on the subject of bank-notes, if he fancies that a paper currency is in need of no support from the metallic one which everywhere is co-existing with it. We cannot help thinking that the passage we have quoted betrays such a shallow knowledge of finance, that before he again ventures so much out of his depth, we would advise SIR CHARLES to take a course of lectures from some junior bank-clerk. At present he appears to be so thoroughly at sea upon the subject, that we think his tales about the monetary strength of Russia would find a fitter audience if told to the marines.

## ELECTION OF SPEAKER.

VERY imperfect and, in fact, altogether fictitious account of the Election of the Speaker has gone through the papers. The real story of the ceremony is as follows:—

LORD H. VANE rose and proposed that MR. EVELYN DENISON should be weighed for the office of Speaker.

MR. THORNELEY moved that MR. EVELYN DENISON should be measured for that function. These motions were seconded and carried.

A weighing-machine being already prepared, MR. DENISON sat down, and was found to be of the requisite parliamentary weight for Speaker.

The height of the Honourable Gentleman was next taken by the Usher of the Black Rod, and declared to be of the standard altitude.

After a short pause, there being no other candidate proposed, MR. DENISON was led to the foot of the Chair by his seconder and proposer.

The Honourable Gentleman, having made a suitable speech, sat down; the mace being laid before him.

### Cough No More!

WE are glad to hear that our little pet, PICCOLOMINI, has taken advice equivalent to Cod Liver Oil; insomuch that she has got rid of the Consumptive Cough which she last year laboured under, in personating *La Traviata* at the Opera House. We congratulate the accomplished young vocalist on her relief from a distressing symptom, which is, perhaps, not more troublesome to the patient than it is to the patient's hearers.

## THE ADMIRALTY AT SEA AGAIN.

THERE is nothing surprising to us in the intelligence that certain of the troops whom there was such a hurry to embark for China, have met with a second stoppage *in transitu*, the bad ship *Transit* having put in at Corunna, we are told, "in deep distress." The first tale of this tub informed us how, soon after starting, she very nearly foundered on the fluke of her own anchor, and only just reached port in time to save her crew from swimming; and now we learn that two days in the Bay of Biscay have so thoroughly disabled her that "if she weathers the Cape she will deceive all on board, both soldiers and blue jackets." The same writer adds, dating from the ship:—

"You may think what she must be when I tell you for a truth that there are not one dozen men (troops) on board with a dry hammock, every seam in her deck letting in water."

We may reasonably expect our soldiers to stand fire, but it is not quite so reasonable for the Admiralty to rely that they are able to stand water; and unless these seams be stopped, we shall hear that many of our men have been completely sewn up with them. Of course if they continue sleeping in wet hammocks, they cannot long escape the chills which even regimental flesh is heir to; and in ague and rheumatism they will be attacked by enemies by far more to be feared than the Chinese, and such as are of all most sure to leave them crippled. So that when they reach Hong Kong all they will be fit for will be to be sent home again as candidates for Chelsea.

Now, these breakdowns of the *Transit* cannot be excused upon the plea of being accidents. There has been in fact such distinct forewarning of them, that in strictness their occurrence can be hardly called fortuitous. Any heads less ligneous than those which constitute an Admiralty board must have been penetrated, by what happened on that mournful day a twelvemonth since, with the conviction that the *Transit* was in speed a tug of war in which transition was impossible, and that she would constantly belie her name until she make, some day or other, a transit to the bottom. That she should therefore be selected to convey our troops to China, it was as easy to have prophesied as it would be to predict that, if she be allowed to make another start, there will follow to a certainty more working at her pumps; in which case there will be entailed on *Mr. Punch* more working of the Pumps in the precincts of Whitehall, which are so much out of gear that they continually want leathering.

## THE TWO PEDESTALS.

GRATTAN has arrived, but there still remain in St. Stephen's Hall two vacant pedestals, only ten statues being erected. Surely, a very good use might be made of these pedestals. Why should they remain vacant? Why should they not, for at least a part of the day, be duly occupied? It is only a little to anticipate history—nothing more. There can be no doubt that, in due time, MR. COBDEN will have a statue; so will MR. BRIGHT; so will MR. MILNER GIBSON, if at his own expense he erects one to his own memory. MR. FREDERICK PEEL was meant by nature for a bit of stone; and he, no doubt in the fulness of time, will have a statue. Why, then, should not these pedestals be occupied by these gentlemen and others of the rejected in turn? Denied a seat, at least they may be allowed to stand.

MR. COBDEN is on one pedestal, MR. MILNER GIBSON is on another. How old friends gather about them; how they discuss the measure of the time; and how, though out of the House, they make themselves spiritually felt within! Another day, and may it be an early one, we have JOHN BRIGHT on the pedestal, JOHN BRIGHT strengthened and animated by Southern air. There is a new dignity in BRIGHT'S aspect and bearing. And wherefore? BRIGHT has suffered man's ingratitude; a suffering we hold to be vitally necessary to the perfection of the heroic character. What imparts a gloomy majesty to DANTE, but the ingratitude of the Florentines. What, as we see them, gives to the chains of COLUMBUS the brightness of sunbeams, but the ingratitude of Spain. Once upon a time OLIVER CROMWELL felt a touch of ingratitude from his otherwise faithful Commons; for THOMAS CARLYLE tells us that he, OLIVER, "sat down with the mingled look of an injured dove and the couchant lion;" a look, no doubt, not to be painted by any ink soever, and a look, as it appears to us, extremely difficult to be rendered by the human eye divine, doves and lions not coming together very kindly. However, there can be no doubt—for CARLYLE avouches it—that CROMWELL once flashed a look after this sort, and some such look, tempered somewhat, we may expect from JOHN BRIGHT when, mounted on the pedestal, he is greeted by his friends.

MR. LAYARD, it is hoped, will now and then mount one of the pedestals, and give his sentiments upon Persia; they may be used for the benefit of the House, though for awhile—and only for a while, we hope—he is denied a seat therein.

When the Education Bill comes on, we earnestly hope that MR. W. J. FOX will be found upon one of the pedestals that he may impart his sentiments on the measure; in this way, he may still vote; in this way, his wisdom and moderation may still assert their Parliamentary influence.

Now, we do earnestly hope that these two pedestals will not remain unoccupied. There are so many excellent men deserving to stand upon them outside until duly invited to take a seat within.

## PROTECTION FROM PETTICOATS.

THERE is a smack of penny-a-linerism about the following paragraph, which we quote from the *Daily News* of the 22nd ult., but the incident it chronicles appears so extremely likely to take place that our comments may be fairly made as though it really had done so.

"DANGER OF CRINOLINE.—On Wednesday afternoon, a servant was crossing the Wellington Bridge, Dover, with one child in her arms, and another by her side, when two ladies, magnified by Crinoline, rustled past, and actually swept the little toddler into the water."

If this statement be relied on (and we can see no reason why it shouldn't, save that at the date of its insertion the House of Commons had not met, and it is when Parliament is not sitting that the invention of the "liner" is most called into play), we think the circumstance related should at once be brought before the notice of the Royal Humane Society, with the view that proper means of rescue be devised to be at hand in case of its recurrence. If ladies will persist in coming out such swells, and will suffer no curtailment of their perilous proportions, every father will agree with us that measures must be taken to ensure more efficiently the safety of our children: or they will probably ere long be so swept off, that Crinoline will seriously affect the infant census.

As the season for the seaside is again approaching, the hoop petticoat may prove as fatal as the hooping-cough, and Dover Bridge become a second Bridge of Sighs, so many "little toddlers" may be daily sighed for under it. Were Government Inspectors of Crinoline appointed, and no dress permitted of unsafe circumference, there perhaps would be less danger of infanticide resulting; or if this be found impracticable (and what more than Monster would undertake the Scissorship?) we would suggest that, in future, ladies visiting a watering-place should not be suffered to walk out in the present width of fashion, unless provided, like a steam-boat, with swimming-corks or life-preservers, wherewith to save the children they might sweep off by their contact. Or if toy-balloons were used for the inflation of their petticoats, the encumbrance of the life-corks perhaps might be dispensed with; for the balloons might easily be made detachable, and would doubtless keep a child from drowning until some one arrived with a fishing-rod and landing-net.

## A MILITARY TAILOR.

THERE seems to be some mystery in the subjoined advertisement:—

MR. MILES and the 16*s.* TROUSERS. The Trousers originated by him are patent to the world for their Elasticity, Durability, and Superior Cut.

The mystery seems to lie in the name MILES. Is this word monosyllabic, and English, or is it dissyllabic and Latin? In the latter case does MILES mean common soldier, or Illustrious Field Marshal, distinguished for invention in the Army clothing line.

### Tittle-Tattle at the Tittle-Tattler's Club.

*Tittle.* I say, do you know FRED PEEL talks of going over to Australia, or America, or somewhere, to hide his discomfiture?

*Tattle.* Nonsense! Well, if he does, you see he'll hire the Monster Ship at Blackwall, and go over all by himself. It won't be any too big for FRED!

OPPOSITION FORCES.

MR. DISRAELI is about to deliver a lecture in answer to PROFESSOR FARADAY'S *On the Conservation of Forces*. By the kindness of a certain "party," he will be enabled to give some startling facts *On the Conservatism of Weakness*, which will indisputably prove, as sure as PALMERSTON is of a majority, the extreme *Weakness of Conservatism*.

## A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

*Mamma.* "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

*Shocking Boy.* "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"

## DANCING MAD.

A LITTLE Pamphlet has lately been published under the following apparently jocose title:—*The Homœopathic Principle applied to Insanity. A Proposal to treat Lunacy by Spiritualism.* This work is, however, written in perfect seriousness. It gravely propounds a scheme for the cure of Insanity, on the principle that like cures like, by subjecting the lunatic to spiritual agency. How it proposes to accomplish this seemingly rather difficult matter, the reader may not care to know; but perhaps the idea of infinitesimal doses of spiritualism may somewhat puzzle him. Nothing, however, is said in the pamphlet about these; but if spiritualism is nothing at all, any dose of it must be even less than infinitesimal. Curiously enough, just after the appearance of this tract, out came the *Quarterly* with an article on *Lunatic Asylums*, wherein it appears that Dancing is now extensively employed as a remedial exercise in Insanity. Now, as no sane man ever dances,* except upon the stage, or in playing the fool elsewhere, or for the purpose of rendering himself agreeable to female society, is it not probable that dancing does—as spiritualism, according to the work above cited, may—cure Insanity on the principle that like cures like?

* Our Contributor has a wooden leg.—ED.

### Musical Intelligence.

MR. GLADSTONE has for some time past been busy concocting with MR. DISRAELI a new *Cabal-letta*, upon which they intend trying their own voices, as well as the voices of their small musical party, as soon as Parliament opens.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

1857, *April 30th, Thursday.* The QUEEN sent a message to the new Commons, desiring them to choose a Speaker. LORD PALMERSTON having already chosen one for them, was graciously pleased to permit JOHN EVELYN DENISON, ESQUIRE, of Ossington in Nottinghamshire, and member for North Notts, to be put into nomination. His Lordship was rather late in his attendance, and MR. ROEBUCK, in *Mr. Punch's* hearing, somewhat impatiently demanded why business did not proceed, to which SIR JAMES GRAHAM slily responded, that "they were waiting for the DICTATOR," a sarcasm which it is supposed LORD PALMERSTON may manage to survive. The new Speaker was proposed by a namesake and descendant of the person from whom one MR. O. CROMWELL uncivilly prayed that "the LORD would deliver him," namely, LORD HARRY VANE, and was seconded by MR. THORNELY, a retired Liverpool merchant, who drops his aitches. The latter introduced a protest against the long speeches in the House of Commons, and begged that the leading members would begin their orations early in the night. He might as well expect a favourite theatrical buffoon to consent to begin grinning at an hour of the evening when the best part of the audience has not arrived.

MR. DENISON made a neat little speech, placing himself in the hands of the House, which hands unanimously lifted him into the seat vacated by the LORD EVERSLEY. The Dictator then congratulated him, as did MR. WALPOLE, from whom the congratulations came the more gracefully that the honourable gentleman had been himself a good deal talked about as a very proper candidate for the Speakership. MR. DISRAELI was not present, owing, it was said, to his having been misled as to the hour of election. MR. HAYTER, the Liberal whipper-in, had mentioned four o'clock as the time, but as it scarcely came within his duties to whip in the leader of opposition, and as moreover MR. DISRAELI is generally supposed to be in the habit of knowing what o'clock it is as well as most folks, it is charitable to believe that he wished to give MR. WALPOLE the chance of doing a pleasant thing. MR. SPEAKER DENISON thanked the House, and adjourned it.

*Friday, and Saturday.* Lords and Commons swearing. LORD EVERSLEY, in splendid baronial array, has been duly enrolled a member of the hereditary chamber. He chose as godfathers to introduce him, LORD COMBERMERE and LORD TORRINGTON, the former of whom was celebrated, and the latter notorious, for his conduct in the East.

## LA CLEMENZA DI BOMBA.

BECAUSE BOMBA has been kind to the POPE, kisses the toe of his Holiness, and venerates the chemical preparation which the Neapolitan clergy contrive to fuse under the denomination of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS, the Roman Catholic Newspapers generally, if not universally, take the part of the modern TIBERIUS, and applaud, defend, or palliate his acts and deeds. Thus writes from Naples the *Tablet's* "Own Correspondent:"—

"With regard to the treatment of POERIO and the other political prisoners, you may rely upon the following statement being correct. A friend of mine, an officer, who some little time ago was on duty at Montesarchio where POERIO is confined, tells me that he has frequently been obliged to put up with the very sorry fare which that village affords, when under his very eyes cases of champagne and other luxuries were being carried into the castle for the use of the prisoners. This is, indeed, quite in accordance with the express orders of the King, who had given particular instructions that everything should be furnished to the prisoners that they might wish and could pay for, the only thing prohibited being the sending out of letters."

This statement is likely enough to be quite correct. Very probably the author heard that BOMBA had given the orders to which he alludes. Such a story may well be conceived to have been given out by the monarch's police. In conformity therewith, cases, apparently of champagne, and other luxuries, may, doubtless, have been carried, in the public view, into the castle. Whether they were *bonâ fide* cases of champagne and other luxuries or not, and if they were, who consumed them—the prisoners, or their gaolers and torturers—may, indeed, be questioned. This question would have been set at rest by the letters of the prisoners, if they had been allowed to send any out. We entirely believe that BOMBA prohibited them from doing any such thing; and thus believe the above statement from beginning to end—the end especially.

### Brown's Testimonial.

IT is not yet generally known what kind of candles MR. HUMPHRY BROWN will burn in the candelabrum that his admirers presented to him at Tewkesbury. However, we can take it upon ourselves to say, that the candles in question will be neither plebeian tallow, nor patrician wax, but simply composition—in fact, nothing short of the *composition* that has been paid over by the shareholders of the British Bank, but which MR. HUMPHRY BROWN will try his best to see if he cannot make light of.

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## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 3.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! SHE'S AT HOME!

"MR. PUNCH,—What holds Society together? Mutual services, acts of kindness done in moments of need or sorrow, self-interest, the pleasure of conversation, the love of scandal, weariness of ourselves, enjoyment of the company of others, or mere instinctive gregariousness?

"None of these, so far as I can gather from my experiences as a married man, and a London householder. Society here seems to me to be built up of pasteboard—a veritable house of cards.

"Nine-tenths of the social intercourse of this Metropolis appears to be carried on either as a solemn and costly ceremonial, or as a dreary penance.

"Dinners, routs, balls, breakfasts—wedding and others—belong to the first, or ceremonial order of social rites.

"Calling is the principal form of social penance. It is against this penance I wish to pour out my feelings.

"It is only married men who know at what cost of time, money, and temper this penance is performed. A bachelor's calls are seldom penal. Your bachelor, if he ever makes calls, does it because he likes it. What more natural than that JACK EASY, on his stroll from the Club to the Park, should drop in of an afternoon on pretty MRS. BELLAIRS in May Fair? The chances are ten to one he will find MRS. BELLAIRS at home, for he knows her hours, and wants to see her. And as he is certain to come in for a bright face, a pretty morning-dress, an elegant little boudoir, and a lively half-hour's gossip—with perhaps a cup of tea, at the end of it—JACK has treated himself to a pleasure. He called with that object. MRS. BELLAIRS will have half-a-dozen such calls, this afternoon, most of them from her male acquaintance. The ladies purse their lips, when MRS. BELLAIRS is mentioned. She is too agreeable. She has flung off the ceremonies, and refuses to perform the penances of society. Her dinners are unpretending and proportioned to her kitchen and her establishment. She does not swell her household with green-grocers, or have her *entrées* from the pastry-cook's. When you call, as I have said, you find her at home. She has arranged her house and ways for enjoyment, and not as if for the discharge of a painful duty. Hence, perhaps, the undeniable fact that she counts, in her circle, three bachelors for one wedded-pair. The married couples you *do* meet at her house are apt to be young ones, and of the unceremonious or off-hand kind, who take life as if it concerned themselves more than their neighbours.

"Women, too, have their non-penal calls. When two young ladies for example,—dear friends,—meet to exchange patterns or experiences—to talk over the triumphs and trials of last night's ball,—to compare notes as to husbands, and house-keeping—to bewail the backslidings of butlers, the contrariness of cooks, or the high-flyings of housemaids, I do not doubt that they really enjoy themselves. I can readily imagine two vicious old maids, keenly relishing a good 'go-in' at the reputation or circumstances of their friends. I can conceive their bitter pleasure in tearing to pieces some fair young fame—or in routing out some grim skeleton from its closet in the house of a common acquaintance; or in letting loose from its bag some cat, likely to run about freely, and to bite and scratch a great many people in the neighbourhood.

"There is enjoyment in a call on an artist in his studio, provided you know him well enough to rummage his portfolios, or turn his canvases from the wall while he continues at work. Unless you are on these terms with him, you have no business to interrupt an artist, except on invitation, and on ceremonial or penal occasions; as, for instance, when PODGERS A.R.A. has expressed in writing the pleasure it will give him to see you for inspection of his pictures intended for the Academy on the 3rd, 4th, or 5th of April. *That* is one of the penal performances. If you go, you must make one of a shoal of people, who flock into the place on each other's heels the whole day through, most of them knowing nothing of Art. The few who do, are debarred by politeness from speaking their mind on the works before them, where they cannot honestly approve, but they are all pouring out the same commonplaces of compliment to PODGERS's face, and venturing on 'shys' of criticism whenever the poor man's back is turned, while poor PODGERS is beaming about, full of himself, feeding on honey and butter, and believing all the compliments sincere in spite of his better judgment—so sweet is praise—till the *Times* comes out, the day after the Private View, and omits all mention of PODGERS, or damns him with faint praise, or cuts him up, perhaps, root and branch.

"But the real penance of penances is that social performance called 'leaving cards.' Every day, when I come home from my office, I find my hall-table littered with these pieces of pasteboard. There is a physiognomy about them. Take the newly-married card, for instance, on which MR. and MRS. COOBIDDY always figure in couples, a sort of

connubial four-poster among the pack; or CAPTAIN BLUNDERBORE'S card—the most tiny and lady-like square of glazed paste-board, with letters so small, they almost require the help of a magnifying glass to make them out; or LADY MANGELWURZEL'S solid and substantial ticket, heavy as her ladyship's jointure, the letters square as her bank-account, and as firmly impressed on the paper as her ladyship's dignity and importance on her mind. Here is the pasteboard representative of lively MRS. MARABOUT—limp, light, spider-charactered, engraved in Paris; and here mediævally-minded MR. PYXON has stamped himself in Gothic characters as difficult to decipher as the directions to strangers in the New Houses of Parliament.

"But what is the meaning of this pack of pasteboard from the JUGGERNAUTS? Why has MR. JUGGERNAUT left two cards, and MRS. JUGGERNAUT two cards, and MISS JUGGERNAUT two cards, and MR. FREDERICK JUGGERNAUT two cards? And why are they all turned up at one corner? The JUGGERNAUTS are the most determined doers of social penance I know. This shower of cards is meant to represent a visit from every individual member of their family to every individual member of mine. Well, if it have saved us from an infliction of the JUGGERNAUTS in person, let us be thankful. These paste-board proxies are blessed inventions, after all. There could be only one thing better. To get rid of the printed paste-board—even as we have got rid of the human buckram it represents. Why call upon each other—O my brethren and sisters—you who bore me—you whom I bore—even in paste-board? Why not drop it altogether—and live apart? People who care for each other will find time and opportunity to meet, I will answer for it. Why should those who do not pine in a self-inflicted and superfluous suffering? Think what you are exposing yourselves and me to. I or my wife might be at home when you call. We might all have to endure half-an-hour of each other—a constrained, unhappy half-hour, of baffled attempts at keeping our mask from slipping on one side, and showing the yawns, and flat melancholy behind them.

"Then this penance is not merely painful in itself. It costs time and money.

"One morning in every three weeks or so, I find my wife at her writing-table, struggling with the Red-book and the Map of London. She is making out her lists of calls, she tells me. These lists are in duplicate. One is for her own guidance, the other for the driver of the Brougham, which is hired for the day's penance. There is a sovereign for *that*, including the tip to the driver. Of course, she can't be expected to make her calls in a cab.

"I once, out of curiosity, accompanied my unhappy wife on one of these penal rounds of hers. I never saw more suffering, of various kinds, condensed into six hours. First, there is the consideration of the *route*—by what line the greatest number of calls could be got through in the least time, with the greatest economy of ground. This settled with the driver, begins the painful process itself, in Tyburnia—let us say—or Belgravia, or the regions around Bedford Square—if one dare own to acquaintances in that quarter,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

"You reach No. 1 on your list: a pull at the check-string: ten to one the driver has overshot the door: he turns round: descends: knocks: the door is opened: 'MRS. HARRIS not at home'—of course: your cards are dropped: drive on to No. 2: driver has a difficulty about the street: this you discuss and finally settle with him through the front window: drive a hundred yards: check-string again: knock: door opened: not at home: card dropped as before: then on to No. 3: and so the weary routine goes on from one o'clock till six. Of course, there are episodes of peculiar dreariness. Sometimes MRS. HARRIS is at home, and being at home, has neglected to say that she is not. If you have rashly asked the formal question, you must go in, and the paste-board performance is turned into the real penance of a *bonâ-fide* call. Or your coachman is stupid, and keeps turning up wrong streets: or cannot read, and invariably stops at the wrong numbers: or is obstinate, and has a theory of his own as to the order in which the houses on your list are to be taken, and so forth.

"The worst of all, as I have already said, is when the people called upon happen to be at home. This chance has to be faced at every house, and adds seriously to the day's unhappiness. I shall not soon forget my wife's face of consternation when, on dropping her cards at the address of our dreary old friend, MRS. BOREHAM, who is at once deaf, curious, and ill-natured—the servant who took the cards, instead of shutting the door as usual, advanced to the carriage—'Good Gracious!' exclaimed my wife, in a voice of dismay, 'She 's at home!'

"'MRS. BOREHAM at home?' she inquired the next moment, with the blandest smile.

"'No, Ma'am,' was the answer; 'but she told me to say, if you called, she was going to Brighton for a month.'

"'God bless her!' rapped out my wife. The footman thought the ejaculation one of pious affection. Under this impression he might well look astonished. Had he understood the words in their true sense—as an utterance of thankfulness that his mistress was out of the way,—he would, probably, have said 'Amen,' for MRS. B 's hand is heavy on her household. I have never joined my wife in a day of calling-penance since that morning. But I am always paying bills for packs of cards, and the Brougham forms a serious item in our quarterly accounts.

"But after all it is not so much the waste of money and time that irritates one as the hollowness of the business. If these lying paste-boards must be deposited, why not despatch them by post, like tradesmen's circulars? I hear that some fine ladies *do* send round their maids on this penance. I applaud them for it. I have serious thoughts of insisting on my wife's employing the crossing-sweeper—who does our confidential errands extraordinary—to deliver her cards. He is a most trustworthy man, and would be thankful for the day's work, for which he might be fitted out respectably in one of my old suits.

"This Groan, I feel, ought by rights to have come not from me, but from my wife. It is the poor women especially who have to do *this* penance. But we men suffer from it in twenty ways, besides the direct ones of money out of pocket, and a wife's time abstracted from home and home duties. The huge lie it embodies works all through society. This paste-board acquaintance invites and is invited. To it I owe the splendid dulness of many dinners every season—the heat and weariness of many crushes under the name of drums, routs, concerts, and so forth—the necessity of bowing and smiling to, and professing a sort of interest in the concerns of hundreds of people I don't care a rap for. Thanks to it, in short, I perform an uncounted number of journeys in that prison-van I have already alluded to, in whose stifling cells we most of us pass so much of our unhappy lives, on our way, self-condemned that we are, to hard labour on the Social Tread-mill.

"When shall we have the courage to put down this instrument of torture, as we have had the good sense to abolish its infinitely less heart-breaking prison-equivalent?

"I am, *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours, respectfully,

"A SUFFERER."

## LEGAL NEWS.

(*From the "Law Times."*)

WATERLOO BRIDGE has been seized—taken in execution for taxes. When we heard this, we feared that it must always remain in captivity, for that noble and solid structure never evinced the least inclination to settle. However, the matter was arranged, and an action for trespass is to be brought; for though there could be no objection to the bailiffs or any one else laying hold of the balustrades, the piers are privileged from arrest. There is difficulty about the form of proceeding, for one end of the bridge abuts on Surrey, which would seem to indicate a plea of Surrebutter as the remedy, while the general nature of the case points to the Court of the Arches. The passengers who were on the bridge at the time of its seizure, were taken as live-stock, but have, we understand, been replevied, except MR. WM. WILLIAMS, M.P., who was crossing, and who insisted upon being taken at a valuation, which, being his own, was found so exorbitant, that no terms could be come to, and at a late hour of the night the honourable member was swopped for a donkey, which a respectable costermonger was riding, a bargain conceived to be so beneficial to the bridge owners, that the gain on this transaction alone will defray all the expense of the trial at law.

### Wordy and Verdi.

A MUSICAL purist says:—"We have already had VERDI'S music without the words, but I think if we could now have a Concert of VERDI'S *words without the music*, that it would be much more popular, and infinitely more musical, of the two!" We all know the Mawworm-like love that Exeter Hall cherishes for unpopularity, or else that Temple of Hypocrisy would take a few concerted measures to carry out the above notion.

### "SEQUITURQUE NELSON HAUD PASSIBUS *ÆQUIS*."

ADMIRAL HORATIO NELSON (of the Nile) in one of his last letters on shore, says, in reference to tactics, "I always endeavour to inculcate the doctrine—Get Close." ADMIRAL CHARLES NAPIER (of Southwark) in laudable compliance with this injunction, has got so close that, according to certain complainants in the police court, he won't even pay for his election cabs.

### Thereby Hangs a Tail.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has transferred its Whig fealty from JOHN RUSSELL to PALMERSTON. This is not fickleness, but mere trade competition. The *Quarterly*, last time, had a good article on Rats, which was applauded, so now the *Edinburgh* comes out all Rat.

## THE NEW MEMBERS' GUIDE TO PARLIAMENT.

O a retired and much respected ex-M.P.—a gentleman who adorned the benches of St. Stephens for nearly half-a-century—we are obliged for the following hints on Parliamentary etiquette, that may be very useful in the present session, when so many gentlemen for the first time, find themselves law-makers.

It is not allowed to enter the House with a cigar in your mouth. A point was once raised to try the question of tobacco by CORNELIUS O'LIFFEY, who passed the Speaker with a short pipe, and was taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms for unconstitutional smoking. He passed the remainder of the session in the Tower in ease, contempt, and defiance of his creditors.

Dogs are not admitted, whether muzzled or in a string. An honourable member had to beg pardon of the honourable assembly for bringing with him a wire-haired terrier; he apologised by stating, that he had brought the dog for a laudable purpose, having observed that the honourable House was much infested by rats.

It is permitted to sleep in your seat, but not even to dream that the House of Commons is a House of the People.

Practical jokes are forbidden. With every facility to pick the public purse, it is not to be borne that you are, for any purpose whatever, to put your hand in your neighbour's pocket. Honest, straightforward political warfare is laudable, but nothing could be more dastardly than the conduct of the Honourable Member for ——, who in a late session signalised the coat-tails of MR. FREDERICK PEEL, by appending thereto a—muff.

Porter in the pewter is not allowed; but, if quietly and judiciously effected, there is no rule against any Honourable Member blowing out the brains he may have with a pocket-pistol.

Too much respect cannot be exacted for MR. SPEAKER. Hence, it is considered coarse and unmannerly to disturb him in his wholesome slumbers. Though, from his official urbanity, he may be now and then expected to "be pleased with a feather," he is, under no pretence whatever, while asleep, to be "tickled with a straw."

Oranges to any extent may be consumed; but it is to be hoped that the example of the late Member for ——, will not be followed; who, to show his contempt for civil and religious liberty during a debate on the Jews' Disabilities Bill, entered the House with a net full of lemons. True wit is always welcome in the House of Commons, but nothing could be more coarse or shallow than the conduct of the late Member for ——, who, during the Jews' debate, placed three hats upon the venerable head of MR. SPOONER.

Any Member is liable to be taken into custody who strews the floor of the House with detonating balls; as in no case, when it can be helped, is a Member to be more distinguished for noise than sense.

There is no standing order against the custom, but it is not thought polite to play at cup-and-ball on the back benches; or during the Chancellor of the Exchequer's exposition of his Budget, to blow bubbles of soap-and-water.

### Inscrutable.

THE mystery of the following advertisement is so utterly unfathomable, that in the blankest despair we resign all attempt at solution:—

TO obtain Delicate Pork and New Laid Eggs every day, feed your fowls and pigs on Fresh Graves.

Is—are—do—fowls—or—but no—pork from fowls—eggs from pigs—graves—Ghouls—No!—we give the whole thing up. These are strange times, brethren!

## TRAGEDY IN FLEET STREET.

THERE will be some fearful work at the approaching quarterly meeting when the Licensed Witlers edit the editor of their paper, the *Morning Advertiser*. That remarkable journal has always foamed, like a full pot of newly-drawn ale, against Popery and Puseyism, though, by a curious paradox, the *Tiser's* Protestantism has usually seemed without a Head to it. But that zeal which is not according to knowledge, especially the knowledge of the classic languages, sometimes leads people into difficulties, and the *Advertiser's* Random Recollections of the Greek Alphabet have been so random as to help the journal into one of the most unseemly scrapes on record.

A ludicrous theory advanced by one of the gushing writers in the *Tiser*, and intended to bring certain Puseyite practices into contempt, excited the malice of "some persons unknown," but supposed to be clerical contributors to the *Saturday Review*. They sent the editor of the *Tiser*, in support of his view, a series of letters, in which mock authorities were paraded, mock references given, and at last, the innocent organ of Bungdom unsuspectingly inserting the wicked epistles, the victimisers finished off with an Italian's communication of a passage in Greek, "erroneously attributed to ATHENÆUS." Schoolboys, until birched for their irreverence, have a habit of chanting a lay setting forth that

"NEBUCHADNEZZAR,
The King of the Jews,
Had three pair of stockings,
And four pair of shoes."

The *Saturday Review* (which possibly knows better than anybody else) thinks that this verse, or one of its variations, suggested the Greek quotation erroneously attributed to ATHENÆUS; but be this upon the conscience of the reverend hoaxers. The *Advertiser* gave in its best type the Greek thus supposed to be suggested, and which was advanced as an anti-Puseyite argument. There it stands, in the journal, and we have not even heard that this time the proprietors have sought to efface the memorial of a *bêtise* by buying up the copies in circulation.

What will the quarterly meeting of Witlers say to this? *Mr. Punch* recommends an action against the *Saturday Review*, which has reprinted the whole set of letters with the most mischievous care, and thereby brought the victimisation, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom, under the notice of educated readers. The Greek was very good Greek for the public-house—accents, and breathings, and circumflexes, all elegantly laid on; but the *Advertiser* claims influence with members of Parliament and others who have been at College, and the paper's weight with the Governing Classes must be sadly injured by this exposure. We think there is a clear case against the *Saturday Review*, and strongly recommend immediate proceedings. The helplessness of the injured party adds to the cruelty; to say nothing of the ingratitude of thus treating a journal which, by its own admission, has saved the country at least nineteen times up to the end of last week.

## KILLING TIME BY INCHES.

THE subjoined interesting case is extracted from the Law Report of the *Times*:—

"GORRISEN *v.* PERRIN."

"This case, the argument in which has partly occupied four days, was concluded to-day. The question raised was what was the meaning, in a contract, of 'a bale of gambier.' MR. WILDE, Q.C., and MR. BLACKBURN, were heard in support of the rule for a new trial obtained by MR. SERJEANT BYLES, with whom was MR. HONEYMAN.

"The argument occupied nearly the whole day.

"The COURT took time to consider its judgment."

What a bale is, most people know, but few, probably, have any idea of what gambier is, nor would care to have any, if they thought that counsel would take four days to explain the nature of that article to them, and that they themselves would have to take an indefinite time afterwards to consider the explanation. The case was argued before the Court of Common Pleas. If the prolix argument maintained in GORRISEN *v.* PERRIN, is a common kind of plea, the unhappy Court, to which such pleas are common, is deserving of the utmost compassion.

### Editors who have Seen the World.

THE Grand DUKE CONSTANTINE has brought with him to Paris editors of the principal newspapers at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa. By the orders of the EMPEROR they have been placed in the office of the *Moniteur*, and are under due tuition, making very great progress backwards. A little more and they will step into chaos.

*Mamma.* "WHY, TOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NASTY DUST-PAN AND BROOM?"

*Tom.* "BROTHER FRED TOLD ME TO BRING IT IN AND SWEEP UP ALL THE H'S MRS. MOPUS HAD DROPPED ABOUT!"—(*N.B. Great Expectations from Mrs. M.*)

## HOPE FOR THE NEAPOLITANS.

THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND, moving the Address, said among other things—

"Although it was dreadful to contemplate the infamous barbarities which were committed in Naples, the people of this country could only look on, and trust that Providence might see fit, in its own good time, to restrain the excesses of the Neapolitan Government."

A trust in Providence is, doubtless, religious; pious. "Hope," said COLERIDGE, and he never said a finer thing, "is a duty;" but action is no less a duty. If the MARQUESS TOWNSHEND had a dear friend smitten with a fever, shivering with an ague fit, it would of course be his duty to trust for his friend's restoration to health to the beneficence of Providence; but nevertheless, we take it, he would not fail to send for the doctor; who might administer pills, powders, and quinine. Now, we take it that when we withdrew our Ambassador, the Neapolitans expected of us something more in their favour than our trust in Providence. We think it in no way improbable that they rather looked for the threatened prescription of powder and ball and bark of British broadsides.

### Convocation.

WE understand that at the last performance of this ceremony, MR. CHARLES KEAN was present, and has resolved to reproduce it between the third and fourth acts of *Henry VIII.*, himself taking the part of the *Archbishop of Canterbury*. He will, with pardonable licence, introduce a jester; though for ourselves, we think at this time of day, the ceremony itself is quite beyond a joke.

## MARRIAGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As one of the unprotected sex, allow me to say a few words upon some very nice letters that have appeared in the *Times* upon what I will venture to call Marriage and its Difficulties. Marriages would be easy enough, and the difficulties none, if they were not set up by the pride, and show, and folly of the people themselves. Whereas how many a fair creature born for the milk of maternal kindness has had her name written on the old maid's list in lemon-juice? But the great difficulty of marriage—and never was the difficulty so great, and I must add, so wicked, as at the present time—is dress, the wife's dress. Gowns, *Mr. Punch*, are at the bottom of the evil, as, if you use your eyes—as I and all the world know you do—you cannot but see.

"Some time ago, they talked of the French coming over and invading us. *Mr. Punch*, we *have been* invaded, and nobody knows what trouble and anxiety carried among tens of thousands of people. To be sure, we haven't had our house-tops knocked off by bomb-shells; and haven't had to pack dragoons into our best bed-rooms, as I have read NAPOLEON always insisted upon, carrying fire and bayonets into the bosoms of peaceful families. But I don't know if we haven't had a much worse invasion than this; for we've been invaded and carried right off our feet by the French Empress and an army of milliners. Don't tell me; band-boxes may be worse than bomb-shells.

"In the first place, look how the Empress, by the manner of dressing her hair, has turned the heads of Englishwomen. With their hair pulled so far back that they can't see even the tips of their shoes, they look like so many half-shaven owls, only nothing half so wise. Yet all this I could forgive, but for the Empress's petticoat that makes every woman who wears it look like a diving bell and nothing else: a petticoat that, when it isn't blown up with bellows—as if a woman was no better than an *omelette soufflée*—is fenced round about with steel. I shall soon expect to see petticoats of nothing else but woven wire, like a meat-safe. But as it is, I ask is it pretty, is it comely, is it *modest*, for a woman to take to herself more than ten times the space in the world than ever nature intended for her? And you will see wives and mothers do this!—Mothers, I say, of families, with petticoats like hencoops about them. But this—this we owe to the invasion of the French.

"I now come, *Mr. Punch*, to gowns. How is it possible that, taking one with the other, women can afford to wear the gowns they do? But their fathers and their husbands can't afford it; and we know nothing of the pinching, and the misery, and too often the total destruction that, I'm sure of it, comes of this peacock love of show with all the eyes of the world upon it. You shall see the wife of a clerk of a couple of hundred a-year with a gown upon her back that cost ten pounds over the counter, without the trimming. Talk of a skeleton in the house! How often is this skeleton drest in the wife's gown! And it is this love of finery on the part of women that frightens sensible men of moderate means from having anything to do with them. And then you shall hear women complain that they are not, as they call it, intellectually considered! With some of them, if I were a man, I should as soon think of the intellect of a humming-bird—the brains of a parrot. But this love of fine feathers has become such a madness that, as I once heard the REV. MR. MANNALIPS declare, there are some women who would rather go to Pandemonium in full dress than to Paradise in a gingham.

"And it is this desire for show, this stupid cowardice, that has yielded to the French invasion, that makes many of the difficulties of marriage. Oh, *Mr. Punch*, when shall I see anything like the simplicity of my youth, when the sweet English face was clustered about by curls, and the pretty creature looked so pure and happy in her modest gown of white muslin and her quiet little cottage bonnet of chip, and *on* her head, besides? Tell me when I shall see this, and you will make entirely happy

"Your constant reader,

"JANE MATILDA."

### A British Nursery Rhyme.

*Suggested by the late Proceedings in Bank-ruptcy.*

HUMPHRY so glumpy obeyed the Court's call,
And the song he there sang was exceedingly small:
Now all the QUEEN'S Counsel, with tongue or with pen,
Couldn't bring back to HUMPHRY his good name again.

### A Yankee Vatican.

THE Mormons regard BRIGHAM YOUNG as the successor of JOE SMITH, and JOE SMITH as the vicegerent of Heaven. It would be an interesting question to propound to a rapping spirit, whether Mormonism will, or not, ever become a great ecclesiastical organisation, and, if it does, whether the United States will not one of these days, have to conclude a Concordat with Utah?

# THE NEW BROOM.

Mr. Bull. "NEW BROOMS SWEEP—WELL, WELL, WE SHALL SEE."

## A TILT AT THE TOLL-GATES.

WE shall hardly be accused of any novelty of sentiment, if we say we think JOHN BULL is somewhat inconsistent. As an instance out of some few dozen that occur to one, we who are forever lyrically boasting that the Briton may traverse the pole or the zone as free as his native air, yet cannot take an hour's drive in any part of our own kingdom without being stopped by a toll-bar to our progress, and there being detained until, having paid our footing, we are made free of the road, and are permitted to proceed on it. However wide it may, ostensibly, be open to all comers, still only a moneyed man may ride through a toll-gate. Set a beggar on horseback anywhere in England, and within five minutes from his starting he will have to pull up at a pike, or will be pulled up if he doesn't. At a meeting held the other day to petition for an act for the removal of these nuisances, it was stated for the benefit of those who like statistics, that:—

"There are at present no less than one hundred and seventeen toll-gates within a radius of not more than six miles from Charing Cross."

It is pretty clear then that no Paterfamilias within ear-shot of Bow Bells can ever drive out for an airing with the MRS. and the MISSES P., without being stopped by some half-dozen licensed highwaymen, each of whom commands him to stand and deliver. Every other mile or so he has his horse thrown on his haunches, and finds a fresh demand made for his money or his wife's. It was a mark of the benevolence of the elder MR. WELLER, that he viewed a turnpike-gate keeper merely as a sort of misanthropical recluse. To our mind, he seems less a TIMON than a TURPIN; and every time he stops us, he commits a double highway robbery, as he not only takes our money, but likewise robs us of our time, which proverbially is money also.

But to aggravate matters, and heighten the temperature of our just wrath and indignation to almost boiling-over point, we learn from what another speaker is reported to have said at the meeting we have mentioned, that—

"These gates are kept up not for the use or benefit of the public, but to enable an old and worn-out Commission to expend money and to enjoy the sweets of office."

So the pikes are preserved for jacks in office to grow fat on! Hearing this, we need no further argument to induce every reader to enrol as a Rebecca; or, in other words, join the Toll Reform Association, which is pledged to present us with the freedom of the country. The tolls throughout the kingdom are as great a nuisance as the Chimes in a Puseyite vicinity; and as this is to be a reformatory Parliament, we hope to see some sweeping measure passed to sweep away these vestiges of a dark age creation. With the words we have quoted still ringing in our ears, we shall not be easy in our minds until we hear that at St. Stephens' has been tolled the knell of tolls.

## HOW FASHIONS VARY.

THE Fashion changes with every place you visit. *Par exemple*, you may keep your hat on at Evans's; but it is scarcely considered good manners to do so at the Opera. You may whistle and join in "*God save the Queen*" at the Promenade Concerts; but the same taste is not expected of you at the Philharmonic. Any one is at liberty to call out "Brayvo, WRIGHT!" at the Adelphi, but the same exclamation would be considered a little out of place at Exeter Hall. A cigar may be lighted with great effect in the corridor of the Surrey, when the audience is pouring out, but you would hardly attempt such a thing in the crush-room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE BEATER.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

## PARCHMENT PRACTICE.

THE innocent sheep! To how much human rascality is it made to minister! To what fell purposes does man apply its cuticle, shorn of its wool and dressed for parchment! When we think of the sins, the iniquities, the affronts and outrages of common sense that are, in due time, laid upon its back; when we reflect that what once cropped the odorous thyme, that what once in its innocence "lick'd the hand just raised to shed its blood," now bears all the awful responsibility of Doctors' Commons, the sheep loses the guilelessness of its character and becomes more terrible than the most fabulous of dragons. Poor sheep! And yet it has an instinct of what, in its parchment condition, awaits it. For to this instinct is no doubt referable the fact, possibly hitherto unknown to our readers, that by no number of drovers aided and assisted by an unlimited supply of dogs, is it possible to drive a flock or any part of a flock of sheep up Chancery Lane; the animals so persistently boggling and bolting at the law stationers. Poor things! they no doubt smell the ink, even as at the butcher's threshold, they pause and shiver, snuffing the blood.

Thinking of the uses, abuses, and purposes of parchment, we have often chewed the cud of melancholy in pastoral ways, and felt the rising sigh on southern downs. But with this keen and tender sense of the after wrongs of the sheep, we had yet to learn another trick of which it is made the passive agent. There was whilom in existence an Athenæum Life Insurance. We believe that Minerva herself had no shares in the Institution, nor can we determine whether even her owl was on the board of directors. Be this as it may, the Athenæum has collapsed; the "owl-droppings," as MR. CARLYLE would say, have ceased for all time, and now comes an examination of the causes that have determined and ended the benevolent institution. It appears that the parchment of the institution had been tampered with; a sheet removed or inserted, and that so cunningly as to defy detection. The possibility of this knavish piece of work was doubted, when a law-stationer, with a sweet confidence, and a no less deep knowledge of parchment practice, gave his testimony. Listen to him. Apollo, when he kept sheep, never piped to the living vellum more blithely:—

"MR. CHARLES SHAW, Law Stationer, had had great experience in deeds of settlement and their binding. Had bound up some hundreds in the course of his time, and he could, without any difficulty, insert a sheet of parchment in a deed and remove it subsequently without leaving any traces. He had, in fact, done it—*(a laugh)—and without mentioning names*, he might state that *a sheet was placed in one, without unbinding it, on last Good Friday.* (*Sensation.*) By whose direction he did not know, but *he altered it, and put it in another place!*"

The coolness of MR. SHAW would make him a delightful companion in the dog-days. And then how charming his delicacy. "Without mentioning names!" Nothing could be more considerate. A worker in iron might say, "without mentioning names, I'm in the habit of supplying certain gentlemen with picklocks." And what a parchment deed for Good Friday! We will not ask MR. SHAW whether, even for a moment, he pondered on Him who suffered for the sins of all men, law-stationers included, but it is not impossible that a thought may have wandered to the criminals on the right hand, and on the left.

## A COUPLE OF REASONS.

FATHER VENTURA, in the course of a sermon preached at the Tuileries, said, talking of the two NAPOLEON empires,—

"The first reigned by the reason of force, the second reigns by the force of reason."

We will not stop to inquire which of the two empires has the greater "reason" to be proud of its reign, but we must take the liberty of doubting the extent of that vaunted reason, which, under the second NAPOLEON, has not yet produced a single author, a single poet, a single orator, or a single great man of any European note. With the liberty of the press prohibited, with the police system in full force throughout every grade of society, it would be perfectly useless to ask Reason to name any of the mighty deeds that have been accomplished during its brilliant reign, for she has no voice in the Senate or elsewhere, to answer the question with. The only reason the Second Empire can truthfully boast of is—*La Raison du plus fort.* In that respect we are bound to acknowledge that LOUIS NAPOLEON *a toujours raison.* Viewed in any other light, if Reason shines at present in France it must be, as the French themselves would say, that *elle brille par son absence.*

### Musical Treat.

AMONGST many other interesting items of intelligence respecting music on the Continent, we read that

"CARRION has had a complete ovation in *La Somnambula.*"

*La Somnambula* is generally considered a very sweet Opera; but its sweetness must be of a peculiar kind, seeing that it appears to have been rendered all the sweeter by CARRION.

NEW COAT-OF-ARMS FOR SIR CHARLES WOOD.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*May 7th, Thursday.* The swearing which MR. SPEAKER DENISON had been countenancing for a week was suddenly checked to-day. HER MAJESTY, happily convalescent, left London for the sea breezes of Osborne, but also left a Speech behind Her, which the LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH was ordered to read to Parliament. As the QUEEN was not to be present, *Mr. Punch* did not think it worth while to go down, though, had his Royal Mistress been able to attend, nothing would have prevented his taking his accustomed place among the bishops, in order to give Her that wink of encouragement and loyalty which She notoriously regards as the chief bulwark of Her throne. He went into the Royal Academy, instead, and contemplated MR. STANFIELD'S glorious picture of the Armada ships on the Irish rocks, until a young nobleman of the name of SMITH, whom he had ordered to look alive for the purpose, brought him the *Globe*, with the Speech, remarking (when permission was given him to do so) that CRANWORTH had bungled and stumbled over the Address in a most disgraceful manner, a statement confirmed by the *Times* next morning.

A glance at the Speech showed that there was nothing in it. The chief part of it was written by LORD CLARENDON, and was devoted to telling things which everybody knew or nobody cared about. Here they are.

We are at Peace.
It seems likely to last.
The stipulations of the Treaty are fulfilled.
Switzerland has bribed CLICQUOT to be quiet.
We have done nothing *in re* Central America.
We have signed a treaty with Persia.
We send out ELGIN, and forces, to China.
We compound for the Sound Dues.
QUEEN ANNE is no more.

Besides this news, which may even be read in the *Morning Herald* by this time, there was the usual mention of the Estimates (the two PEELS, ROBERT, Lord of the Admiralty, and FREDERICK, Under-Secretary for War, have both resigned, so the Navy and Army must get on as they can) and the equally stereotype information that some reform of the law must be effected, and that everything is going on exceedingly well. This latter proposition, considering that we are sitting before roasting fires in the middle of May, indicated a want of common sense that pointed out CRANWORTH himself as the author of the concluding paragraphs. So *Mr. Punch* presented the *Globe* to the young nobleman of the name of SMITH, in fee simple to him and his heirs for ever, as a small token of respect and esteem, and resumed his *tête-à-tête* with STANFIELD.

At night he went into the Lords. The Address was moved by LORD TOWNSHEND, who said, among other things, that he should not mind seeing a Jew in that House, a curious speech from a sailor, whose Hebraic antipathies are usually rather strongly developed. LORD PORTSMOUTH seconded, and one might more reasonably have expected that Portsmouth would say something for the Jews. But ISAAC NEWTON FELLOWES (a descendant of great ISAAC, and few noblemen have so brilliant a pedigree) had nothing to say for "little ISAAC." LORD MALMESBURY came out with a complaint that LORD PALMERSTON had laughed at him and his party for their factious attempts upon office, and LORD GRANVILLE defended PAM. LORD CLANRICARDE deplored certain attacks upon GENERAL ASHBURNHAM, who commands the Chinese expedition, and whom LORD PANMURE declared to be a well qualified officer. EARL GREY emitted some surly twaddle against the Chinese War, and LORD ALBEMARLE demanded why they were told nothing about Reform. If he had waited for a reply he might have waited till now—for the Lords agreed to the Address, and adjourned.

In the Commons MR. HAYTER delivered the real Speech from the Throne. He announced Governmental measures on Transportation, Hudson's Bay, Savings' Banks, the Board of Health, the Jew Oath, Trustee Fraud, and Insurance Companies.

The Debate on the Address was opened by MR. DODSON—decidedly no connection of FOGG, for he spoke very lucidly. MR. BUCHANAN, selected in compliment to the President of America (at least, there seemed no other reason), seconded: and good old GENERAL THOMPSON—who was a Reformer not only before it was fashionable, but when it was proscription to be one, and whose admirable Corn-Law writings prepared the way for the showier and better paid champions that came in at the death—made a quaint little protest against the Chinese War, very good-humouredly received; for he is a brave soldier, in two senses of the word, and has earned the right to have his crotchets treated kindly when bumptious blockheads are properly kicked for theirs. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, knowing that LORD PALMERSTON was going to promise a Reform bill, boldly announced that his constituents demanded Reform. He also stated that he should bring in a bill to render it unlawful for candidates at elections to pay for the conveyances that bring up the voters, or to defray the cost of erecting hustings. There is sense in the first of these propositions, but voting places ought to be within easy access of the electors, and in that case a voter may reasonably be asked to bring himself to the poll if he wants to come. As for the second, irreverent people might say that political mountebanks should erect their own stages. *Mr. Punch*, however, conceives that decent and proper places for transacting constitutional business should be maintained at the expense of the country. It seems prudery to vote two millions and a half to build a place for members to sit in, and to grudge a few hundreds for the steps by which they ascend. MR. EWART renewed his very commendable clamour for a Minister of Justice, and——

Silence! Silence! Readers will be good enough to take off their hats, and to stand up. Silence, now.

The DICTATOR announced that next year Government would bring in a Reform Bill, the basis of which should be UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!

Well, if you doubt it, turn to the *Times*. LORD PALMERSTON, after explaining that the session was too far advanced for the present introduction of any such measure, and, after declining to pledge himself to details, said, "At the beginning of next session we shall be able to propose some measure to correct any defects in the present Reform Act, AS WELL AS TO ADMIT TO THE FRANCHISE THOSE CLASSES OF PERSONS WHO ARE AT PRESENT EXCLUDED FROM IT."

If that be not a distinct and manly promise of universal suffrage, let us all turn Jesuits and Puseyites, for there is nothing but a non-natural meaning in words. No wonder the House cheered. No wonder that MR. ROEBUCK, moved to tears of vinegar, tore up an intended motion on reform. No wonder that the Chartists are collecting pennies for a testimonial to the Chartist Viscount, and that MR. ERNEST JONES'S occupation is gone. As for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, he has gone and hired himself as usher at a ragged school in a street that has no name, unless DIFFANGER Junior has hunted it out and christened it since we went to press. LORD PALMERSTON and Universal Suffrage! Need *Mr. Punch* add, that the Address was rapturously voted.

*Friday.* None of the proceedings in either House merit note, except a melancholy display by poor LORD CARDIGAN, who made a most uncalled-for declaration that everybody was satisfied with his conduct in the Crimea. It is very funny that in the best regulated nursery you have only to say "CARDIGAN"—and the children instantly strike up in chorus,

"See, see! What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be."

Some elaborate explanations by SIR C. WOOD about the unfortunate *Transit* were given, and the First Lord of the Admiralty triumphantly announced as a discovery, that not only did Government ships suffer in bad weather, but private ships also. ADMIRAL WALCOTT endea-

voured, by manœuvres with his hat, to make SIR CHARLES comprehend the real question, and the *Transit's* position, but in vain, and MR. JAMES WILSON looked very unhappy at seeing a good hat treated so unfairly. MR. SPOONER gave notice that he would renew his Mayn——

*[Eighteen compositors having successively fainted away in attempts to "set up" the sentence thus commenced, Mr. Punch, in compliance with the dictates of humanity, orders his establishment to desist from the fearful task.*

## BARNUM'S BEST PLAN.

N advertisement, headed "BARNUM ENGAGED," announces that the dwarf called TOM THUMB "has engaged his former guardian, the world-renowned P. T. BARNUM, to exhibit him at his morning entertainment." Instead of falling back upon TOM THUMB, why does not BARNUM go ahead, and supply the demand of the gaping public with astounding novelty? How can he have failed to get hold of his countryman, the medium, MR. HUME? Here is a genuine Yankee OWEN GLENDOWER, whose spirits, according to Roman and Anglo-Catholic newspapers, actually do come when he does call for them; carry about and ring hand-bells, play tunes on accordions and pianos, make books fly and tables dance, tickle knees, pick people's pockets, extinguish and relight candles, and cause any lady or gentleman desirous of trying the experiment to shake hands with a mysterious cold-handed something. This is the man for MR. BARNUM's money, considering the money which MR. BARNUM might make through his means. Or BARNUM might put himself, if he is not already, in communication with the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, and get the editor to get the poet DANTE to lend him a hand, or a pair of hands, for the purpose of decorating the heads of the bystanders with orange flowers, or with donkeys' ears, if judged more suitable. Let BARNUM give a series of entertainments under the title of "Sorcery for the Superior Classes." Why should he content himself with exhibiting TOM THUMB, when, with the assistance of MR. HUME, he might, in a very short time, successfully pretend to exhibit the devil? The exhibition of one pair, merely, of spirit hands, would be worth WASHINGTON'S nurse, the Feejee mermaid, and TOM THUMB put together. If BARNUM could only make an arrangement with HUME, he would be enabled to work a rich mine of HUM(E)bug.

## THE LAST FREAK IN BONNETS.

LIVE and learn, MRS. GRUNDY. Read the *Follet* Fashion-paper; you will always find something new in it—something to astonish you, as this extract from Fashions for May perhaps will:—

"Bonnets are still worn very open, thrown back at the cheeks, and pointed in front. The curtain deep; put on in large plaits, arranged in such a manner as not to fall over the shoulders, nor to stand out too stiffly in the middle of the back."

What next, Ma'am?—and next?—as MR. COBDEN said. Bonnets with curtains!—window blinds will perhaps follow, and then probably will come shutters—or shall we say bed-posts and blankets? The curtains must be veils, Ma'am, must they not?—but then, what business have they to stick out at all in the middle of the back? Curtains, indeed! To be sure they are sufficiently called for by the present bare-faced fashion of bonnets. Highty-tighty. Oh, for the good old times of the good old coal-scuttle!

INSANE AGITATION.—The advocates of a Liquor Law for old England are no better than Ma(i)n(e)iacs.

## EXPLOSION OF A MODERN MIRACLE.

SOME few years ago the Roman Catholic newspapers and priesthood generally, gave out, and strove to persuade simpletons, that the VIRGIN MARY had appeared on the hill of La Salette, and had made a revelation to some peasant children. Notwithstanding that *Mr. Punch* analyzed this story and demonstrated its absurdity, its inventors succeeded in palming it upon multitudes of their co-religionists inclusive of the POPE himself. Accordingly the priests of the district wherein the trick was played, ran up a shrine, and formed a confraternity to work it—obtaining money under pretence of the sanctity of the spot. His infallible but hoaxed HOLINESS patronised the concern, and gave it his benediction, which appears not to have preserved it from exploding. The *Univers* puffed it; the *Tablet* endorsed the statements of the *Univers*.

The journal last named has, by perseverance in stating the marvellous thing which is not, involved itself in a quarrel with the *Siècle*, in consequence whereof, *Le Siècle* publishes an exposure of the Salette humbug. For this, society is indebted to an honest priest, one ABBÉ DÉLÉON, who discovered, and showed, that the alleged apparition of the VIRGIN was performed by a MADEMOISELLE LAMERLIÈRE, by the help of a milliner. The pretended VIRGIN, it will be recollected, began by talking good French to the little clowns to whom she showed herself, and then, finding that they did not understand her, spoke to them in their own *patois*—evidence of imposture duly pointed out at the time by *Mr. Punch*. MADLLE. LAMERLIÈRE brings an action against the abbé for false accusation, before the tribunals of Grenoble, loses her cause, and is condemned in costs. The unlucky plaintiff has appealed: but the fact that the discussions which took place at the trial are not allowed to be published, is sufficiently significant of the direction in which the Salette cat, now let out of the bag, is considered, by those capable of judging, to jump.

So much—*Mr. Punch* was about to say—for La Salette; but one thing more deserves to be stated, to end the story, like a squib, with a good bounce. The following holy "shave" was announced in 1851 on episcopal authority:—

"The waters of La Salette cure all the evils of the body, and convert the most wicked sinners, even if the smallest drop (against their will) can be got down their throats."

Physic and divinity both entirely superseded by an infinitesimal dose of La Salette water! It is wonderful that the friars and Jesuists did not fear that the above quoted ultramontane and ultra-Hahnemannic "stretcher" would, if believed, prove rather too much to the believer. They must have as much faith in the gullibility of their dupes as the latter repose in the veracity of their deceivers. However, the priests tell, or at least imply, one truth respecting the water of La Salette. By their account sinners appear to have found it very difficult to swallow.

In quitting the subject of this alleged miracle, *Mr. Punch* begs to be allowed to express the hope that the world will not forget the really miraculous discernment evinced by himself nearly five years ago, in seeing through and elucidating that device of priestcraft.

## A SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY.

WE put it to MR. PAYNE COLLYER, to be considered in his next edition of SHAKSPEARE, whether the advice of *Polonius* to his son is not liable to emendation, [suggested by female fashions of the present time. SHAKSPEARE, there can be no doubt of it, in his prescience, knew that lovely woman in 1857 would hoop herself in her petticoats like a beer-barrel with iron surroundings. (We only hope that in the meteoric convulsions of the coming summer, no fair creature smitten by lightning will fall through her petticoats like so much cigar-ash; but we think the occurrence very probable.) However, there can be no doubt that the words of *Polonius*—

"The friend thou hast and his affections tried,
Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel—"

ought to read—

"The maid thou hast and her affections tried,
Grapple her to thy soul with *hoops* of steel."

In these days, Vulcan makes half Venus; and a man does not only unite himself to the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, but to the metal of his metal. It is not fair to the memory of the good and gracious TALFOURD, that every woman should insist upon being the heroine of her own *Ion*.

### Common-place, but How True!

YOUR Pessimist, who is always doubting, always sneering, is only the *Laquais* of Society, who is perpetually giving the dirty habits of others a good brushing, and yet does not see the mud that is upon his own.

## ROYAL ACADEMY, 1857.

*Mr. Punch (reads).* "No. 24. H.R.H.—A FIELD-MARSHAL, EVIDENTLY.—HM-M—VERY GOOD, INDEED. WHAT SANGUINARY ENGAGEMENT CAN IT BE?"

## A CRIMINAL LAW OF COPYRIGHT WANTED.

FOREMOST among the means which were employed in the cookery of the British Bank accounts, mention has been made of a certain "small green ledger" as forming an important part of MR. CAMERON'S *cuisine*, and helping him especially to do things nicely brown. This utensil may be said to have been used as a sort of common melting-pot, and anything put in it to the credit of the bank (such as the eighteen pounds odd shillings of the late M.P. for Tewkesbury) was soon melted down, and became undistinguishable. In the half-yearly farce called the Inspection of the Books, this greatly used small ledger instead of being seen over was always somehow overlooked. Those who should have audited had never even heard of it; and so dark was it kept by the CAMERON Obscurer, that its green may be said to have been the invisible.

Now, as we find that this small ledger proved of no small service in defrauding the public, we should like to see steps taken to prevent its being used hereafter as a precedent. We have no wish to see any one take a leaf out of this, or from any other book of MR. CAMERON'S concoction; and we should be glad therefore to find that they were made strictly copyright. Perhaps, if an infringement were regarded as a criminal offence, that to would-be plagiarists might prove a strong deterrent: and we should therefore recommend that every such leaf which can be traced to MR. CAMERON should be pronounced on the authority of Parliament a *dock* leaf, and that a lesson in its botany be forthwith given at the schools, which were originally established under Government inspection, at Botany Bay.

## UNWARRANTABLE LIBERTY.

WE should like to know who put the following saucy advertisement relative to our respectable neighbours named in it, into the *Times*:—

PUMPS.—FOWLER AND CO., Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

If we had seen the foregoing chalked upon a wall, we should not have been surprised, concluding it to have been the expression of the impertinence of some disrespectful street-boy. But no boy would spend in advertising, even for the purpose of insulting somebody, the money which he might lay out in lollipops.

## JOHN TROT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WHEN I was last in Londun, I went—just you guess where,
To the 'Cadummy o' picturs in What-d'ye-call-un Square.
The tickut was a shil'n, and that bain't no gurt price to gie:
And the zight is wuth the money, if you likes them things to zee.

'Tis wonderful sitch works should be done by fellers' hands:
And how it is they does 'em, I 'm blest if I understands.
To me sitch paaintun do zeem unpossible amost.
I should find it a hard job if I 'd a got to paaint a post.

I zee a lot o' people a standun, starun hard
At one gurt grand big pictur, resemblun a dockyard.
Wi carpentern a gwiun on, chaps workun, buildun ships,
How nateral their shavuns wus, and rayal all the chips!

Another gurt big pictur too I likewise did behold,
Wi a old chap upon hossback in his armour all o' gold;
And a little gal afore un, and a small buoy at his back,
As had got a bunch o vaggots that zim'd pull vrom out a stack.

There was another paaintun as zim'd in the same way done,
Wi a gal a chap was helpin of vrom gaol to cut and run,
In a sart o' kind of yaller dress wi devvles on 't and vlames,
Reprezentun priestcraft, simmunly, and that there kind o' games.

A gal a tyun on a scarf, moreover, I did note,
Around a chap as had got on a queer long scarlut quoat,
An old gal zittun in a chair, and a lady lookun on,
Thinks I, now that there pictur is oncommonly well drawn.

I marked a goodish pictur, too, about the Rooshun war,
Zum officers inzide a shed, one smokun a cigar;
They 'd got a box just open'd zent to 'em by their vriends,
The walls wi prints was kiver'd, and the vloor with odds an ends.

On boord a boat a gwiun, I zee a sailor lad,
And, I spose she wos his mother, a whimperun like mad;
I dwoan't know much about un, but I thinks a was well done—
That pictur of the sailors, the 'ooman and her zon.

Zum stags, a little rabbit, an eagle in the mist,
A top a rock I vancied show'd a precious clever fist;
I wish the chap as did 'em 'ood paint zum pigs I 've got:
For they be purty pigs although I says it as should not.

A quoast in storm and tempest, did also catch my eye,
Wi' a lot o' rocks like organ-pipes a stickun up on high,
And wrecks o' vessels lyun among the waves below,
I zeem'd to hear the waves rhoar and the winds to hear, like, blow.

A pictur o' the 'Sizes did also take my mind,
The jury a consider'n their verdict for to find,
The pris'ner's poor old veather, his mother, and his wife,
He beun, as I took it, on trial vor his life.

There also was a Vrenchman, at laste as I suppose,
Or anyhow a feller dress'd up in voreign clothes,
A talkun to a female as had on man's attire,
And that was a performance which I'll own I did admire.

A lot of other picturs, too many for to name,
I gurtly wus delighted wi—zum wusp't wuth the frame.
I knows what I should do wi 'em perwided they wus mine,
Stick 'em outzide a public-house, thereof to be the zign.

And what was they? you 'll ax me. Why, I baint a gwine to tell,
The less is said the better about them as baint done well.
The painters does the best they can, and if so be they fail,
What need to holler 'em up hill, and cry 'em all down dale?

Lave 'em aloan; that 's bad enough; their picturs is their bread;
Zay nothun of 'em if so be as no good can't be zaid:
Don't take away their bread-and cheese—don't meddle wi' their gains,
I hopes they'll all paint better when they comes to take more pains.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 14, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, May 16, 1857.

IMPORTANT.

Little Boy. "*Here, young 'un, just hold my Hoop, while I go and transact a little Business.*"

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*May* 11, *Monday*. LORD CAMPBELL, having had the satisfaction of consigning to gaol and hard labour a couple of miscreants for selling printed and engraved abominations, pursued the subject in the House of Lords, and urged the necessity of legislation to suppress this poison-traffic. The CHANCELLOR said that the existing law was sufficient. In any case in which LORDS CAMPBELL and CRANWORTH differ, the odds are SHAKSPEARE'S brains to MALMESBURY'S that the CHANCELLOR is wrong; but be this as it may, London is shamed by the permission which the parochial authorities accord to the atrocious trade. The Bills of last session regarding Wills and Divorces were introduced. The clause empowering husband and wife to divorce one another by agreement for separation is struck out. The Bishops, however, intend to oppose the Bill, on the Popish ground that marriage is a sacramental obligation, and therefore indissoluble. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to have to hint that his allegiance to Bishops is not.

SIR G. C. LEWIS explained his Savings' Banks Bill. Government is to guarantee the deposits, and of course to have certain checks on the management. It is apprehended that provincial magnates may rebel against this latter provision, in which case the whole system had better be taken into the hands of Government, or affiliated to the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street. The Transportation Bill was discussed to-night on the second reading, and on Friday, when it went through committee. It is for enabling Government, at pleasure, to send over the seas criminals sentenced to penal servitude. There was a strong feeling in the House that though there is little hope of reforming an adult criminal, his labour ought to be confiscated for the benefit of society. This point, and still more, the means of entirely separating his unfortunate children from the polluted atmosphere of crime, are subjects to which Parliament may well condescend to give attention, even with the great case of *Skirmisher* v. *Saunterer* appointed for trial at Epsom. The Industrial Schools Bill, resisted by some Roman Catholics, who are always afraid lest "proselytism" should follow instruction, but carried by 177 to 18, is a measure in the right direction. A Committee was appointed to consider the affairs of the Old Lady above mentioned.

*Tuesday*. MR. DILLWYN introduced a bill, which it is heartily to be hoped will be passed, namely, for the application of whipcord to the backs of the only persons who ought to be so punished, the brutes who commit aggravated assaults on women and children. It is impossible that such scoundrels can be further demoralised, and the instrument of infliction may fairly be called in their case the "harmless, necessary Cat." MR. HARDY introduced a Beer Bill, for giving more power to the licensing magistrates, who are already as notoriously the tools of the Great Brewers as their spigots and faucets. MR. LOCKE KING obtained leave to bring in a Bill for abolishing the property qualifications (county members £600 a-year, borough members £300) of the representatives of the people. LORD PALMERSTON rather piteously intimated, that as there was to be a big reform next year there ought to be no little reforms now.

*Wednesday*. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR carried the first reading of his Bill against carrying voters by 151 to 58. MR. HEADLAM re-introduced the Medical Reform Bill, and the next day LORD ELCHO introduced another. *Mr. Punch* will hereafter report on the symptoms of each.

*Thursday*. The proceedings in the Lords were strictly uninteresting, and had only the merit of being short. In the other house Woman's Wrongs came up, and of course there was a good deal of laughter. SIR ERSKINE PERRY moved for leave to bring in a Bill to let married women have their own earnings. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, who, *malgré* his occasional nonsense, is an English gentleman, supported the bill, and urged that greater facilities should be given for divorce. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL disapproved of the bill, and objected to placing the women of England in a "strong-minded position." MR. BERESFORD HOPE, a very rich and refined gentleman, evinced his entire ignorance of the real grievance sought to be dealt with, and MR. MILNES delicately reminded him that he should not sneer at women, seeing that, according to the papers, the energy of a lady had mainly procured the election of her husband, the said MR. HOPE. The bill was read a first time.

*Friday*. LORD MALMESBURY took a series of exceptions to the improvements in St. James's Park, and accused SIR B. HALL of wishing to emulate the MEDICIS and to go down to posterity, at the public expense, as BENJAMIN THE MAGNIFICENT. His lordship's chief and fraternal concern was for the geese that used to swim in the lake, and have disappeared, but LORD GRANVILLE calmed his mind by assuring him that his relatives had only gone to Kew, during the alterations, and would soon come back. The necessity of cleansing the foul puddle, and the desirability of making it an ornament to the metropolis, were so evident to everybody but the MALMESBURIES, booted and webfooted, that LORD GRANVILLE'S justification of the proceeding was scarcely necessary.

More to the purpose was the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S inquiry touching the designs for the Public Offices, because the subject cannot be too much ventilated just now. So splendid an opportunity has never been offered since SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was prevented from carrying out his noble plan for the restoration of London after the Fire, and it is only to be hoped that the advisers of QUEEN VICTORIA will be wiser and bolder than were the advisers of KING CHARLES. The DUKE'S speech was merely a growl about the probable expenditure. This will and ought to be large, but should be so adjusted as to be shared among successive generations, who, if the project be worthily carried out, will gladly bear their share of the burden. LORD ELLENBOROUGH scoffed at the collections in Marlborough House, and said that he was sorry to say that he had wasted half-an-hour there, gazing at rubbish. *Mr. Punch* did not recollect that there was a looking-glass on the premises.

In the Commons, SIR RICHARD BETHELL being asked whether he would prosecute the directors of the British Bank, gave a dubious kind of answer, and professed fear lest in the present state of the public mind the delinquents in question (whom MR. HOLROYD, the Bankruptcy Commissioner, distinctly declared ought to be prosecuted) would have a fair trial. This was simply a piece of temporary petulance on the part of SIR RICHARD, who hates to be interfered with, and who, *Punch* has no doubt, will do his duty promptly and well. The old Welsh blood of AP ITHELL will look out sometimes. MR. HORSMAN gave MR. WHITESIDE a tremendous wigging for some imputations about an intended new building for the Irish Encumbered Estates Court, and as WHITESIDE himself delights in saying insulting things, the House enjoyed the castigation.

LORD PALMERSTON then rose, and considering that sixteen of his table napkins had been pawned by a charwoman, who had been tried and acquitted that very day, his self-possession was remarkable. He obtained leave to bring in a bill for remodelling the Parliamentary oaths, so as to admit the Jews. He advanced only one new argument in favour of the Hebrews, which he might as well have left alone, seeing that the old arguments are valid, while the plea that when public loans are wanted, Jew capitalists are ready with the money, is not of a very convincing order, seeing that all the capitalists, Jew and Christian, are always ready with their money (if the investment be safe, and the interest good), whether the object be to support tyranny or liberty, barbarianism or civilisation. SIR F. THESIGER made the stock opposition, and had rather a good fling at the Dictator for taking the Jew question, as he had taken Reform, out of the hands of LORD JOHN RUSSELL. The latter professed perfect satisfaction, and made a capital return hit at THESIGER, asking him whether he would like lawyers to be excluded, like Jews. We don't know what SIR FREDERICK would like, but we should undervalue the patriotism of our Hebrew friends if we believed that they would not willingly abandon their return to Parliament until their return to Palestine, if by so

doing they could save the country from the lawyer-nuisance in the House. The horse-taming NEWDEGATE declared that there was no feeling among the people in favour of the Jews, notwithstanding their lavish expenditure and pandering to the popular taste.

*Mr. Punch* appends congratulation to MR. SPEAKER DENISON on the highly superior mode in which he already conducts business.

## OBITUARY (A LITTLE IN ADVANCE).

WE feel no regret whatever in announcing the death of the Russian Railway Scheme, which has taken place without, as far as we can learn, exciting the least sympathy with those who were in any way connected with the recently departed. So far from there being any hopes of the deceased, it was generally considered that the sooner its existence was put an end to the better; and those who knew it intimately, and were acquainted with the manner in which it had been first forced into life, were convinced it could not long be expected to survive. It has since been ascertained that the breath of public favour was entirely withheld from it, and this was a deficiency which no amount of puffing was able to supply. Various attempts were made to raise the wind, but the efforts only caused an air of dissatisfaction, which eventually proved a fatal blow to the deceased.

Although the death may very possibly have been by some regarded as a somewhat sudden one, there are no thoughts of having a *post mortem* examination, there being quite sufficient evidence to attribute the demise to causes purely natural and easy to account for. Considered doubtful from the first, the scheme's existence daily had grown more and more precarious; and although the most ingenious devices were prescribed to keep it up, it was soon pronounced impossible to prevent its sinking. Being violently attacked by the public press—an attack which in most such cases has proved fatal—the scheme very speedily showed symptoms of decline; and having been much weakened by exposure, in spite of the most skilful bolstering, it fell into so low a state, that those who watched it narrowly saw no hope of recovery.

If we were asked to analyse the character of the deceased, truth would force us to acknowledge that the maxim "*de mortuis*" must be reversed in this case, since we have heard nothing good of the deceased from any trustworthy or at least disinterested quarter. We believe the only reputation it achieved was a bubble one—and some idea may be formed of the low estimation in which it was held, when we state that the subscription which was opened to provide for its necessities was received by the public with such evident disfavour, that it failed in attracting a single response. Disliked from the first for its dubious connections, so much that was discreditable was clearly traced to the deceased that we cannot be surprised to learn there was no Baring it—and there was so much to suspect of designing in its character, that we think its dissolution must be generally viewed as a most happy release.

We are not permitted to announce at present who will appear as the Chief Mourners for the loss of the deceased; but of those who were attached to it there is but a limited number to select from. Should a tombstone be erected, which is more than doubtful, we would suggest that there be used as part of the inscription—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this was of them."

While, as a succinct summary of the character of the deceased, it might perhaps with some degree of truth be added that—

"Its End was—Greed!"

### An Old Joke with a New Face to it.

A GENTLEMAN in a great hurry went to have his photograph taken. When it was finished, he considered it so unlike that he refused to pay for it. An offer was made to take another, but unfortunately there was no time. At last the poor artist said, in despair: "I'll tell you, Sir, what I'll do. Here is a drawer full of portraits—two thousand at least. Now, Sir, you may select any six of those portraits, Sir, which you consider the most like you."

## YE VNSETTLED ACCOMPT.

### A Lay of High Life.

"NOW, marry, LADY FEATHERHEAD, I say it is too bad,
It is, now, by my halidom, enough to drive one mad!
This bill—this heavy bill, sent in from MOSLYN, CRAPE AND CO.—
Methought that ye had settled it at least three years ago!"

"La, you there, what a pother makes my Lord! look how he raves!
I wot that MOSLYN, CRAPE AND CO. are base and sorry knaves.
And they shall wait for that same bill until I list to pay,
And give me credit, or I will their credit take away."

"Their credit is past marring, Madam; credit they have none—
They are ruined, MOSLYN, CRAPE AND CO; they have failed: their job is done.
They are bankrupts now, my Lady, and this bill, which foul fiends seize!
Now must I, will-I, nill-I, pay unto their assignees."

"A scurvy sort of fellows in such plaguy wise to fail!
I hope the caitiffs will be shent, an they be not in gaol,
Bankrupts, forsooth! and why did they not mind what they were at?
How, marry, came they so to break—to work so ill as that?"

"How, marry, Madam? marry, why because they were not paid.
Bills, Madam, bills like this have been the ruin of their trade.
Their creditors come down on me, to pay it I have got;
Which ye should whilom long have done—and wherefore did ye not?"

"Be not in such a rage, my Lord; what boot to storm and fret?
So many things have happened since, in sooth, that I forget.
The wherefore, for the life of me, I truly cannot say;
But one thing seemeth clear enough—I somehow did not pay."

"Yea, but ye had the money, I remember me right well,
For grief it was and pain to me so great a sum to tell;
And now I must endure that grief and undergo that pain,
Of shelling that enormous sum of money out again."

"Tush, tilly-vally, good my Lord! heed not a little cost;
The money hath been spent, I trow; so none thereof is lost.
Needs must we do as others do, and dress as others dress,
Which, certes, were not to be done and cost a penny less."

"Out on your silks and sarcenet-stuffs, your trinkets and your toys,
A murrain upon taffetas, a pest on paduasoys,
The dyvel take your satins and likewise your bombazines,
And furbelows and flounces all, and skirts, and Crinolines."

"Nay, fair and softly, FEATHERHEAD, bethink yourself, I pray,
One may not out of fashion be, or what would people say?
An it were not for that, in faith, right little should I care,
And seldom run up any bills like those whereat ye swear."

"What matters it what people say? Consider how ye use,
Ever, behind each other's backs each other to abuse.
To please the world ye seek in vain, I wish ye would, therefore,
Throw less away to pleasure it, and please your husbands more."

"Gramercy what a fuss is here about a bill unpaid,
And a linendraper's shop shut up—a common thing in trade!
Much more upon this matter is your Lordship fain to say?
I wis my carriage waiteth—is your speech to last all day?"

"Now dash my coronet!—this is beyond what man may stand;
By the battle-axe of my ancestors! by my fay! by this right hand!
Ha! say you so, my Lady? Well, then, I'll do I know what—
I'll advertise all tradesmen that—like me—they trust you not."

### Art in the Dark Ages.

THE MESSRS. DAY announce a new lithographic work—an important feature of which (and in our eyes a very ugly one) is to be that the stones, after having printed a certain number of copies, are to be broken up. We denounce this Vandalism as being "a break of Day" only worthy of the first Dawn of Art. Printsellers seem to imagine that there is nothing like broken plates and stones to pave their way to fortune. Such men, having first made their penny by them, would tear up RAPHAEL's cartoons, and make pipe-lights of them!

### RESIGNATION AND SERVICE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has resigned for the Navy; FREDERICK PEEL has resigned for the Army. Under the circumstances, are they not both to be praised as having done a United Service?

## THE ROGUE AND THE RACEHORSE.

THE attention of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the turf is invited to the subjoined notification issued by the civic Powers:—

"HORSING THE PRISON VAN.—Guildhall, London, May 4, 1857.—The Committee of Aldermen in relation to Gaols hereby give notice, that they will meet at Guildhall, London, on Saturday, the 9th day of May, 1857, at 1 o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals in writing, sealed up, from parties willing to undertake to HORSE THE CITY VAN every working day, to convey prisoners to and from the City's Justice Rooms, at the Mansion House and Guildhall, to Newgate and the prison at Holloway, from and after Monday, 11th day of May instant."

If proprietors of studs want to dispose of any high-mettled racers that have passed their prime, and would like to be sure that the animals will be put to work suitable for them, they will do well to tender them to the Committee of Aldermen, in order to have them used in horsing the Prison Van. Reduced racehorses cannot be more suitably employed than in the conveyance of rogues—a class of persons that they are accustomed to, and by whom they have been surrounded all their lives. A racehorse is the centre of attraction to a greater number of scoundrels than any other thing or being is capable of collecting about itself. Wherever that creature's living carcase is, there the human vultures, kites, and carrion crows are gathered together; there is the congregation of rascals, knaves in the stable, swindlers, blacklegs, and villains on the turf. It is fit that the racehorse should partly bear the burden which he may be said to have brought upon society, and assist in carting some of that human rubbish out of the way. The quadruped is associated with the biped brute when the latter is in his first stage of betting-man. When, by a gentle and easy transition he has expanded into a rogue, the animal also having subsided into a hack, let their connection be still maintained, and let superannuated studs be worthily employed in carrying developed sporting gents to gaol.

## THE WEATHER IN PARIS.

THE easterly winds, which have recently prevailed in Paris, were attributed entirely to the presence of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE. It is said, that he brought them with him from the North. To PRINCE NAPOLEON they were extremely cutting. He experienced a chill, the like of which he has not felt since he was in the Crimea. He instantly ran away from Paris, and never stopped till he reached Berlin. Since the departure of the GRAND DUKE, the weather has been considerably warmer. We regret to state that a considerable amount of damage has been done by HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS having rashly ventured to look into the *orangerie* at the Tuileries. The majority of the trees were immediately nipped, as by a severe frost, and are not expected to recover.

### Terpsichorean Intelligence.

A FASHIONABLE journalist calls MADLE. MICHELET, the new opera dancer, *premier sujet de danse*. We hope the young lady will dance herself still higher than the position of the first subject of dancing, and become the queen of that accomplishment.

## A CASE FOR A LADY'S-SCISSORS.

IF *Mr. Punch* occasionally, nay, continually, remonstrates with his beloved sisters, the matrons and maidens of England, upon their weaknesses in the matter of shopping—if, in the interest of domestic happiness he exhorts them to be moderate and economical in purchases—if in the interest of humanity, he begs them to purchase by daylight that tradesmen may have rest—if in the interest of civilisation, he warns them from ironmongery-*cum*-crinoline—if, in short, he gives them incessant and kindly counsel, not unmixed with affectionate chiding, at need; of a surety he will lift up his voice, and also his bludgeon in their behalf, when, shopping sensibly, they are objectionably treated.

MRS. ELIZABETH HART, with money in her purse, enters the shop of MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN, 77 and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, and desires to see some of the silk dresses marked in their window at two guineas. Conducted to the first floor, several dresses are shown her. MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN'S assistant tells her, fairly, that though purporting to be silk, the body of the dresses shown her is cotton. The lady declines the hybrid article, and asks for one of a higher quality, and is shown a dress at £3 8*s.* 6*d.*, which she purchases and takes away with her. On examination this, too, proves of a double nature, "the silk given for the body and skirt being of a totally different character from that of the rest." The dress having been "tacked in folds," MRS. HART could not open it out, and examine it in the shop. She goes back to MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN, sees MR. SPENCE, who, she states, is "very saucy," and who refuses to return her money; but, according to MRS. HART, offers to change the dress "if she will buy one at a higher price." Instead of doing this, the lady departs, and straightway obtains from the Guildhall magistrate a summons against SPENCE "for obtaining money under false pretences."

The case was heard by ALDERMAN HALE, whose remarks, throughout, appear to have been dictated by the most delicate regard for the tradesman's feelings, and who had (as reported) not a syllable to say upon the system out of which the case arose. For anything that fell from this alderman, he may hold that all is fair in trade as in love, and that *caveat emptor* is the rule of commerce. He asked whether ladies did not expect the hidden part of a dress to be of inferior quality; intimated his expectation that the press would correct a misstatement in a former report calculated to injure SPENCE AND BUCHANAN; told MRS. HART that she ought to have exercised her own judgment; and having invited SPENCE to bring a witness to the character of his goods, interposed between him and MRS. HART'S question (put with womanly instinct) whether the witness who was brought was not from the house that supplied SPENCE AND BUCHANAN with these very dresses.

A similar case had previously occurred, by MR. SPENCE'S admission, in which an aggrieved party had made his complaint at the same court, but MR. SPENCE "had changed *that* dress," and was so ready to impute "malice" against parties not present to reply, that even the alderman was compelled to remonstrate. A very alderman could see that there was no *primâ facie* evidence of malice in the complaint of persons who, desiring and supposing themselves to buy one thing, had another given them. But ALDERMAN HALE had not even a word of remark (as reported) upon the coincidence of cases. In fact, all the wisdom that came out of the mouth of the namesake of SIR MATTHEW, in dismissing the summons, was that the inquiry would be attended with some good, for it would induce ladies to look more carefully at what they were buying. But MRS. HART, with feminine desire to vindicate herself from having done a foolish thing, declared that "having been in a respectable shop she had not expected any imposition," and it was not very unfeminine (for woman likes the final word) that she should tag the moral of the Aldermanic SOLOMON with the remark, that the inquiry would also deter many ladies from entering that shop.

Well, no, MRS. HART. Do not be unjust in your indignation. Tradesmen must live, and ladies must keep them alive. CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS, as cited in a case reported on the same day as the SPENCE AND BUCHANAN affair, said that trade ought to be made to bend to the law, and not the law to the habits of tradesmen. This is Arcadian nonsense, which one might expect from Chief Justices, but at which Aldermen smile. Ladies need not be deterred from entering SPENCE AND BUCHANAN'S, provided that they take a pair of scissors with them, and when buying a dress "tacked in folds," they snip the tacking away, and in obedience to ALDERMAN HALE'S dictum, "exercise their own judgment."

THE NEUFCHÂTEL QUESTION.—The only Neufchâtel Question that we care about is, "Won't you have a glass of port wine with your cheese?"

## A POSER.

*Darling.* "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT SPLENDID FLOWERS!"
*Mamma.* "YES, DEAR, PUT IT DOWN. THAT IS MY WREATH. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA!"
*Darling.* "OH! AND WHEN I GROW A BIG LADY, MAY I WEAR A WREATH, AND GO TO THE OPERA?"
*Mamma.* "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE SO!"
*Darling.* "WHAT, AND TAKE MY BEAUTIFUL VELVET AND GOLD CHURCH SERVICE UNCLE CHARLES GAVE ME?"

### THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

WE read with very painful emotion the subjoined paragraph in the *Times* respecting the observance of the Sabbath at the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition:—

"During Sunday, of course, the building was closed to the public, and a brigade of photographers took advantage of the *dies non* to make copies of many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* for COLNAGHI'S work on the Exhibition, which will be an enduring record of the marvellous works which, for the first time in England's history, at least, have ever been brought together."

The elect of Exeter Hall may not be aware that this "COLNAGHI'S work" is patronised by the QUEEN, who thus unconsciously is made to patronise the Sabbath-breakers. Will Scotland remain tranquil under this dire intelligence? There came last year a pious remonstrance from the north taking HER MAJESTY reverently to task for the seventh-day bands in Windsor Park. Is nothing to be said against the sacrilege of this Sabbath brigade of photographers; or, as darkened photographers, do they claim the seventh day as a *Sun*-day?

### A POPULAR DELUSION.

IT is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to Society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain per-centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to Society. In short, Society is the Master, and Man is the Servant; and it is entirely according as Society proves a good or bad master, whether the Man turns out a good or bad servant.

### PROBABLE LEGAL ACCIDENTS.

AT the Middlesex Sessions last week GEORGE COOK, ex-policeman, cobbler, and thief, received as the reward of a long series of achievements in the latter capacity, a sentence of four years' penal servitude; and the police report of the *Times* mentions that—

"It was stated that during the time the prisoner was in the Police force, he was very active in getting up cases, and many prisoners had been transported upon his evidence. He was known by the cognomen of JONATHAN WILD."

The principle of setting a thief to catch a thief may be a judicious one for the end in view, but thieves are generally apt to catch whatever they can, and such a rascal as GEORGE COOK would be by no means unlikely to accuse innocent persons if it suited his purpose to do so. Of the many prisoners who have been transported on the evidence of this JONATHAN WILD THE LITTLE, we should like to know how many have been wrongfully condemned. Would it be too much trouble for SIR GEORGE GREY to make some inquiry on this point? He will perhaps find that several unfortunate persons, victims of MR. COOK'S evidence, are now undergoing punishment for having done nothing, for which crime his Home Secretaryship may then, if he will be so merciful, advise HER MAJESTY to grant the miserable offenders a "free pardon."

### Mozart's Origin.

A GERMAN etymologist prides himself on having found out the meaning of MOZART'S name. He says, "It is derived from *Mus*, the abbreviation of *Music*, afterwards corrupted into *Moz*; and *Art*, that explains itself. Thus, he chuckles over the discovery that MOZART is the same as MUS-ART, and means literally, "*The Art of Music.*" FOR once, we are half inclined to believe in German philology.

# THE JOLLY GARDENER.

Jack R—ss—ll (a rival gardener). "POOH! YOU'LL HAVE THE SEASON OVER BEFORE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR A DISH!"

## CUFFEY.

I always liked little CUFFEY, the tailor, the goose-hero of Chartism. We never spared a good word for CUFFEY, the honest and resolute, when CUFFEY was magnified into a traitor, and held up his thimble-finger in the dock of his Newgate and his country. CUFFEY, with others less genial, less honest, was wafted away from his humble English shopboard to sit cross-legged, exiled and a captive. We have every hope that the change was all the better for the patriot. We have every belief that fortune will yet smile upon CUFFEY, and that his goose will yet lay many golden eggs. Chartism being entirely sewed up, what more has a patriot and a tailor to do with it? No—and so liberated from his bonds, CUFFEY shall henceforth sit under his own monster cabbage and reap the fruits of all he sews.

Vigilant TOM DUNCOMBE—for no tortoiseshell Tom was ever more vigilant—has inquired in the House about CUFFEY, and the answer—it will please even the aristocracy of the merchant tailors to know it—was satisfactory. Why had not WILLIAM CUFFEY obtained his pardon with some 28 prisoners amnested on the declaration of peace?

SIR GEORGE GREY said it was possible there had been some delay; but "as WILLIAM CUFFEY's name was on the list, he would receive his pardon the same as the others." (*loud cheers from Mr. Punch*).

Now, we know not whether, in imitation of JOHN FROST, WILLIAM CUFFEY will return to England; but we think we may venture to promise for CUFFEY that, unlike FROST, he will not seek to enter London as a martyr. We are fain to answer for the Chartist tailor that he will not leave the Goose-and-Gridiron with a band of music for Primrose Hill, there to promise a speedy effusion of his blood, if necessary, for the slaves of labour and the serfs of the aristocracy. Nevertheless, should CUFFEY return, let him be fully and peaceably feasted. Let him be invited to a way-goose. Let the goose be well stuffed, so that a political moral may in the stuffing be cunningly mingled. Let the onions call to the recollection of the patriot the tears of his exile, whilst the sage shall instruct him in better wisdom for the future. And when CUFFEY shall have passed away to the domain of shades, to the place of PHOCION and CATO and SCÆVOLA, then

> "O'er his tomb may bright thyme and sweet marj'ram wave,
> And fat be the gander that feeds on his grave."

How strange it is that in due season things melt and change into one another. There was a time when the resolute, fire-eating, but withal frank-hearted tailor was a little dangerous, and then Cuffeyism was indeed Chartism; and now CUFFEY is so subdued, so utterly harmless, nay, we will say it, CUFFEY so insignificant, that Chartism is Cuffeyism.

### "Unity is Strength"—of Appetite.

THE Unity Bank, at its opening, gave a grand dinner at the London Tavern, which cost not less than £591. This strikes us as a novel way of a Bank devouring its capital. Was the item put down to the "Deposit Account," or included in the "Sinking Fund?" The shareholders of the British Bank had their money forked out by the Directors, but at the Unity it would seem as if the depositors' money was knife-and-forked out. The principle would appear to be:—"Eat, that you may have a good dividend?"

### St. Januarius and St. Palmerston.

KING BOMBA has just expressed himself delighted with "the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius." What has PALMERSTON to say to the aforesaid BOMBA of the blood of the murdered Englishman, MR. BLANDFORD, butchered in the streets of Naples? One may be a miracle, but the other is a murder. One, as a miracle, BOMBA may not be able to account for; but the other, as a homicidal fact, must be duly considered and as duly answered.

AN UNFAVOURABLE COMPARISON.

1842. The DUKE OF ORLEANS takes Constantine.
1857. The PRINCE NAPOLEON runs away from Constantine.

## THE PERILS OF PIANO-PLAYING.

WE copy the subjoined paragraph from the programme of a recent "high art" Concert:—

"With this discord begins the *finale* ff and at the fifth bar, in rapid descent, *hurled from the top to the bottom of this murmuring volcano*, as M. LENZ calls it, *a hurricane of notes plunge into the abyss below*, a few passages of octaves in the bass *dimin.* leading to the subject at the twentieth bar."

If it be difficult to fancy a volcanic hurricane, we are still more puzzled to imagine how, as in this instance, the idea of one could be suggested by a piece on the piano. Had it been a trombone, or an ophicleide, or a pair of bagpipes, perhaps the comparison might have less astonished us. But a hurricane on the piano is the less easy to conceive of, seeing the piano is not even a wind instrument.

We have heard of performers giving themselves airs, and it is not uncommon, we believe, to find a first-rate *artiste* apt to storm a bit occasionally. Their blustering, however, is all done behind the scenes, and not allowed to interfere with the comfort of the public. But when we hear that a hurricane has happened at a concert, we think, with trembling, that the audience might have all been blown away by it. In the above case happily we may assume that they escaped, as we have seen no mention in the papers to the contrary. It will be well, however, when such pieces are performed in future, to announce for the assurance of the nervous public, that the audience will be properly protected against accidents. We are not afraid in general of what is called "descriptive" music, except that we have sometimes a fear of being bored by it. But when it be of the description mentioned in our extract, and combines the attributes of simooms and volcanoes, we confess we should hardly think it safe to sit it out, unless, as a preventive to our annihilation, we were permitted to be tied down to our seat, and clothed from head to foot in unburnable asbestos.

## THE KNEE-PLUSH ULTRA.

IN the *Times* of May 14 may be read the original of the subjoined advertisement:—

FOOTMAN—a good-looking young fellow, tall and handsome, looks well behind a carriage, age 21, height 5 feet 11½ inches, broad shoulders and *extensive calves*. Two years' good character. Family with town house preferred, and *a preference for Belgravia or the north-side of Hyde Park*. Address to A. M. D., Post Office, Grenville Street, Brunswick Square.

Now, is A. M. D. chargeable with conceit of height, with vanity of shoulders? By no means; he merely addresses himself to the prejudices of the plush-market; and when he speaks of his "extensive calves," he merely proves that he perfectly well knows the asses he appeals to.

### The Doctors in Danger.

MR. HEADLAM has introduced his Medical Bill into the present Parliament. LORD ELCHO has brought in a rival measure. The medical profession is recommended to be on the alert, lest these doctors' bills should be bills which the doctors will have to pay, in paying a monstrous fine for registration, that is, a fine much exceeding one shilling. The circulation of the profession generally is in a low state. It is deficient as regards the circulating medium. It will not stand depletion, and the abstraction of a very small amount may in many cases occasion a sinking of a frightful character, terminating in fatal collapse.

DEFINITION, BY A CYNICAL BRUTE.

THE MOST DELICATE ATTENTION.—Inattention, when a man is talking nonsense, or a woman is talking at all.

PEGASUS, BY OUR IRISH ARTIST.

## A BLAZE AT A BOAT-RACE.

ONE has heard of "words that burn," but one would hardly look to meet with them beneath the heading of "Aquatics." Nevertheless, in the *Times'* report of the late boat-race, the description gets so glowing that it makes one hot to read it. The writer clearly must have "warmed with his subject" to at least the extent of ten or twelve degrees, before he could have penned such a passage as the following:—

"It may be as well to observe that, although from the number of steamers present, the Thames appeared to have one huge furnace upon it, the care and attention of MR. BURNEY, Superintendent of the Citizen steamboats, and of MR. SAWYER, Superintendent of the Iron boats, prevented any collision or confusion."

Really, when one hears of this "huge furnace," and this MR. BURNEY being on it, one almost wonders that between them they didn't somehow set the Thames on fire: and one inclines to some astonishment to find that the match did not end in a dead heat. Rowing for the Championship must be quite warm work enough to make the slightest increase of the temperature oppressive: but perhaps the presence of so many steamers is found in some degree to stimulate the rowers, inciting them to put on extra steam themselves, for fear of being run over. Still we think that in such cases accidents from fire are not at all unlikely to happen on the water: and if the race is to become such a fiery ordeal, we should seriously advise all contenders for the Championship to have their rowing-dresses manufactured of asbestos.

CHARLES AND JOSEPH SURFACE.

ALE fatal news is briefly told. We find
Both the PEELS have—and England is—resigned.

### Austrian Mercy.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA pardons all Hungarian "rebels" who are not in foreign countries. HIS MAJESTY is very merciful. Had these rebels not been out of his clutches, they would have been in his dungeons, or in their graves.

## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 4.

"MR. PUNCH,

"OF dinners, public and private, family and festive, pot-luck and ceremonious, on one's own mahogany, or in a Greenwich or Richmond hotel, what sufferer but has most painful experiences? This meal, intended as it is for our solace and sustentation, has somehow been erected into the engine of some of our heaviest social tortures. Indeed so many recollections of suffering—in palate, stomach, spirits, purse, temper—crowd upon me with the word 'dinner,' that I feel an embarrassment of bitternesses. I am puzzled in what order to marshal my black bill-of-fare—how to arrange its *entrees*—to say which of all its monstrous grievances ought to figure as *pièces de resistance*—to usher in the *entremets* of annoyance, the *hors d'œuvres* of wrong, so as to give each its due value—to set out and garnish the sours which do duty for its sweets, the unmerited oppressions which may stand for its dessert, so that nothing shall be lost of their acrid and irritating flavour.

"The public dinner—you will perhaps say—is the heavier infliction; but then the private dinner is of most frequent recurrence. If, as I admit, the festive meal bears off the palm for wearisomeness, the family repast is the more meagre and monotonous. Who shall strike the balance between the discomfort of 'pot-luck' and the icy pretentiousness of the set entertainment? Who shall accurately weigh his anxiety, who invites his friends to his own house, against the penalties of him who asks his acquaintance to a spread at the Trafalgar, or the Star and Garter?

"Take thee as we will, dinner, thou art a bitter draught! Whether I encounter thee upon washing days, under the mean misery of cold shoulder, or at festal seasons of the year, behind the monotonous mask of boiled fowl and saddle of mutton—whether thou lurkest in the stale soup and flaccid salmon of the Freemasons' Tavern, or strikest chill into my soul over the starched white neckcloths of Belgravia—whether thou leapest forth on me unawares from the ambush of an unceremonious invitation, or offerest me up, a solemn sacrifice, in the lingering agonies of a fortnight's notice—whatever the figure, form, fashion of the Dinner-torture, I do, hereby, denounce it, and call on all my fellow sufferers to aid me in putting it down! We no longer press criminals to death in Newgate, if they refuse to plead: the rack has been chopped up and burnt for firewood long ago: Smithfield faggots survive only in the speeches of MR. SPOONER, and the dreams of the old ladies to whom CARDINAL WISEMAN is as Bogey, and MR. WESTERTON as an angel of light: the pillory has been discarded as brutal: even whipping at the cart's tail has been put down, as too savage a punishment. And yet—inconsistent beings that we are—we keep up the dinner-torture in full vigour! It was never more severely and sternly inflicted than now—in this soft-hearted nineteenth century, which coddles its criminals, beweeps its burglars, and tends its Ticket-of-leave men with a more than parental tenderness. These men have offended against the laws. But what have *we* done to deserve dinners?

"But I would not be misunderstood. It is not that I have any objection to dinner in the abstract—to dinner as a part of the social economy. Quite the contrary. Few people more highly respect the meal, or are more grateful for a good one than I am. I complain of dinner, not as it might, could, or should be, but as it is—as we have made it. A cruel ingenuity has been shown in perverting into a weariness and an oppression an institution which might be eminently pleasant and profitable; indeed, which *must* be eminently pleasant and profitable, when properly understood, and set about in a genial, honest, unpretending, unselfish spirit. My readers must bear in mind that I am writing neither for the cream of the cream of society, nor for the dregs of the dregs. My shafts are aimed neither at His Grace the DUKE OF BEAUMANOIR, nor at BILL the Costermonger. I eschew alike the stately family-mansions of Grosvenor Square and the squalid tenements of Drury Lane. I sail in the great Mediterranean—the middle sea. I appeal to the sympathies of that vast class which touches the House of Peers by its upper strata, and includes the Trade Directory in its lower—of that enormous body of my fellow-citizens to whose daily life state and splendour, profuse expenditure, and large establishments are unfamiliar—the great bulk of whom rarely soar above a single footman, with perhaps a satellite in buttons; and who, if they rise beyond the humble cab or politer fly, stop for the most part at the modest Brougham or cozy Clarence; rarely affecting the cumbrous chariot, or the formidable family-coach. To this order I am proud to belong, and in this wide zone, with occasional glimpses into the stately region of aristocratic state above me, and the too squalid domain of hard-labour and poverty below, my experiences—dinner and other—have been gathered.

"They have been as various as painful. Bad dinners assume so many forms. Take our family dinners, for example. These, as a rule, are made miserable from culpable carelessness, and neglect of Heaven's good gifts, which would be insolent, if it were not so ignorant. O young women of England, if you but knew how much depends on dinners! I am inclined, sometimes, to think that the pivot on which the fortunes of home-happiness hang, is planted in the centre of the dining-table. Do not imagine me that most odious of human creatures in female eyes—an epicure. I am none, I protest, unless it be according to the sailor's interpretation of the word, 'a beggar that can eat anything.' I have an excellent and most accommodating appetite. I can be happy with a leg of mutton, I am thankful to say. Nay, I am that domestic pearl beyond price—A MAN WHO LIKES COLD MUTTON! Be composed, ladies. Do not rush to each other's polls. Let your pretty caps remain unpulled for me. I AM married.

"But while I avow myself content with a leg of mutton, I must insist on it that the mutton shall be good mutton, and that it shall be done to a turn. I say, I have a right to insist on this. Being, as I am, endowed with an apparatus of palate, tongue, fauces, most cunningly constructed to apprehend, retain, and distinguish flavours—with a nerve fibruncle, probably, for every distinct impression of taste which I am destined to receive in my whole life—I feel it nothing less than a religious duty to keep this machinery agreeably and delicately employed. I am bound to cultivate my gustatory taste, as I am my æsthetic—in the same manner, if not in the same degree. On the same principle that I refuse to condemn the latter to a diet of MAESTRO CRESCENTE'S music, or a course of the colossal pictures of SPRAWL, of the 'British Artists' or of the miniature *niaiseries* of MINNIKIN—Associate that is, Academician that hopes to be—I object to condemn my gustatory organs to Newgate market Saturday night mutton, or to Hungerford market Sunday morning fish; or, be my mutton and fish of the best, to the former under or overdone, or the latter half-boiled, or fried in bad oil over a slow fire.

"I fearlessly assert, that while we have a choice of good and bad viands, so long as there is a distinction between good cooking and bad—be the meat of the simplest and the cooking of the plainest—it is absolute guilt in a wife to be careless which she gives her husband, positive sin in a husband to be indifferent which is provided by his wife. I would have young women brought up in this conviction—in a respect for the institution of dinner—in a reverence for the art of cookery—in a practical warfare against the doctrine that 'God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.' I grieve to say that this part of female education, so far as I can ascertain, is now utterly neglected. It was not always so. Our great-grandmothers were early initiated into the culinary mysteries. Witness those family receipt-books—arcana of ancient kitchen lore—laboriously compiled, reverently studied in the parlour and the hall, and only communicated to the kitchen, as oracles were transmitted of old to those who consulted them, with religious ceremony and awful pomp. Not that those fair heads ever stooped their powdered piles over a stew-pan, or exposed their rouge and patches to the blaze of a kitchen range. They planned; their subordinates executed. The intellectual conception of dish or dinner belonged to the mistress; the manual execution was confided to the cook-maid.

"That was the proper division of labour. No lady has any business to meddle with spit or casserole. Cooking is an art, and should have its professors, who must not be rashly interfered with. Amateur cooking is like amateur fiddling, or amateur painting. The non-professional and the professional performances should never be intermixed. But just as good professional music or painting demands trained unprofessional ears or eyes to judge, and enlightened unprofessional patronage to guide it, so the good cook requires intelligent eaters, and above all, an appreciative and cultivated mistress to direct and encourage her efforts.

"But how seldom can cooks now-a-days count upon such mistresses!

"Here I must break off for the present. My subject opens more and more widely upon me. I feel there is matter in it for many letters from

"A SUFFERER."

## A MEAN WRETCH—JUST LIKE 'EM.

*Mr. Jones.* How pretty your bonnet looks, my dear.

*Mrs. Jones.* Lor, HENRY, it is quite an old one.

*Mr. Jones.* That fact constitutes its chief prettiness, my economical love.

[*And the creature, with one of his provoking smiles, could go out and join in a dinner at the Ship at Greenwich, and what he calls charter a Hansom to get back to the Club, and have nothing but fiddler's money left out of a five pound note. A man, my dear!*

REJECTED ADDRESSES.—A New Edition of this delightful book will shortly be published, handsomely bound in calico, with portraits of MESSRS. COBDEN, BRIGHT, FOX, &c. &c. For price, &c., apply to the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

## THE ERMINE AND THE MOTLEY.

IN a joke pronounced by the Bench there is something peculiarly droll—the pun, for the jokes of Judges always are puns—is heightened in ludicrousness by a certain pleasing incongruity perceived between the jest and the Judge. The judicial joke is a relief, also, to the tediousness of legal proceedings, and is a gratifying evidence of good humour and patience on the Judge's part, under circumstances that would irritate and fatigue ordinary minds. The jokes of the venerable Judges are generally as venerable as themselves; their lordships joke by precedent; but antiquity, which is a disparagement to the witticisms of other men, imparts a certain raciness to their good things. Now LORD CAMPBELL, one day last week, made a fine old joke. He, and eleven other judges were sitting on the case of the QUEEN *v.* LISTER and BRIGGS—the defendants indicted for a dangerous nuisance. When, according to the Law Report:—

"The CHIEF BARON alluded to the case of a butt of beer bursting at MEUX'S some years since, when men were drowned.

"LORD CAMPBELL. And it might be said that they were found floating on their watery bier."

We can only regret that the joke was not followed out by the jolly interlocutors. As thus:—

The CHIEF BARON. That bier is rather a grave subject.

LORD CAMPBELL. All right. Grave as a Judge.

The CHIEF BARON. "From grave to gay."

LORD CAMPBELL. "From lively to severe." And now we have got to that, suppose we proceed to judgment.

A judicial joke on drowning is fair enough, and must be regarded as an improvement on the wit which our legal sages sometimes used formerly to indulge in on the seat of justice, in allusion to another mode of suffocation.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

SIR ERSKINE PERRY'S Bill for the better security of the rights of married women, has met with so favourable a reception that, should it not pass during the present session, it may pass in the next century. We, however, hope for immediate legislation upon the subject. There are two clauses in the present Bill that no man, at least no husband who is not an absolute brute, can object to. The first makes a married woman answerable for her own tongue; and therefore relieves the husband of a responsibility that, since the invention of marriage, no man has known how to grapple with. A wife who in the effervescence of her temper says something not very affectionate of her sister woman, shall henceforth answer for the damages committed by the lingual organ. Well, this may be just; nevertheless, it will now and then wring the conjugal bosom to know that notice of action has been served upon JEMIMA; that a verdict of damages has been given against her; and that, as it may happen, a judgment may carry female bone from bone male to the Queen's Bench. However, the rights of women must be respected; and with this conviction, the judgment must be allowed to take place, and—foolish fellows as we are—we must yield nothing to weakness.

The second right about to accrue to married women is, the right to pay their own debts. We do not know, for a surety, whether this portion of the amended law will tend to make the shops of bonnet-makers and milliners less attractive, less seductive; but we should think it not unlikely. As the injustice of the existing law operates, a woman loses nothing in yielding to the temptation of dress, seeing that the husband must pay for it. But with women fully possessed of their rights, it will be otherwise. Thus, a woman who cannot pay for her own dress will, upon her own account, go to gaol for the debt. We understand, however, that the benevolence of the legislature will lend itself to the allowance of the following amendment:—"That whereas, every woman committed to prison upon a judgment debt contracted for her own gowns or petticoats, shall not be confined within the walls, but be allowed to live 'in the rules' of her own Crinoline."

THE SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF AT THE SUCCESS OF THE NEW STRAW STABLES AT ALDERSHOT.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON LEGITIMIZED.

THERE can be now no doubt of the legitimacy of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Could ST. DENIS himself return to the world, head in hand, he could hardly fail to acknowledge the present governor of France, by divine right of a certain night in December, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. What the crown had left undone, the hat has effected: The hat of the LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH mode makes sacred the adventurer of Boulogne; and the late special-constable of St. James's Street sits upon his horse in the forest of Fontainebleau a legitimate descendant of ST. LOUIS. Poor COUNT CHAMBORD! He and his pretensions are put nowhere; they are, in fact, left shivering and naked; for LOUIS NAPOLEON has stolen the clothes of the *ancien régime*, and HENRY THE FIFTH has not a legitimate rag to cover him. The whole matter, through the conscientious columns of *Galignani*, speaks to Europe. Thus it is.

The GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE is taken to Fontainebleau to enjoy a stag-hunt. We are told that when the Muscovy Ambassador became a little too rough and ready in his manners, even for QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Virgin Queen of England would get rid of his Excellency by sending him off with a party to hunt the wild boar in the wood of Marylebone. We *had* boars in those days; but Marylebone is now merely a forest of bricks, and the boars, if not extinct, are scattered. Well, to employ the imperial mind of Russia, LOUIS NAPOLEON lately prepared a stag-hunt. And more, to recommend the sport with especial grace and unction to his Russian guest, the French Emperor went back a little into those picturesque days, ere VOLTAIRE dropt vitriolic acid from his pen on the purple of royalty, ere ROUSSEAU preached something like maternity into France, at that time with all her children at wet-nurse. In a word LOUIS NAPOLEON sat for the time in the saddle of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. The transformation was so complete that, upon the word and honour of several veracious courtiers present, France seemed to retrograde a century or two, in order to make the illusion perfect. For a time, it almost seemed that France—although she had reeled somewhat under the shock of the tumbling Bastille—had never been disturbed from under the protecting shadow of the *péruque* of *le grand monarque*; as though, in very truth, the citizens of France, as in the days of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, might be put by in a stone-safe, with no trial and no questions permitted to be asked; as though the freedom of the press was yet an undiscovered good, and liberty of speech was still the visionary dream, the brain-fever of mad, bad men. With LOUIS NAPOLEON as LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, a certain antique haze gathered about Fontainebleau; the feeling of the time pervaded even his courtiers, for their faces seemed lackered with the complacency of the olden time; their back-bones bent with the suppleness of a former age. The very people, the peasantry raised and emboldened by the work of the guillotine, seemed shrunk and dwarfed, and walked or slunk like the villeins of the good old day. Such is the spiriting of the tailor, hatter, and bootmaker; and so did their genius work when it had clothed LOUIS NAPOLEON, the royal hunter, in "a green coat with gold lace, the waistcoat red, the lower part of the dress being white, with high hunting boots. The hat LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, a hanger, and a whip completed the costume." Would the oldest inhabitant of ancient Strasbourg have known the chivalrous adventurer in such a coat—would Boulogne have recognised her Knight of the Eagle in that waistcoat—would any London hatter have identified his old customer in that beaver of the time of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH? We think not. No: the *parvenu* had passed away, and the representative of the line of HUGH CAPET stood before the Imperial DUKE CONSTANTINE OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

The day of that Fontainebleau hunt was a great day for France. Represented by her ruler, she had taken a great step backwards, whether *pour mieux sauter* is to be seen; but we fear a jump in advance can be no great jump in so tight and ceremonious a dress. Any way, when the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE shall next meet HENRY THE FIFTH, it will doubtless be a subject of some mirth for the Muscovite wag (it is scandalously said of him that he is given to a joke!) to inform his throneless Majesty how the *parvenu* LOUIS NAPOLEON looks in the furbished-up clothes of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

### Drown it in a Bowl.

IT is said that SIR CHARLES NAPIER and SIR ROBERT PEEL have sent invitations to DUKE CONSTANTINE on his visit to England. It is uncertain whether he will go either to SIR CHARLES or to SIR ROBERT; but it is not considered impossible that he will accept a shake-down at the mansions of both.

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## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.—No. 5.

OF course, it has occurred to you, *Mr. Punch*, what a benefactor of his species that man would be who should leave a large fortune to found and endow a college for Cooks. When I consider the science and art that must combine in a good cook, and the crass ignorance and presumption of most persons assuming the title, I am astonished that some benevolent individual has not thought of establishing a normal school of culinary instruction—where the whole round of the science might be taught, from boiling a potato up to a dinner of three courses.

"There might be periodical examinations by skilled persons for each department of study.—A Board of Irish examiners for potato-boiling, one of London Aldermen for turtle, and so forth. There might be cook-lists, like University class-lists—with ordinary degrees, and honours and medals. The Cooks' College should not be a place for educating cooks with a view to domestic service, but a normal institution, from which highly qualified culinary teachers might be planted all over the country—each the head of a local culinary school. It should be compulsory on every girl of a certain age, to have attended for a certain time at such a school. I do not know that I should not make the production of a certificate of such attendance a legal condition preliminary to marriage, and impose a heavy penalty on the clergyman who united any young woman in holy matrimony without such a certificate.

"It stands to reason that the instruction in these National Cooking Schools, should differ for different classes. There should be the poor-man's wife course—the respectable tradesman's wife, or middle-class course—the soup-and-fish-every-day, or thousand-a-year course—and so upwards. A young woman on entering would be entered for the course appropriate to her station in life. So there would be a special curriculum for those who aimed at qualifying themselves for cook's places. But all women ought to have a certain minimum of culinary knowledge, and therefore I would insist on the certificate in all cases.

"I really think the man who first endows such a Cooks' College, and the minister who first introduces such a compulsory system of national culinary education, will each deserve a statue—I beg pardon—will each deserve—*not* to have a statue, but—to be commemorated in whatever form we may succeed in devising that is not both ugly and ridiculous.

"But after all, bad cookery is the worst that cooks have to answer for. There is undoubtedly a lamentable amount of bad cookery—in other words, of discomfort, indigestion, and waste—in this country. But the remedy for this lies in a great degree beyond our own power. Indeed, until the far-sighted patriot arises to found my culinary college, I do not see my way to any very general elevation of the standard of our cooks.

"Bad dinners, however, depend on something very different from bad cookery. Indeed, there may be very bad dinners with very good cookery, and even very good dinners occasionally with very bad cookery. I call every dinner a bad one where the people have been invited for any other principal reason than because their host likes them, and is liked by them; where the mistress of the house is fidgety, or the master of the house uncomfortable; where the guests are too many for the table, or the servants not enough for the guests; where in an establishment evidently mounted on the leg-of-mutton-scale, I am treated to two courses and champagne; where a variety of wines are handed round, but the glasses only half-filled; where a pine-apple is put on the table at dessert and carried away uncut; where the plate comes from the pawnbroker's, the *entrées* from the pastrycook's, or the waiters from the greengrocer's round the corner; where a thousand a-year is made to do duty for five, or where five thousand narrows itself to the proportions of one. In short, every dinner is a bad one which is out of keeping with the house in which it is eaten; and I grieve to say, that the proportion of such dinners to the total number consumed in London is very great indeed.

"Condemned though I be to the Social Tread-mill, I am of a cheerful disposition, and gay in the intervals of my punishment. Yet into how many drawing-rooms do I enter, in fulfilment of solemn dinner obligations, where chilly constraint and cowardly ceremonial lay leaden weights upon me and every soul present! Why, when I dine with the KOTOOS, do I pull off my naturalness and cheerfulness with my paletot, and draw on a certain starched and constrained self with my white gloves? Why is the quarter of an hour before dinner in that house so much longer than any other hour in the day elsewhere? Why do we all fall desperately to talking of the weather? Why, but that we are one and all conscious of some unreality or inconvenience, or humbug, or incongruity in our being thus assembled. There is BLADEBONE, the barrister, with a growing family and a decreasing practice, thinking what a nuisance it is to have to pay for the fly which brought himself and MRS. B. to the hospitable door. There is MRS. B. scanning MRS. FLAUNTER'S new *glacé* silk, and wondering whether the bill is settled at HOWELL and JAMES'S. FLAUNTER—who was in the Guards, but sold out on his marriage, and is now on the Turf, and in difficulties—has his head full of judgments, cognovits, and odds, and bills coming due, and I O U's. 'Ah, you're a happy fellow,' he sighs, to MR. PENNYBOY, the City magnate, as that distinguished capitalist gives him the particulars of a remarkable rise in the shares of the sixth new company he has become a director of this year. PENNYBOY chuckles huskily, and tries to look as if he agreed with FLAUNTER. But he knows that he is sailing on the fathomless sea of speculation, buoyed up by bubbles, and that the bursting of any one of the six may sink him. Here is a young author; of course it must be very delightful to him to meet the quarterly reviewer who cut up his last book so humorously. And here are two Mammas with a daughter a-piece, and only one eligible young man of the party—Pleasant situation for all five!

"Now every one of this party has been invited, not because the KOTOOS take particular pleasure in the company of any of their guests, or imagine that any of their guests feel particular pleasure in coming; but because they have been invited by the BLADEBONES, the FLAUNTERS, and the PENNYBOYS, and think it a duty to invite them in return. The Reviewer and the Author are the show-pieces—the stalking-horses—the ornaments of the entertainment, and the young ladies, with the Mammas, are the baits provided for the Reviewer and the Author. The eligible young man is asked because he is so *very* eligible in every way—and does credit to every house where he condescends to dine. In short, here are all manner of motives for bringing the party together, but the one motive that can make the party pleasant—the desire of giving and receiving pleasure.

"Is any one here really the happier for seeing another? Is there one who would not, if he had his or her own will, rather be at home than in the KOTOOS' drawing-room—always excepting GUTTLETON, the Reviewer, who is a bachelor, and has no home, and would (but for the KOTOOS' invitation) have had to pay for his dinner at the Athenæum—a thing he hates. But poor BLADEBONE would infinitely have preferred the homely hash which MRS. B. would have treated him to—three days' table-cloth, small beer and all—to the KOTOOS' three courses; and no wonder, seeing that the privilege of stretching his thin and threadbare legs under their mahogany stands him—including gloves, fly, and a new collar for MRS. B.,—at least a sovereign. FLAUNTER would have preferred a snug, little dinner at his Club; leaving MRS. F. to her own arrangements at home—for similar reasons to BLADEBONE'S. PENNYBOY has already vented *his* feelings, with regard to the KOTOOS' invitation, in the shower of imprecations with which he accompanied his toilet. He has 'other things to think of than those —— people's —— dinners,' &c. &c. The Mammas wish each other at Jericho—and the eligible young man wishes himself in some place, if there be any place, where young women are not flung at the heads of eligible young men.

"Of course, under these circumstances, it is to be expected that the KOTOOS' party should be an uncommonly lively, cheerful, unconstrained, and open-hearted gathering?

"So much for the guests.

"But the dinner?—Let us see how the KOTOOS redeem the mal-arrangement round their mahogany, by the style of entertainment they put upon it."

"*Well—I* AM *blow'd if that ain't too bad—for to go and make fun of* HUS *in that* RIDIC'LOUS *manner.*"

## MONEY AND MARRIAGE.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S new Divorce Bill maintains due homage to the majesty of the law and the profits of the lawyers. A man's wife still remains to him his goods and chattels. If a man possess a beautiful picture, a magnificent piece of porcelain, and either picture or pottery is maliciously damaged or fractured, the owner thereof has, of course, a remedy at law for the injury. He brings his suit, and is awarded in recompense so much money. Now the law as it is, left by LORD CRANWORTH, leaves the wife of a man's bosom in the condition, no higher and no lower, of the picture and the vase. If spotted or flawed she is to be paid for, and there an end. Very commercial, this; but not very complimentary to the dignity of human nature. But so it is. When a wife fails to be good, she is *goods.*

## BEAKS AND BEER.

MR. HARDY has introduced a Beer Bill, the object of which is to extend the system of magistrates' licences from public-houses to beer shops. What big brewer is the particular friend of MR. HARDY? Why, since all public-houses have to be licensed by magistrates, are there any low public-houses, the resorts of rascals and thieves? Why not, instead of extending the licence-system, abolish it altogether? Is it the opinion of everybody except the big brewers, and the Injustices, their confederates on the Bench, that the wisest way of dealing with beer would be to establish Free Trade in that article, and grant publicans liberty instead of licence?

## WHO NAMES THE NAVY?

NEXT to those momentous queries, "Do you bruise your oats yet?" and "Who 's to win the Derby?" we think of all the questions of the day, the one we most want answered is the one that heads this article? We rarely see a notice of an Admiralty ship-launch, without its "seriously inclining" us to write off to *Bell's Life* or the *Family Herald*, and beg that those all-knowing ones who answer Correspondents will kindly tell us who is the Purveyor of Names for the Navy, or in other phrase, who acts as the Government godfather.

We are tempted to ask this, not from any wish to pry into the secrets of the State, but from sheer respect for the genius in question, and our unbounded admiration of his talent for misnomer, which so clearly proves his being the right man in the right place. What, for instance, can surpass the exquisite appropriateness of christening by such names as the *Transit* and the *Urgent*, ships in which transition was the last thing to be looked for, and which for urgent service therefore were quite sure to be selected. To an ordinary mind it might have seemed more suitable to call a spade a spade, and to have christened the Admiralty steam-tubs by such names as would have been suggestive of their characters. We, ourselves, perhaps, had we been entrusted with the sponsorship, might have chosen, as more applicable to our tugs of war, such appellations as the *Snail*, the *Sloth*, the *Crazy*, or the *Cranky*: taking it for granted that a ship built by the Government will not only turn out "Slow," but "Sure" of breaking down, if not of breaking up. It might never have occurred to us to try a more sarcastic nomenclature, and indulge in pleasant fictions of an *Urgent* or a *Transit*; in the creditable hope that the unfitness of the name might be attractive of attention, before it was too late, to the unfitness of the vessel. We almost question though if sarcasm can be anyhow made sharp enough to penetrate the WOOD that there is in the Whitehall board; and as we never have much faith in any treatment but our own, we shall continue now and then to call the Admiralty names, until we find they have the sense to give their ships more fitting ones.

### Above all Price.

THE report that certain French capitalists (MESSRS. PEREIRA, MIRÈS, MILLAUD, and other Rothschildren of wealth) had combined their millions and billions for the purpose of purchasing *Punch* is ridiculously untrue; and for the best of all reasons, because there would not be capital sufficient in all France put together to command such a purchase.

## WHAT LOCKSLEY HALL SAID BEFORE HE PASSED HIS OXFORD RESPONSIONS (*vulgò* SMALLS).

INSCRIBED TO THE POET LAUREATE.

Oh the misery of "Smalls!" the cark the turmoil and the grind,
Oh the cruel, cruel fetters which are wreathing round my mind!

There is grammar, there is *Euclid*, and far worse than all of these,
Arithmetical refinements, with their stocks and rules of threes,

With their discount and their practice and their very vulgar fractions
Smashing up the one ideal into many paltry factions.

Square root makes the head to ache, the decimals the tear to start,
For they 're ever circulating round the fibres of my heart—

Learning grammar is like putting water in a leaky pot,
And its memory is only like the days remembered not;

Verbs in "MI" are aggravating, *Euclid* makes the foot to stamp,
Only lucid when enlightened by a moderator lamp,

The old spider and his cobwebs! Would that I could sweep him out
From the dust and must of ages with a triumph and a shout;

Shall I spurn him with my foot, or shall I scorn him with mine eye?
Shall I tear him into pieces? SOUTHEY burnt him—so will I.

### The Maynooth Nuisance.

MR. SPOONER is defeated, but not convinced. The honourable gentleman was considerably affected by his failure on Thursday night, but it was remarked that he had partially recovered his constitutional flow of spirits on Friday evening. This cheerful change, as we have heard, was entirely wrought by a sympathetic letter addressed to him by the orthodox editor of *The Morning Advertiser*, who, in the handsomest way, offered his columns for the rest of the session to the pleasing polemics of the LUTHER of North Warwickshire. "May we not trace the noble dust of CÆSAR till we find it stopping a bunghole?"

### Presents from Portugal.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL has sent to the QUEEN a present of cattle—a bull, a bull-calf, and two heifers of a dun colour, and not more than six-and-thirty inches high. Portugal having despatched these little cattle, when may Portuguese bond-holders expect her to post the pony, no matter how little the pony be,—to begin with?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL SETTLING THE JEW BILL.

"There! Go to that nice Gentleman; He'll make a Man of you."

## FLOWERS FROM CUPID'S GARDEN.

We have to inform those of our fair readers who need the information, that there is a fellow in Paris, named Constantin, an artificial florist, who is a regular duck. Our authority for this statement is our fashionable contemporary, by whom M. Constantin, styled the great Parisian *fleuriste*, is said to have executed, among other "works," a wonderful bunch of gillyflowers. We will do ourselves the pleasure of transporting a vast number of young ladies, and not a few old ones, by quoting some extracts from our contemporary's glowing description of this production of genius. In the first place M. Constantin has been honoured with Imperial patronage:—

"The bouquet of *giroflée* (common stock), which he executed from nature, has been thought worthy of presentation to the Empress."

From what follows, one is inclined to wonder that the Imperial bees, if Eugénie was wearing any, did not leave the garment which they were embroidered on, and settle on the mimic gillyflowers:

"It may be truly said to outvie nature in its bloom and freshness. So minute is the execution of this *giroflée*, that botanists have declared that, even with the help of the microscope, no fault or omission can be detected."

We have often heard of magic branches, but for truly enchanting properties, never of any to compare with those of M. Constantin's *giroflée*:—

"It is not made up into a wreath for wear, but is laid in long branches along the back of the head, the peculiar green of the leaves serving to bring out the brightness of the hair, while the bright blossoms of the flower heighten by many tints the whiteness of the skin as they fall upon the neck."

This is a clever arrangement—evidently a phrenological one. The organs of the softer feelings lie at the back of the head, as also does that of the Love of Approbation to which, especially, the overlying decoration must impart a pleasing stimulus. M. Constantin, we are informed, has invented another floral excitant of the same sentiment:—

"Constantin's rose-dahlia has also met with the greatest admiration. The artist has produced a colour hitherto unknown in the florist's art; a kind of rich purple pink, which heightens the complexion, and causes the eyes to appear doubly brilliant."

Much has been said lately about the language of the eye, in consequence of the exhibition of a ridiculous picture, as illustrative thereof, in the music-shop windows. The double brilliancy of the eye produced by M. Constantin's rose-dahlia, is doubtless an example of that language; the expression of the speaking eye being, as plainly as words can convey the same meaning, "See how pretty I look."

## THE CUCUMBER AND THE BOTTLE.

### A Fable.

Once upon a time, a cucumber, whilst still growing on the vine, was placed by the gardener in a bottle that it might therein come to its full size. The bottle was a large bottle, and the cucumber grew and grew, and at length attained its largest possible proportions. But this was a fact the cucumber could never be brought to admit. There remained plenty of room in the bottle, but the cucumber always quarrelled with it for being too narrow. "I tell you what," said the cucumber, "I give you fair warning; depend upon it, I am already a cucumber of such immense dimensions it isn't likely that such a paltry little bottle as you are can hold me. Depend upon it, some day I shall burst you." "Pooh, pooh," said the bottle, "you're a very respectable cucumber, but there's room and plenty to spare. And as for growing any bigger, why you're already in the yellow rind." "Yellow rind," cried the cucumber; "but you're beneath my contempt. Therefore I shall not condescend another word to such a blatant beast of a bottle. Only remember this—I'll grow and burst you." Upon inquiring of the gardener what manner of cucumber could at once be so contemptuous and so tremendous, the man replied, —"That Cucumber, *Mr. Punch*, is called the Napier."

Salmon Scarce.—A Newspaper paragraph lately stated that one Salmon, a banking agent, charged with defalcations to the amount of £30,000, had absconded. If this is the case, we should be glad to hear of the take of that Salmon.

## THE SOLON GOOSE TO THE EARL OF MALMESBURY, GREETING.

Y DEAR LORD,—"As a goose, I thank you for myself and the other water-fowl, late inhabitants of St. James's Park, but now of Kew. Your beautiful speech in the House of Lords has warmed our very gizzards; even the ducks and the noddies account you sage. You are quite right; when our lake, or pond, or whatever you may call it, in St. James's Park, was left unreformed, there was what you beautifully call 'aqueous vegetation;' and now the water 's to be paved with concrete to please SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S crotchets in the abstract. Duckweed, my lord, I consider an institution; and I and all the birds of my feather thank you for the manly conservatism that would protect the time-honoured vegetation of our waters. The fact is, if SIR BENJAMIN 's allowed to have his full fling, we shall all be killed with cleanliness. I 'm told that he has dug to light a spring in Duck Island, 'which will supply the whole lake' with pure water. Now, my lord, how are we to live upon purity? A certain amount of wholesome corruption is as necessary to the existence of us water-fowl as to the Ministry of HER MAJESTY'S Government. We must even pine, and die upon this excess of purity,—which admits of no soft unctuous mud, no pungent decaying matter, no relishing filth to be chemically converted to the breasts and wings of ducks and geese.

"Consider it, my lord. We have been told that the water which is henceforth to fill our lake 'evidently comes from the Thames, being filtered on its passage through a bed of sand, two-thirds of a mile in thickness.' Now, can even so much as a tadpole live in so pure, I should say, so insipid an element? Filtered, indeed! If the streams of the Exchequer were thus filtered, what would become of such pensions as LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S, who has, however, the thanks of all of us web-footed for his support of your lordship, who, indeed, has talked like one of ourselves.

"I remain, for self and others,

"YOUR SOLON GOOSE.

"P.S. I send you one of my own pen-feathers for your coronet. You 've won it well, and, as somebody says, may you wear it long."

## ECCLESIASTICAL FASHIONS.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE will be about the house of certain drapers in Regent Street; an establishment calling itself the "Sponsalia." They advertise a "Patent Pallium." Now, the right of conferring the Pallium is reserved by the POYTIFF to himself, and he also holds that the Pallium which he supplies is the only genuine and original patent article. The house in Regent Street must therefore look out for the thunders of the Vatican. For whom the Patent Pallium is intended we can only surmise. If it is not designed for the fair sex, it has perhaps been devised to meet a want of the Puseyites, who have been crying for copes and stoles, and other millinery, and will probably be delighted with a pretty Pallium. Having got that, perhaps, they will next, peradventure, be desirous of wearing Crinoline.

## CAN'T BE TOO CAUTIOUS.

A STATEMENT has been going round the papers about an exceedingly fine trout, which has been "hooked" by a gentleman in one of the private banks. MR. GROVE, the eminent fishmonger, has given it as his decided opinion, that if the fish had been allowed to live a good deal longer it would have been a great deal larger. This proposition we will not dispute, but we do not see the expediency of inviting the public attention, just now, to a banker's hooking anything. Luckily the bank mentioned happens to be one of adamantine, and almost Pre-Adamantine reputation, but still the words "bank" and "hook it" should be kept apart, in these days, as jealously as lucifers and gunpowder.

## THE BARK OF MARYLEBONE.

DID you ever have occasion, gentle reader, to remark
How exasperated Vestrymen and Poor law Guardians bark?
Ever hear the Poor law Guardians smarting under dire affront,
And the Vestrymen indignant, how they growl, and how they grunt?

If that sweet parochial music ever has your ears regaled,
Then you will conceive the grunting, growling, barking, that prevailed
When SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S porter the official door had shown
To the snubbed and disappointed Beadledom of Marylebone.

On SIR BENJAMIN they waited, with intent to ply his ear
That the Government no longer with their rights might interfere,
With the vested and prescriptive rights they had enjoyed so long,
With the rights divine of beadles, rights to rule their parish wrong.

Rights to flog unhappy women; rights poor lunatics to treat
How they pleased, old privileges to the race of beadles sweet;
Rights SIR BENJAMIN contested; rights he ruthlessly denied,
And dismissed the deputation their diminished heads to hide.

What! they barked, the beadles, heretofore supreme in Marylebone,
What! they growled, must we not do what we think proper with our own?
What! they grunted, overrule us? our proceedings disallow?
Hrumph! a pretty state of things is this we 've come to. Bow, wow, wow!

Centralisation, centralisation, bow, wow, wow! exclaimed the pack.
Bow, Sir, wow, Sir! Centralisation! Everything must go to wrack.
Local government destroyed, Sir! Constitution overthrown!
Hrumph, Sir, eh, Sir? why, Sir? what, Sir! Interfere with Marylebone!

Tell us what we shall and shan't do—us who fix and pay the rate!
Marylebone 's an Institution, Marylebone 's the Fifth Estate.
There 's the QUEEN, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Press,
And the Marylebone Vestry—in importance nothing less.

Will they tread the mighty down, Sir? Will they trample on the free?
Hrumph, Sir? eh, Sir? bow, wow, wow, Sir! we shall see, Sir, we shall see.
Nail our colours to the mast, Sir; no surrender is our cry;
Bow wow wow! we 'll fight and conquer, hrumph? or, bow, wow, wow, we 'll die!

## THE OVERLADEN AND CRUSHED ATTORNEYS.

HEARTSTRINGS of red tape and bosoms of vellum are all unable to bear and endure the load that an unfeeling Government places upon the English attorney. It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, and if the British attorney has not his vertebræ cracked by the goose-quill of the tax-gatherer, it must be because the British attorney is stronger and withal more patient than a dromedary. LORD PORTSMOUTH, in seconding the address, said that "no tax was so grievous to be borne as the attorney's bill-tax." But then LORD PORTSMOUTH overlooked cause and effect. Why is the attorney compelled to charge high prices? Simply to remunerate himself for the wicked and oppressive impost that is fixed upon his profession. As sportsmen are obliged to take out a licence to shoot, so is the attorney compelled to pay a licence to practise. We do not see why surgeons should not be equally taxed with attorneys, for we are very certain that it is not given to them to bleed less.

### The Ravenous Public.

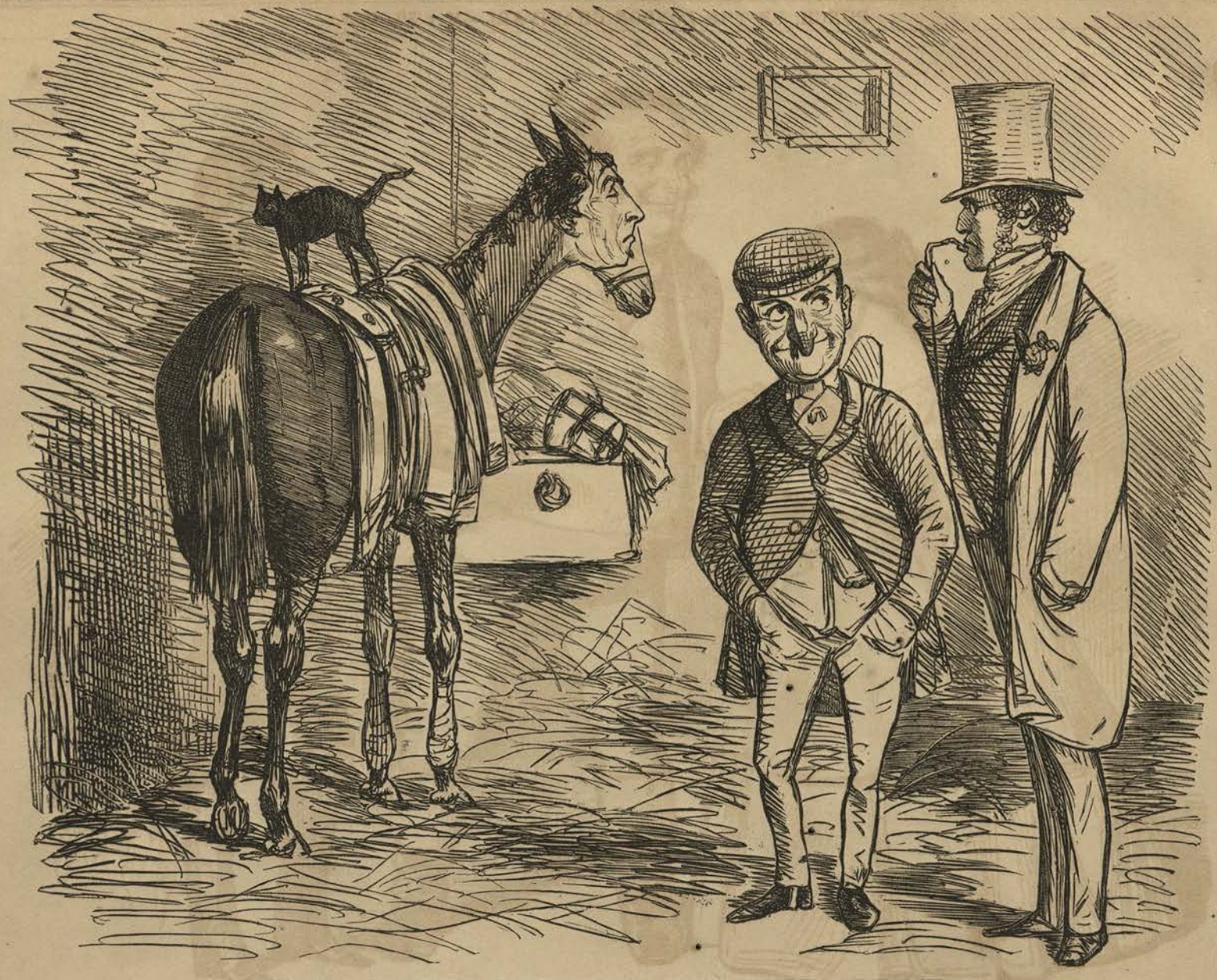
"ENCORE!" cried a stupendous wag at Cremorne the other evening, after a brilliant display of fireworks, and we fancy we have heard the same cry on similar occasions. However, the facetious demand is the best satire on the stupid system of Encores. MR. SIMPSON might with equal justice be expected to give a repetition of his fireworks as a popular singer be called to repeat every one of his songs. There are gluttons, however, who, if MADAME SAQUI fell from the tight rope, would go away dissatisfied if the accident wasn't encored.

### Tallow and Gruel.

MR. SIMS REEVES had been singing *Come into the garden, Maud*, when there arose a vehement outcry for an encore. "Ladies and Gentlemen," said the popular tenor, as soon as the noise had somewhat abated, "I am sorry to inform you that MAUD is labouring under a severe cold. In fact, her Mamma has just sent her to bed. Under these circumstances, it will be quite useless for me to ask MAUD to 'come into the garden' again this evening. As soon as she has recovered, I shall only be too happy to oblige you."

# THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Mr. Bull. "THERE, MY CHILD! GOD BLESS YOU—AND MAY YOU MAKE AS GOOD A WIFE AS YOUR MOTHER!"



# THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF!

Mr. Punch. "WELL, MY LORD! HOW ABOUT THIS YEAR'S DERBY?"
Lord Derby. "WHY, YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL WE'VE GOT IN THE STABLE, AND HE'S NO USE."

## RUSSELL'S LECTURES.

He's an Idiot that misses
the lectures of RUSSELL,
(So cried *Mr. Punch*, break-
ing out into rhymes;)
Our Own Correspondent,
who witnessed the tussle,
And wrote home the glow-
ing accounts for the
*Times?*
Here he sits on a horse (ra-
ther smaller than MIL-
LAIS' is)
Taking his notes, never
heeding the shells:
Be off to his lectures; he
gives them at WILLIS'S,
Fronted by all the most
elegant swells.

Ah! if you'd canvassed the
country, and asked a poll
Just to determine the one
little fact,
Who was our army's best
friend at Sebastopol,
WILLIAM'S the boy we'd
have heavily backed.
Yes, in those letters, so ge-
nial and graphic,
How he exposed the fell curse of Routine,
The system that makes a proud service a Traffic—
That was the story to tell to a QUEEN.

And how his fierce tales set the hot pulses leaping
When, in tones like a trumpet's, he told of the fray:
How the broad sheet was dewed with the gentle eyes' weeping
That read how our brave ones in agony lay.
And crowning the record that treasures the story
All lustrous with Alma's and Inkermann's name,
How nobly he painted the grand day of glory
That ended the strife in a deluge of flame!

Well, you who would like a concise retrospection
Of all that *de die in diem* you read,
Discreetly compressed, with an added selection
Of capital things in the letters unsaid.
Would you list a discourse full of mettle and muscle,
Hear clashing of sabres, see waving of plumes,
Be off to the lectures which W. H. RUSSELL
Is giving, my Trojans, at WILLIS'S Rooms.

PUNCH.

## BASENESS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THERE seems just now to be going on a general revival of old superstitions, old hoaxes, and old basenesses. We see simultaneously lifting themselves into notice, trying to re-establish and re-instate themselves in the world, Popery, Witchcraft, and Flunkeyism. Of the latter of these three Disgraces, hand-in-hand by the way with the former, an eximious display is afforded in the address of CARDINAL SCITOWZKY, Primate of Hungary, to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. A little of this fulsome stuff—of such stuff a little will go a great way—we subjoin, under favour to the Pesth correspondent of the *Morning Post*:—

"Imperial Majesty! Apostolic King! Very Great Lord! This day the Hungarian nation sees her most ardent wish fulfilled in the supreme happiness she enjoys of saluting Your Majesty and Her Majesty the Empress, as also of being able to bring the homage of your faithful subjects to the foot of your exalted throne.

"*Human words are not equal to express* the exuberance of our joy and the sentiments of affectionate gratitude which we feel—we, not only those who are happy enough to contemplate the sacred presence of Your Majesties, but all your faithful subjects."

Having, by the above dose, created extreme nausea, let us stop at that. Surely the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA himself must have shuddered in undergoing lubrifaction with such abominably rank butter as CARDINAL SCITOWZKY'S—cannot but have been disgusted with such nasty and false adulation. In keeping with servility such as this, the daily continental news is replete with affairs of uniform and livery, green and silver coats, crimson breeches, gold-laced hats—a specimen, by the way, of a hunting costume—crosses, orders, medals, all manner of filagree, tinsel, embroidery, and plush. Foreign intelligence is redolent of fetid flunkeyism. Dazzled by the buckles, gilt, laced jackets, thunder-and-lightning shorts, and other the like glories of despotism, a certain crew of menial-minded creatures are beginning to whisper a despicable hankering for the exchange of our British constitution for an Empire. The sycophantic spirit, and the vile sentiment of splendour-worship are at work even here; a circumstance just worthy of note: for there is little fear that JOHN BULL will ever let himself be persuaded by any reptiles to swop his broad-brimmer for the cocked hat and the cockade, his plain broadcloth coat for a variegated, laced, and braided one, his cords for plush, his tops for pink silk stockings and buckled pumps, and his cudgel for a gold-headed cane. Perhaps, even abroad, the strides which Flunkeyism and the other Humbugs are now apparently making, may be, in reality, their last kicks.

## A TEETOTAL FALSTAFF.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is about to reform that incorrigible tippler, *Jack Falstaff:* to which end we are to have his life from authentic sources that will show how cruelly the poor man has been dealt with by the poetic licence of MR. SHAKSPEARE. Now, under the pencil and patronage of GEORGE, it will be shown that, if *Falstaff* were at any time addicted to sack, he did not leave the world a hardened drinker, but duly took the teetotal pledge—a fact, hitherto, shamefully suppressed by the poet. Thus, the description of *Falstaff's* death, as edited by GEORGE, will doubtless receive the following emendations:—

"'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide. * * * For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields [*and running brooks*]. How, now, SIR JOHN, quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—*Water, Water, Water!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of *Water*. And then 'a took the pledge; and then 'a passed away, and still 'a cried *Water, Water, Water!*"

GEORGE having carried the pledge into fairy-land, will allow nothing stronger at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, than ginger-pop. This is really too bad, and we must protest against this forcible conversion of inimitable *Jack*. As for GEORGE himself, he does all, we admit, "in conscience and tender heart." GEORGE is brimming over with the milk of human kindness; but why, why should the milk be mixed with so much water?

### Delicate Attentions.

THE Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* has received from the French Embassy the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a magnificent kettle-holder worked by the fair fingers of EUGÉNIE herself. These gifts are accompanied by an autograph letter from the EMPEROR, in which he takes the liberty of acknowledging with the liveliest sense of gratitude the many favours he has received from the *Advertiser*, and begging of the Editor to extend the kindness still further by never slackening, even for one day, in the bitter opposition that, evidently prompted by the kindest intentions, he has ever shown to the Court of the Tuileries.

### A Real Blessing for Pedestrians.

A MOST admirable invention is now in course of being advertised under the title of the "Self-Breaking Perambulator." Mothers are strongly recommended to procure this Perambulator, if they employ their nursemaids to wheel their children about the pavements in any vehicle of the kind. A Perambulator which breaks itself has the greatest advantage over one which remains unbroken, but is always breaking somebody's shins.

## MR. PUNCH'S EXHIBITION OF REJECTED ART-TREASURES.

### [PRIVATE VIEW.]

BEING it stated in the *Daily News* that on the opening of the Manchester Art-Palace—

> "From the unprecedented liberality of the British public there are still about five hundred specimens left, for which no corner can be found,"

*Mr. Punch* at once wrote to the Executive Committee, and placed at their command the entire space at his disposal, consisting of the whole of one third part of his back office. This generous offer being thankfully accepted, *Mr. Punch* is now engaged in making a selection from the treasures which have reached him, and will shortly have the honour of inviting H.R.H. F.M. PRINCE ALBERT to declare his Exhibition open. Meanwhile, having just been indulging in a private view, *Mr. Punch* will treat his readers to a foreglimpse of the show which is preparing for them, by publishing beforehand a few comments on the catalogue.

To begin with the Paintings, (which comprise several *chefs-d'-œuvre* of both old and young and intermediate, or middle-aged masters,) *Mr. Punch* rejoices to announce that he has kindly been entrusted by MR. B. DISRAELI with the companion picture to the *Blue Boy* of GAINSBOROUGH; representing MR. D. as the *Calculating Boy*, looking very blue upon his recent calculation of the odds against his ever again getting the Exchequer Cockership. Next to this will be observed that prodigiously remarkable picture of disgust, which has become known as *The Rejected Title*, a work of fancy, furnished from the WILLIAMS collection, and both in incident and treatment considered quite unique.

Passing by a *Portrait of John Chinaman*, from the COBDEN gallery, which seems very far from being painted in true colours, *Mr. Punch* has then to call attention to a valuable series of historical pictures, illustrative of the progress of the British Constitution. These have been contributed by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and not the least known of them is that of *Signing Magna Charta*, with which his Lordship's frequent reference must have long ago made every one familiar.

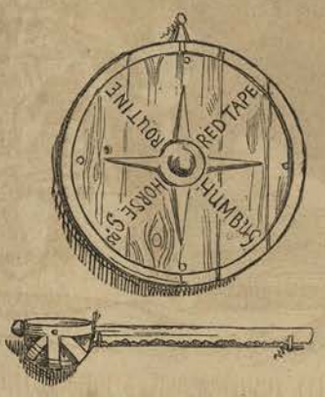
Among the Marine Pieces—which include a bird's-eye view of Cronstadt, taken (at a distance) by ADMIRAL NAPIER—*Mr. Punch* has had to unpack several small pictures of the Vessel of the State, representing her as sinking through the quicksand "PALMERSTON;" but these mostly appear taken from a one-sided point of view, and being done in party colours, have all the sickliness belonging to distemper.

Several sketches in outline of the New Reform Bill have also been sent in, but as far as can be judged from their unfinished state, they are sadly defective in that breadth of design and boldness of treatment which the subject clearly merits. It is possible, however, that, before they are exhibited, *Mr. Punch* may be solicited to remedy their weak points, and a few touches by so old a master would be certain to be recognised with public satisfaction.

Up to the last moment SIR ROBERT PEEL has not thought fit to part with any more of his travelling sketches; but as he is now free from those confining ties of official reserve, by which he formerly was held so in restraint, it is possible that he may soon let *Mr. Punch* have something to exhibit, that is, to show up. SIR ROBERT is world-famous for his taste in caricature; and *Mr. Punch* must, therefore, elsewhere assign the contribution of a picture, which illustrates the late unboroughing of FREDERICK PEEL, zoologically rendered as *The Red Tapir Unearthed*.

Among the armoury will be found some noticeable specimens, such, for instance, as the shield which was used by the Government to shield from justice the Incapables who were so hotly charged by the Crimean Commission. *Mr. Punch* has also succeeded in obtaining one of the cutlasses which were signalled to be sharpened, in order to secure that preciseness of firing which was expected to demolish Cronstadt.

Mainly by his own exertions in collecting, *Mr. Punch* will have a quantity of curiosities for exhibition; including, as a work less of *vertu* than of vice, a leaf taken out of MR. CAMERON'S "green ledger," which he used to do the shareholders so (HUMPHRY) brown. With this will be shown, as specimens of carving, some pretty figures representing the respective fortunes, which were carved by the British Bank directors out of the moneys entrusted to their keeping. *Mr. Punch* has likewise been so fortunate as to obtain the sheet of paper which was crumpled up by MR. COBDEN, in illustration of the way in which to crumple Russia: and together with some specimens of Civil Service spelling, which he has no doubt will be considered curiosities, *Mr. Punch* has succeeded in getting from the Government the original MS. of the celebrated message, "Pray take care of DOWB!",




## A JOLLY GARDENER'S GARDEN.

THE *Glasgow Mail* contains a statement that an old gentleman, who cultivates a model farm in the neighbourhood of Govan, has been trying the experiment of irrigating garden plants with whiskey, successfully; though our Caledonian contemporary does not explain what is the nature of the alteration or improvement which has resulted in the cabbages and cauliflowers that have been treated with this new form of liquid manure. On the animal economy whiskey is apt to produce the effect of seediness; and perhaps it will also occasion a tendency to run to seed in the vegetable economy, if there can be any economy in vegetables, which, to denote a Scotch practice by an Irish form of expression, are watered with whiskey. If the plants have too much whiskey given them, perhaps they will not grow straight; the eyes of the potatoes may be affected; and all the greens and other herbs may be seized with a shakiness of leaf, like that which is natural to the leaves of the asp, but which, in the case of the garden-stuff, the teetotallers will all concur in declaring to be *delirium tremens*. Possibly, one effect of whiskey upon vegetables will be that of preserving them; at any rate, that spirituous fluid may be expected to make them—if it does not keep them—fresh.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.—If the GENTLEMAN who was calling "Sparrergrass," in the vicinity of Pimlico, on Monday morning last, will forward his Address to SIGNOR BOREAS O'BLUSTERO, Professor of Harmony, Cat and Bagpipes Tavern, Holloaway, he may hear of an ENGAGEMENT suited to his talents. SIGNOR B. O'B. having lately been promoted to the bar of the establishment, has in consequence retired from the harmonious department, which he has for many seasons had the honour to conduct. The vacancy thus caused it is intended to submit to public competition, and candidates for the Conductorship must send their Testimonials to the above address two clear days at least before the personal examination, of which hereafter due notice will be given. As the post is one requiring more than common vocal powers, it is hoped, to save both time and trouble, that none but the possessors of the very strongest lungs and voices will apply.

In addition to presiding every night at the Harmonic Meeting, the Conductor will be called on to officiate as toast-master, at all the public dinners which are given at the Tavern; and he will likewise be required to give his vocal services at most of the Odd Fellows' feasts and Goose Club suppers that are held there. He must therefore be competent to undertake the solo business; and in order to maintain the high reputation which the Cat and Bagpipes has acquired as being a first-class Musical Establishment, his *repertoire* must include the latest works of the best masters, such, for example, as the gifted HENRY RUSSELL, and the talented Composer of the "*Ratcatcher's Daughter*."

There being also now some vacancies in the Chorus department, the gentleman referred to at the head of this Advertisement is earnestly requested, if this should meet his eye, to make mention of the matter to such of his acquaintance as may be known to have similarly powerful organs. In order to secure the highest vocal talent, it is the intention of the proprietor of the above establishment to spare no expense in his professional engagements. The most liberal terms may therefore be depended on, and in addition to the salary, (which will be guaranteed by a lien on the piano—subject only to the prior claim of the owner, it being merely a hired instrument) each vocalist will have allowed him plenty of "paper," both in orders and cigars, and will each evening be supplied with white kid gloves and grog at the expense of the house, with the addition of the nightly loan of a dress suit.

For further information, apply in person at the Concert Room, between the business hours of 3 and 5, A.M.

## OUR OWN VIVANDIÈRE.

MR. PUNCH begs to lay before his innumerable readers the following letter. It will no doubt be remarked that the writer says many more than two words for him, and hardly one for herself; but *Mr. Punch* does not omit the former, because they are inseparably linked with the latter:—

"MOTHER SEACOLE loves to acknowledge the kindness shown her by her sons, whether in black or red coats, and hastens to assure *Punch* that she has long felt a mother's affection for him. For she remembers a time when a word of cheer and encouragement from home broke like a ray of golden sunlight through the gloom of a suffering army, and that word *Punch* never failed to give her soldier sons. Nor has she forgetten how—as she walked through the wards of the hospital at Spring Hill, her arms laden with papers, the contributions of kind officers to their sick men, the sufferers would plead for a glimpse of *Punch*, which seldom failed to have a heart-stirring piece of poetry or a noble sketch in appreciation of their struggles. She has some of these numbers now, old and worn and frayed by many a strong hand brought low by the Russian bullet or pestilence. It shared the high popularity of the *Illustrated London News*, and remembering these old times, it stirs the heart of MOTHER SEACOLE like the sound of the old war-cry she may never hear again, to find her poor name noticed in the columns which cheered on England to a noble contest.

"And more than this. MOTHER SEACOLE in this, her season of want—for the Peace which brought blessings to so many ruined her—feels that the notice of her good son *Punch* brings sunshine into the poor little room—not quite a garret yet, thank God, she has one more weary story to climb before her pallet rests so near the sky—to which she is reduced.

"Not that the army's mother murmurs at her lot. She knows that she is not flung aside like—like some of the brave men for whose blood there is no further need; and she believes there will yet be work for her to do somewhere. Perhaps in China, perhaps on some other distant shore to which Englishmen go to serve their country, there may be woman's work to do—and for that work if her good son *Punch* will cheer her on old MOTHER SEACOLE has a heart and hands left yet."

"14, *Soho Square, May*, 8, 1857."

It will be evident, from the foregoing, that MOTHER SEACOLE has sunk much lower in the world, and is also in danger of rising much higher in it, than is consistent with the honour of the British army, and the generosity of the British public. Both will be disgraced if MOTHER SEACOLE, by reason of declining circumstances, should have to ascend into a garret. Although she has a heart and hands left yet to help herself, in case of opportunity, the opportunity may never arrive; in the meanwhile, has England no heart left to help her? Hands England has plenty to help her, if there are any hearts to move them, and put them into pockets containing more money than the proprietors thereof know how to employ for any praiseworthy purpose. Who would give a guinea to see a mimic sutler-woman, and a foreigner, frisk and amble about the stage, when he might bestow the money on a genuine English one, reduced to a two-pair back, and in imminent danger of being obliged to climb into an attic?

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PADDY'S BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER, AND SUPPER.—"Semper *Praties*."

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## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*May* 18, *Monday*. The QUEEN sent a message to Parliament to say that her eldest daughter was engaged, and suggesting that something should be done to set up the young couple. Parliament received the message very affably, and, at the end of the week, with all sorts of kind speeches, gave the bride £40,000 down, and £8,000 a-year for what *Mr. Punch* trusts will be a long and happy life.

The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced, once more, the Bill for reforming the system of proving Wills. The proctors are not to be compensated, but are to have the right of exclusive practice in the new will courts. These astute gentlemen will not materially suffer by the change—where there's a Will there's a way for a proctor to pocket pickings. People are to be allowed to send their wills to an office in London, to be taken care of until wanted, so that from and after the passing of the Act a discouragement will be given to the novelist or dramatist, who is always finding wills in old clocks, in secret drawers, behind looking-glasses, in cast-off boots, and other places where safety is not so much an object as mystifying one's family and creating a "situation."

COLONEL NORTH pitched into VISCOUNT WILLIAMS for vilifying the Army, which the noble VISCOUNT denied having done; but proceeded to accuse military men generally of trying to impose heavy expenses on the nation, for the purpose of promoting their own interests. To the pachydermatous VISCOUNT this kind of conduct seems a mere trick of trade, and it is not vilification to charge gentlemen with it. GENERAL CODRINGTON stood up for GENERAL ASHBURNHAM, and then the Navy Estimates were taken. SIR CHARLES WOOD obtained 53,700 men and boys, and about five millions and a half of money.

*Tuesday*. The only tolerable debate of the week arose in the Lords, on the Divorce Bill. The second reading was moved by the LORD CHANCELLOR, supported by LORD LYNDHURST and LORD CAMPBELL, and opposed by divers Bishops, a majority of the hierarchy, however, voting in its favour. All the arguments were old enough, except one, upon which DR. HAMILTON, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, based his opposition to the bill; namely, that people, if they were Christians, were bound to forgive one another all offences whatsoever. Where does this priest come from? He has clearly fallen upon the wrong age. Such a doctrine might be all very well in the early days of Christianity, when its professors had to set examples to the heathen, or it might do for some outlandish place, where society has no claims upon one; but it is perfectly preposterous if advanced as a rule for our conduct in these times. We had fancied that Bishops were men of this world, but DR. HAMILTON is a painful exception, and if he would exchange the See of Salisbury for some missionary station in a distant country, his order would cease to suffer by his ridiculous teaching. *Mr. Punch* was happy to see that the first law officer of the Crown sanctioned no such Arcadian nonsense, and though "not pretending to interpret Scripture," declared that it was not possible for a husband really to pardon an erring wife. Some of the Lords, lay and clerical, were very emphatic against facilitating divorce, on the curious ground that if you enabled a man to get rid of a bad wife you taught him to hold the sacredness of the marriage tie in light esteem. The DUKE OF NORFOLK, as a Catholic, contended that marriage was indissoluble, and gave notice that he should try to shelve the bill. This comes of Catholic Emancipation—we set these people free, and they seek to impose chains on us. If his Grace carries his motion, *Mr. Punch* means to petition for a repeal of the Act of '29. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF LONDON voted for reform, and indeed with the exception of a Bishop or two (Oxford for one) the minority list is composed of the names of the feeblest creatures in the House of Lords. The second reading was carried by 47 to 18.

The Commons did one foolish and one wise thing. They rejected, by 221 to 86, MR. DILLWYN'S bill for trying whipcord, instead of a comfortable and costly imprisonment, upon scoundrels who beat and illtreat women and children: and they carried, by 313 to 174, a motion for abolishing Minister's Money (an objectionable church-rate, for which an advantageous substitution is made) in Ireland.

*Wednesday.* The Commons got through some uninteresting business, but some petitions were presented highly interesting to the parties concerned, namely, Election Petitions. The time for presenting them has expired, and there are nearly Sixty. So it is probable that MR. DOD will have to issue a supplement to his admirable *Parliamentary Companion*.

*Thursday.* The Lords being all at the evening service appointed for Ascension Day by the Book of Common Prayer, of course could not assemble for secular purposes.

The Commons, though they gathered, did so to hear a sermon from the REVEREND MR. SPOONER upon Maynooth. His own friends did not muster strongly, there being actually only NEWDEGATE and one other gentleman on the Opposition benches during the oration, but his enemies came in greater force, and, on division, in lieu of the triumph once epically recorded by *Mr. Punch*, the valiant SPOONER was defeated by 125 to 91, and, what was worse, nobody would reply to him. *Mr. Punch* would like to calm MR. SPOONER'S mind in reference to his terrors about the Catholics, if that honourable gentleman cannot see that while *Punch* exists any triumph for Popery is impossible. *Punch* is worth more than a hundred of Exeter Halls to Protestantism. When CARDINAL WISEMAN and his accomplices have, with great labour and pains, spun a cobweb for the entrapping of the lieges, *Mr. Punch* smiles, and pokes his stick through it, and the Cardinal is obliged to take refuge in anonymous pamphleteering, instead of boldly printing his name like *Mr. Punch*. But it seems that MR. SPOONER is afraid lest the Irish priests, having been taught treason at Maynooth, should practise it. Bless MR. SPOONER'S soul, suppose an Irish priest conceived the idea of becoming a traitor, nay, had convinced his whiskified conscience that he ought to be one, a vision would come across him of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, or some other Catholic judge, who, if the worthy father carried his idea into effect, would, without the faintest reverence for the teaching of Maynooth, consign him to the cord or the convict-ship. Now, if the priest had really been properly instructed in Jesuitry, he would know that "self-defence against a cruel judge is not only a right but a duty," and consequently, that he is bound to keep his treason to himself, "provided only that he is a traitor in Intention." Dear MR. SPOONER, what danger need QUEEN VICTORIA apprehend from the disciples of ESCOBAR, with judges on the bench, and *Mr. Punch* in Fleet Street?

SIR RICHARD BETHELL introduced his Bill for dealing with Fraudulent Trustees, and, moreover, as *Mr. Punch* expected, announced that he would prosecute the Directors of the British Bank, who, it may be presumed, have obtained their passports. SIR RICHARD was anxious to impress on the House that he had not come to this determination in consequence of any newspaper dictation. Of course not, but Ap ITHELL had read Ap PUNCH, though, who pledges his health in the following glass of CWRW. (*He drinks.*)

*Friday.* LORD PANMURE stated that he was nearly ready with a complete system of education for the officers of the Army. What a delightful change is in prospect. Imagine the day when, going per rail from London to Woolwich, with a lot of young officers, *Mr. Punch*, instead of being merely amused with biographies of rat terriers, speculations whether JONES will get his step, suggestions of remedies for being blessed seedy, comparisons between the ancles of dancers, eulogies on MR. PAUL BEDFORD, and recommendations to read *Bell's Life* about the Slashing Butterman, *Mr. Punch* shall be instructed with parallels between FABIUS and SIR CHARLES NAPIER, descriptions of the siege of Rhodes, essays on castrametation, discussions on military engineering, citations from the Duke's Despatches, and analyses of MR. WILLIAM RUSSELL'S lectures!

The Commons, after attending to the PRINCESS ROYAL in the manner already stated (MR. ROEBUCK and the WISCOUNT objecting, but giving way, and the vote being unanimous) took more Navy Estimates, and passed the Transportation Bill. LORD PALMERSTON announced that the House would not sit on the day on which our "Isthmian Games" were celebrated, meaning, as it was necessary to explain to divers railway members, officers, and others, the Derby Day.

## MEAT AND DRINK.

SWIFT, in his immortal *Tale of a Tub*, represents *Peter* as trying to persuade his brothers, *Martin* and *Jack*, that a cut off a loaf was a slice of mutton, and not only that, but also a glass of wine. The following advertisement, which has lately appeared, may be imagined to have emanated from *Peter*:—

MOUTON, an excellent DESSERT CLARET, 36*s.* per doz.

This advertisement may suggest a riddle, and occasion some wag to ask, what that is which may be drunk at dessert and eaten at dinner? In imbibing Mouton wine, the archæologist will be reminded of a good old English beverage. Whilst he is, as it were, drinking Sheep, he will remember that his ancestors were accustomed to quaff Lambswool.

## SINGERS IN THE SAWDUST.

ALL well bred persons are aware it is considered vulgar to express surprise, but however we may jeopardise our fashionable reputation, we must really own to feeling some astonishment on hearing that an opera had been performed on horseback. Having seen *Macbeth* hippodramatised at Astley's, and having read how *Richard II.* has been mounted (in the episode procession scene) at the Princess's, we have grown somewhat accustomed to find SHAKSPEARE in the sawdust; but we must confess we were considerably startled to learn that VERDI had been put into the saddle. It took us quite two minutes to recover respiration when we heard *Il Trovatore* had been done at Astley's, and that as it was "supported by the whole strength of the stud," there was a strong hope of its having a good run. Even yet we confess we scarcely can imagine a *prima donna* upon horseback, and, as it certainly would seem to us, taking an airing while giving us her airs. Nor can we fancy how the tender tenor can possibly pursue the even tenour of his way, when he thus is brought to such a jog-trot existence; and we cannot think, if he be shaky in his seat, how he can contrive to sing at all with firmness. Even an Astleyian steed will caper now and then, and every such prance must cause a *tremolo* concerted movement of the voice together with the body of the rider: so that in the execution of a *rondo* round the Circus, there would probably be many more shakes introduced than the most florid of composers ever dreamed of.

If the experiment succeed (and we may at least congratulate the management upon its acting on the maxim, *Fiat experimentum in corpore Verdi*), of course we soon shall find it has been followed, and every circus-master of the horse will become for the time a singing master also. Perhaps *Don Giovanni* will tread next in the hoof prints of *Il Trovatore* (and we would walk a mile ourselves to see the *Leporello* of LABLACHE a-straddle!). *La Sonnambula* might also be "equestrianly illustrated;" and the walk over the water-wheel announced as a "daring feat of equitation." Of all Operas, however, the *Beggars'* is most suited to be set on horseback; and we are sure *Macheath* would be quite certain of a hit, by continually tumbling off two bare-backed steeds, and singing—

> Oh, how happy could I be on either,
> Were t'other fleet courser away:
> But when trying to ride both together,
> On neither a moment I stay!

Of course where a ballet or a ball-scene occurs, as, for instance, in *Roberto* or *Gustavus*, there might be introduced a set of equestrian quadrilles, or perhaps a polka by performing ponies: and by way of a finale, some hurdles might be brought, over which the vocalists might jump to a conclusion.

### Literature in America.

"IN AMERICA," said MR. JUSTICE HALLIBURTON at the Literary Fund banquet, "the author flattered the public, and the public flattered the author, and there was no honesty between them." We should rather say for our English selves—"in America, the author is robbed by the public, and whatever honesty may remain is wholly and indivisibly on the author's side." For flattery, read moral felony, and the sentence is, we think, greatly improved.

### Humboldt Honoured!

BARON HUMBOLDT, majestic in years and wisdom, has at length achieved the very summit of all earthly greatness. PRINCE NAPOLEON, before leaving Berlin, in the name of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, conferred on the author of *Kosmos*, the decoration of—a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. It is said that the EMPEROR OF HAYTI has commissioned the ebony BARON JEAN SIMON, his Ambassador at the English Court, to confer upon SIR RODERICK MURCHISON the Most Noble Order of the Black Beetle.

*How agreeable it is, and more especially if you are late, and are dressing against time to dine with ultra-punctual people—how agreeable it is, on getting into your clean shirt, to find the laundress has been careful to fasten all the buttons for you!*

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*May* 25, *Monday*. The QUEEN's Birthday, the Isthmian games, and the approach of Whitsuntide, combined to furnish Parliament with excuses for lightening its labours this week. The Lords applied themselves to one subject only, namely the Divorce Bill, which they discussed in Committee on Monday and Thursday. The result of their labours has to be edited by the Commons, and therefore it is necessary only to say that the Roman Catholic DUKE OF NORFOLK was defeated by 123 to 26 in his attempt to get rid of the Bill on the ground that marriage was indissoluble,—that LORD ST. LEONARDS carried, against Government, a clause for depriving husbands, who have separated from their wives, of the power of seizing the property of those unfortunate women—that LORD LYNDHURST was unsuccessful in an attempt to have it declared that five years' abandonment should amount to dissolution of marriage, and that the BISHOP OF OXFORD carried by 53 to 47 a clause preventing the re-marriage of divorced persons. Flushed with his victory, the haughty SOAPEY made another professional demonstration, and sought to leave it to an individual clergyman to say whether he would or would not read the marriage service over any one who happened to have been divorced, and desired to wed a new consort. But this was a little too priestly for the Lords, and SAMUEL was beaten by 78 to 26. Finally, an excessively strong amendment was concocted and agreed to, namely, that henceforth, where the wife has erred, there shall be no action for damages, but that any man violating the Seventh Commandment shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by fine or imprisonment. In this form the Bill stands at present, and all that *Mr. Punch* intends to say upon a subject of more importance than nineteen-twentieths of the topics that come before Parliament, is, that the House of Lords is treating the measure with the grave and earnest consideration it demands, and that he trusts the Commons will show equal good taste and good feeling.

A noticeable point was one raised on the report of the Wills Bill. It was urged by 84 out of 104 proctors, that the Bill would reduce their profits from £90,000 to £15,000 a-year. We wonder that the announcement of such a boon to the public did not induce the Lords instantly to suspend the standing orders, and pass the Bill in five minutes. Assuredly, here are 75,000 reasons in favour of the measure. Just look at the thing, and consider the impudence of 84 great black spiders claiming to suck £90,000 a-year out of the public. This petition has settled the business. Be it also mentioned that LORD DUNGANNON, on the part of the very High Church, objected to the Bishops and others preaching in Exeter Hall, to thousands who have no other Church-accommodation. The BISHOP OF LONDON, however, made this Puseyite prig an eloquent and admirable reply, endorsed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The Lords took holiday from Thursday to Thursday.

A small knot in the Commons, 14 in all, endeavoured to reduce the PRINCESS ROYAL'S dowry by £2,000, but 328 members confirmed the original proposition. An attempt was also made to deprive the young lady of the £40,000 voted to her, but 361 were found for giving it, and only 18 the other way. The clap-trap-setters in the minority will easily be guessed at, but *Mr. Punch* will not assist the snobs in their object by publishing their names.

The veteran PALMERSTON then came out as Secretary at War and moved the Army estimates. He was doing the same thing in 1809, when, as MR. JOHN TIMBS informs us, he also gave orders for the repair and improvement of the Horse Guards Clock. PAM and the clock have gone on capitally ever since, both receiving such additional enlightenment as the age suggested, but always showing a good face to the world, and being looked up to as favourite authorities. As regards the Army, he explained that there was an increase in our cavalry and artillery, but none in our infantry, and that he wanted about eleven millions of money, a good deal of which was voted. The reason LORD PAM assigned for making the speech was, that the new young rich Under Secretary, SIR JOHN RAMSDEN, had not been long enough in office to learn more than details. He has already learned enough, however, to get rebuked for discourtesy to Members asking questions, so there are hopes that he will in time rival FRED. PEEL.

*Tuesday*. QUEEN VICTORIA kept her birthday.

*Wednesday*. BLINK BONNY won the Derby, as prophesied by *Mr. Punch* on page 122 of this volume, and by no other prophet whatsoever.

*Thursday*. MR. HENRY HERBERT, Member for Kerry, who owns that lovely place by Killarney, where *Mr. Punch, lentus in umbra*, and looking love to eyes that answered love again, did, some summers since——but pshaw, this is trifling—up, HERCULES from the feet of OMPHALE. So, so, *Mr. Punch* is himself again. MR. HERBERT, then, the amiable proprietor of charming property in Ireland, has accepted the office of Irish Secretary, vacant by the resignation of the atrabilious HORSMAN. MR. KEATING, the barrister, and Member for Reading, is the new Solicitor-General.

Prussia has signed with Switzerland; so that storm in a teacup is hushed. MR. ROEBUCK brought on a debate upon our relations with Brazil, and LORD PALMERSTON explained that we keep a rod hanging over the Brazilians' heads, to be administered elsewhere only in the event of their not actively discouraging the slave trade. SIR CHARLES NAPIER (failing, as usual) moved for a committee to inquire into the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, and among other pleasant things, *à la* Cassandra, said that in the event of a sudden war with France and Russia, QUEEN VICTORIA's throne would not be worth six months' purchase. He must have forgotten that he himself is not in command of the fleet. BERNAL OSBORNE peppered the old humbug with some severity, but more effectual notice should be taken of statements involving such charges against the Executive. It is clear, either that SIR CHARLES NAPIER ought to be expelled the House and the Service, or that SIR CHARLES WOOD ought to be hanged.

LORD RAYNHAM, who is acquiring an honourable notoriety by trying to help the helpless, endeavoured to obtain a committee for inquiring into the working of the Act for punishing aggravated assaults on women and children; but SIR GEORGE GREY, though professing to believe that the Act was doing much good, refused to consent to the production of proof; and the motion, for which 84 voted, was rejected.

*Friday*. BLINK BONNY won the Oaks. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ventured upon one of those pieces of official hypocrisy which, thanks to *Mr. Punch*, are now seldom risked. He boldly declared that Members of Parliament had no right to nominate candidates for public situations. Literally taken, his assertion was true—they have no such right. But in practice we should like to know what MR. HAYTER would say to a regulation forbidding him to mark his sense of the exemplary conduct of a Member of Parliament, by handing him a bit of patronage for a meritorious constituent. What is the use of talking such folly? If *Mr. Punch's* lofty virtue and leaded *bâton* did not make it dangerous to approach him with unworthy suggestions, he has but to hint, any night, that he intends to divide against Ministers, and there would be a sudden recollection that a place in the Treasury was ready for his son, one in the Post Office for his nephew, and one in the Custom-House for any member of the Blacking Brigade who last polished *Mr. P.'s* button-boots.

MR. BOWYER is the organ of the Romish priests, and they, hating Prussia as a Protestant power, have set this amiable but silly man to endeavour to fix an insult upon the Prussian Court. He moved, and

the Wiscount seconded him, that the PRINCESS ROYAL's income should cease as soon as she became Queen of Prussia. The feeling of the House compelled the Papist and the Snob to withdraw the motion.

The attention of the House was called to the state of the Scotch Pauper Lunatic Asylums, in which it appears that all the horrors of which we read with a shudder as having been permitted, in other years, in England, are in rampant existence. Scotland is too drunken a country not to have much lunacy in it, but is so religious a country that it ought to see that the unhappy victims of whiskey and Calvinism are duly cared for.

The rest of the Army Estimates were taken, and the Commons followed the example of the Lords in separating for the Whitsuntide recess.

## THE NAPIER LETTER-WRITER.

MODELLED ON THE EPISTOLARY PRODUCTIONS OF THAT DISTINGUISHED FAMILY OF MARTYRS.

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to a tradesman's circular requesting patronage.*

"SIR,—Take back your blatant manifesto. Whether its contents state truth or falsehood, you insult an ill-paid man by inviting him to make purchases, and therefore you may go to the father of lies.

"A. NAPIER,
"*Bombardier-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to an Invitation to Dinner.*

"DEAR BROWN,—You have asked me to dinner three times, whereas I have asked you but twice. This assumption of superiority is either degrading ignorance or beastly effrontery, and either alternative compels me to say, that I will see you hanged first. Your anticipatory excuse that I should, by going, meet JONES, makes matters worse. Why should I meet that ineffable humguffin and treacherous parasite?

"Yours, B. NAPIER,
"*Quartermaster-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to an offer of an Opera Box.*

"DEAR MADAM,—I cannot suppose that you meant to annoy me, by proposing that I should have a box on a night when a new opera is given for the first time. To your husband, of course, I attribute the insult of sending me on Thursday, on the chance of the production being good or bad, reserving the Saturday box for yourselves, should the work be worth hearing. I am no vile body on which experiments may be tried, and I beg to return the card, which looks as creased and dirty as if you had tried half a dozen persons before you thought of

"Yours, truly, C. NAPIER, *Paymaster-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to a request for an Autograph.*

"D. NAPIER, Adjutant-General, desires his valet, MATTHEW TREMBLES, to say that the impertinent demand for D. NAPIER's autograph can only have emanated from some abject tool of Government, desirous to forge a despatch in the name of D. NAPIER, and whom he, therefore thus baffles."

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to an entreaty for his vote and interest in an Orphan Asylum Election.*

"SIR,—I know nothing of you or the brat that you patronise, and therefore refuse; but I foresee that you will make my doing so the groundwork of a lying statement that I am hostile to children, whereas I adore them. I am accustomed to slanders, and you may do your worst, and go to Pandemonium.

"Yours, E. NAPIER, *Inspector-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to an application to be permitted to paint his Picture.*

"SIR,—I won't. My place is under canvas, not on it, and those who have chosen to forget me in the one position, shall not be reminded of me in the second. Besides, you are impudent. ALEXANDER and I conquered India, he had his APELLES, but do you pretend to be one? Hang and burn your insolence.

"Yours, F. NAPIER, *Provost-Marshal-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to a proposal to make him a Peer of the Realm.*

"MY LORD,—Without inquiring whether terror rather than appreciation has produced your offer to make me a peer, I beg to say, that if I accept a beggarly Barony, I perfectly comprehend the desire that exists on the part of the Court and the Government to muzzle me with a coronet, and I acknowledge the compliment. I only consent to be a mere Baron at a time of life when WELLINGTON was an Earl, on the distinct understanding that if any slavish sycophant or foul-mouthed bully receives similar honour with myself, I am at once created a Duke. Also, I will not be made at the same time with that respectable fool, ROBINSON.

"Your obedient Servant, G. NAPIER, *Governor-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to a petition for a lock of his hair.*

"MY DEAR MATILDA JANE,—It is much too grey, thanks to the brutal ingratitude of a nation and its rulers. I would rather send you some hair out of the tail of my bonny old horse, though he may be grey too, for you would hardly believe it, but a horse which had carried ME for two years was refused free quarters in the parks and stables at Windsor Castle for the rest of his life. Man and horse, we are alike trampled on, or should be if they dared do it. However, here's my hair, and set it in thick gold, for fear it should stand on end some day, and break the locket, on hearing you read in some paper that the jackass and idiot, LORD D——, has received the Garter. A rope would be better, in which he would dangle nicely, to frighten the birds from my early peas.

"Affectionately, H. NAPIER, *Consul-General.*"

*A* NAPIER, *in answer to a Newspaper Editor.*

"SIR,—Blow and confound your atrocious and supercilious audacity. Why, you lie, man. It was on the 30th of April, not the 1st of May, as you disgustingly state, that I first wore black breeches, and with such a preposterous blunder at the outset of your beastly article, what reliance can be placed on the rest? Drink your ink, blackguard, and don't spirt it over

"Yours, obediently, I. NAPIER, *Advocate-General.*"

## WISDOM OF THE LORD MAYOR.

IN the report of the ridiculous meeting held the other evening by the United Kingdom Alliance, in Exeter Hall, to welcome the meddlesome MR. DOW—who wishes to befool Britons into putting themselves under the restraint of his Liquor Law—we find that the REV. DAWSON BURNS read letters of apology from the BISHOP OF LONDON and other eminent persons too sensible to attend, and among them from "the LORD MAYOR, *who returned the ticket.*" Bravo, LORD MAYOR! Fancy the impudence of the Alliance fanatics in inviting the LORD MAYOR himself to assist at their tomfoolery! Did they imagine that they were going to persuade the civic monarch, at the Mansion-House dinners, to send round the Loving Cup filled with ginger-pop, and to stand nothing better than toast and water for *the* toast, and for every other toast of the evening?

### The Future Queen of Prussia.

MR. BOWYER proposed that, on the event of the PRINCESS ROYAL becoming QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, her annuity paid by England should cease. Was not this an attempt by anticipation, to rob the Crown of Prussia of its very richest jewel; for what other jewel could be found in that somewhat seedy diadem worth £8,000 a-year?

## THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF SORROW.

AT the late Chester races, certain persons, self-elected preachers, appeared upon the ground, inwardly moved to discourse to a turf congregation on the sinfulness of the world in general and on the atrocious wickedness of races in particular. Why not? Ginger beer is allowed its stall; gingerbread nuts are permitted free vent. Why, then, should not the field preacher be permitted to froth with indignation, and to become red hot with zeal in the cause of sinners? If these turf apostles did not interfere with the running—if they obediently cleared the course of themselves and their doctrines at the proper warning, we see no reason why their sermons should be a whit more interdicted than ginger-pop or ginger-nuts. However, the authorities of Chester thought otherwise; and, by means of their constables, conveyed away to safe keeping certain divine orators, taken in the fact of expounding their doctrines of woe and desolation. The preachers were for a time held in custody; and then discharged to be embraced with fraternal love and refreshed with sympathetic tears: for a meeting was straightway convoked at Chester in admiration and honour of the turf-preaching oppressed.

The chair was taken by MR. WILLIAM TITHERINGTON, of the firm of TITHERINGTON and—and pray let the reader mark the fact, and GILL, and, we may add, SOMES & Co: for the grief, sorrow, and compunction that have fallen upon partner GILL must, if the reader be not of stone, melt him like butter. However, let us first note two or three lovely bits of humility emanating from the preachers themselves, from the men who had been in bonds. MR. REGINALD RADCLIFFE, a sufferer, said,—"his poor hands had been steeped in vice," but he had washed them, and had used them in prayer at Chester races: for in race week "Chester was drunkenness; Chester was fornication; Chester was gambling." Even so.

"The business transacted between men during the race-week in front of the Royal Hotel, was very different to that transacted between tradesmen. When a man bet another £5 to £100, the intention of the one was to gain the £100 and retain the £5;—to gain the £100 for nothing. A tradesman would send an order for £50 worth of things, and in return would receive goods to that amount, but on the gambler's principle, in lieu of £50 worth of goods, the trader would receive a quantity of empty boxes."

Now, MR. GILL, of the respected firm of TITHERINGTON AND GILL, is a Liverpool cotton broker; and is reputed to have won no less than £30,000 on the last Chester-cup. What a blow, then, is dealt by preacher RADCLIFFE at cotton-broker GILL! What a draught of bitterness is he made to drink from that Cup of Death, the Cup of the Chester Turf. Let us, however, not forget the humility of the preacher. It is quite touching to learn the very humble conditions upon which he is willing to enter heaven.

"He would again repeat what he had before stated, that he had not one ill thought against MAJOR FRENCH (the magistrate), but would rejoice—if he were able, and the Major would allow him—to go to heaven with him *arm-in-arm*, and *with the high constable*, and with the policeman who took him to gaol."

What a sublime, what an affecting picture! How tender, how lowly, too, the Christian spirit that would not refuse to go arm-in-arm to heaven, even with—a policeman! This very fact will prove the earnest humility that moved the preacher to the race-course; for after much suffering in a cell, he is quite prepared to forgive the constable who took him by the collar, and conveyed him to the dungeon, and, slipping his arm under the policeman's, is quite ready and willing to enter Paradise with A 1. What a subject for a chapel window, if chapels permitted such flaunting vanities.

We now come to MR. GILL, of the firm of TITHERINGTON and GILL: to the forlorn and unfortunate MR. GILL, who received such a side-kick at the heels of RADCLIFFE. TITHERINGTON, a man of gushing piety, is in the chair; and at once answers a sneering attack, headed "Saints and Sinners," that had appeared in the *Chester Chronicle*. What is MR. TITHERINGTON'S withering reply? Why, *Tartuffe* must hang his head, ashamed; *Cantwell* is extinguished; *Mawworm* is dumfounded.

"The paragraph in question (says TITHERINGTON) was headed 'Saints and Sinners' and was intended to offer congratulations to him on the success of his partner, MR. GILL, in winning a large sum of money at Chester Races. *He spoke of the subject with deep humility and self abasement: his partner had been guilty of winning a large sum of money at the races*, BUT HE WAS HAPPY TO SAY THAT HE (MR. GILL) WAS AS SORRY AS HIMSELF, AND MR. GILL HAD RESOLVED NEVER TO BE SEEN ON THE COURSE AGAIN."

It is almost too sublime a height for us to hope to reach, to sympathise with the sorrow of a man—that man, too, a partner of TITHERINGTON; day-book of his day-book and ledger of his ledger,—who has won £30,000 by a sinful horse-race! But there is consolation to the sufferer, even in the very depths of his grief—consolation arising to him from the sweet resolve "never to be seen on the course again." This reminds us of the pathetic, the lovely line in the ballad of *Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler*:—

"When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended."

And the repentant GILL, with £30,000 at his banker's, turf-profits, may cease to "make a book." But we are certain that MR. GILL will not feel himself comforted as a Christian with so much money, won from the wicked turf—the turf that is only a verdant covering to the bottomless pit—and therefore, we are inwardly convinced, he is at this moment casting about him for the best means of dispensing the £30,000 that, otherwise, must be to him no less than thirty-thousand tons of burning coals. Yes, at this moment, the remorseful mind of GILL bethinks itself of Chester Hospitals; of Chester Schools; of Chester Reformatories; and if he pauses a moment in casting from his soul that £30,000 weight, it is only that he cannot at a moment make his election of the object. Let us, then, give the man of sorrow a little time to consider and choose.

The naughty LORD BYRON had a skull mounted as a drinking-cup. A much more terrible vessel must be the Chester Cup to the eye of the remorseful man who has won it; filled, we may say, with 30,000 sovereigns! What a sea of guilt is there! What a draught for a SATAN'S Sabbath to be tasted by the whole court of BEELZEBUB! It is not given to the human heart, especially when touched by remorse, softened by sorrow, to make a household thing of that Cup. The repentant sinner cannot continue to behold it on his sideboard, the vessel to his imaginative eye so "bubbles and boils with the aconite froth" that rises from the source of all cant and all hypocrisy.

We shall give the earliest notice of the manner in which MR. GILL bestows the hated, festering £30,000. In token of the worthy gentleman's grief upon his winnings, it is understood that his commercial house will in future be known as "TITHERINGTON, GILL, GRIEF, AND Co."

## ORDNANCE ESTIMATES.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives notice that, as soon as ever he is honoured with a seat in Parliament, he intends to move for an amendment of the Ordnance Estimates, which with annual incompleteness, are furnished by the Government. Instead of their embracing only the requirements of the Naval and the Military service, *Mr. Punch* would suggest their extension to the Clerical. *Mr. Punch* cannot see why the great guns of the Church should not as well be included in the list, and the public be made accurately acquainted with the cost of keeping them in working order. Without being thought too inquiring an economist, *Mr. Punch* would like to see an estimate as to what the nation now expends upon such ordnance—from its minor canons up to its six-thousand pounders; and *Mr. Punch* would like to know why, when a great gun has become unfit for service, it should not forthwith be discharged without the nation having quite so heavily to pay the shot.

### Unnatural Subjects.

IT is with indescribable pain that we call the attention of our loyal readers to the fact that certain persons, assumed to wear the human form, belonging to the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, have addressed the QUEEN and F. M. PRINCE ALBERT on the subject of the PRINCESS ROYAL'S dowry. These petitioners absolutely ask of the Royal parents to provide for their own child! But these petitioners cannot be men. No; they must be pelicans.

RETURNING FROM THE DERBY IN BLINK BONNY'S YEAR.

"AT LENGTH HE PRESENTED HIMSELF, BUT IN SUCH A STATE THAT WE WERE OBLIGED TO TIE HIM ON THE BOX, AND I HAD TO RIDE HOME."—*Extract from letter to particular friend.*

## PUNCH RIGHT AGAIN FOR THE DERBY!!!

HOORAY! Hooray!! Hooray!!! Now, my noble patrons and swells, I'll warm yer! Haven't I been and done it this time, eh? Brought you through with a wet finger like a wetteran? Brought you through, sa, like a fiddle, as MR. DICKENS's nigger coachman said? Like a fiddle, indeed; like a base viol (only there's nothing base about your humble), or that big thing that SIGNOR BOTTYSINI plays at the Fiddleharmonic Concerts. How do you find yourselves by this time, my noble swells and patrons? Pretty tollol and bobbish! Well, I should say you were, and that you came to the right shop for racing information. Didn't I always tell you that if you were not on the look out for lodgings in Bedlam, or the other fashionable retreat at Hanwell, you must keep clear of those advertising humbugs, with their hints and their howls, and their tips and their prophecies, and come to me. Well, you have kept clear of 'em and their three pair backs, and their dens in the slums, and their offensive slang and familiarity (which I hate and despise), and you have come to me my bobcuffins; me, the only true and lawful prognosticator and prophet. And what 's come of it, my tulips, what 's come of it, I ask you, my noble-minded trumps and Trojans? Why, that you 've all made your fortunes on this Derby. You know it, and you are all saying to me "Here 's towards you, my boy," and your boy answers as affable as a hedgehog, "Same to you, and many of 'em."

What did I write to you all on Saturday the 28th of March last as ever was? Take down your *Punch*, and look back to that date—the 28th of March, weeks and weeks ago. In *Punch* for that day, and no other whatsomever—left-hand column of left-hand page—you will find these words:—

"THE LEAVES OF THE ELDER SHOULD NOW OPEN, AND IF THOSE OF THE YOUNGER SHOULD SHUT, THEY MIGHT HOLD BETTER BOOKS WHEN

**'BLINK BONNY'**

COMES ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER."

Now then. Is there any deception? Are the words there or not? Of course they are. There was *my* Tip, for which I only charged you threepence (country folks fourpence,) while the dirtiest snob of an advertising fellow would not send you one of his tobacco-smelling, rum-smeared missives, made up of humbug and chaff, and giving you three or four horses, for less than five bob. For threepence you have become rich coves. That was my advice: to take the odds which you could then get, and wait. And where was my Mare on Wednesday, the 27th of May? *Suave Mari magno*, and she is a great and a sweet mare, and no error.

Well, I congratulate you, my noble patrons and swells. We 've been and done it, as I forcibly remarked. All is serene. Keep your hands off your cheque books. I don't want any of your winnings, like the advertising scoundrels. I 've pocketed a pretty pot of my own, which they never do, for all their wonderful information, or they wouldn't go sneaking and begging for presents, and whining, "Please to remember the poor prophet, your honour!" They 'll all lie, and swear they sent *Blink Bonny*, and no other. Not one of them did. Not one of them knew that she 'd been roped for the "Guineas," and that the spectators were as mad as hatters. Humbugs! Asses! Cheats! If I were not a gentleman, I 'd use strong language about 'em. But I ask one thing, and that is my *ultimatum*. For your own sakes never go near any of the swindling idiots, but next time, when you want the hour of your trouble turned into the hour of your glory,

REMEMBER PUNCH AND BLINK BONNY!

## ODE TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND, just about to wed!
The Prussian youngster—blessings on your head!
When your Mamma—Time spins so fast away—
Was married, seems but just the other day.
Perhaps she will, in quite as short a space,
Have a granddaughter in her daughter's case.
I say, so be it!
May we all live to see it,
And to see yet more
That we may roar,
And shout Hurrah!
And sing, God Save Great Grandmamma!
May you enjoy no end of happy life,
Have a good husband and prove a good wife!

### Parliamentary Wonder.

DURING beautiful weather, such as we have lately had, a question continually occurring to most minds is, how long is this likely to last? Just so in reading the Parliamentary debates which have hitherto, since the opening of the new Parliament, been mostly of so pleasant a length, one feels impelled to ask, how long will the speeches in the House of Commons continue thus agreeably short? The longer they remain short the better; in the meanwhile their brevity may be considered as a hopeful symptom of considerate and merciful feeling on the part of the legislature, likely to cause benevolent legislation.

# HOW THEY SETTLED NEUFCHÂTEL.

## THE DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

A SONG BY A VEGETARIAN.

SPRING's delights are now returning,
See where sprouts the crisp seakale;
Early greens and cauliflowers
Now command a ready sale.

Vegetarians now rejoicing
Asparagus again may dress;
And fewer doubts of what 's for dinner
Need their anxious minds distress.

They who fondly dote on pudding
With joy the new-born rhubarb see,
And greater rapture hails the budding
Of the prickly gooseberrie.

Now returns the green cucumber,
That with nightmare doth distress;
While for those in peace who 'd slumber
Springs anew the simple cress.

Now in large yet penny bunches
Radishes again are seen:
And the lettuce tempts to lunches
At the shops of grocers green.

Let other bards in rhyme discover
Joys that other seasons bring;
I, a vegetable lover,
Tell the pleasures of the Spring.

## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 6.

"ARRIVE as late as you will at the KOTOOS, you always have to wait a good while before dinner is announced. With parties composed as theirs invariably are, under a profoundly mistaken sense of social duty—either on the give-and-take, or 'mutual' principle, as it is called in advertisements of third-rate schools, or on the simple snobbish principle of wealth-worship or title-worship, or on the lion-hunting principle, to which, as a literary gent, I owe most of my invitations to dinner, or on all these three principles together—you may imagine the half-hour in the drawing-room is not particularly genial. How can such parties be good for mixing? A very energetic and courageous guest—this time it was the popular author—may, by a galvanic effort, produce a short fit of general conversation, as you may mix oil and vinegar by a violent sudden shaking of the cruet. But just as these soon resettle into their separate strata, so do we, returning each to his own unsocial muttons. This weary delay is due to the suburban GUNTER who supplies the dinner. If you arrived late, you saw his light covered cart at the door. Five minutes earlier you would have seen the flat green boxes disappearing down the area-steps.

"I wonder it never occurs to the KOTOOS that nine out of ten of their guests have probably detected the cart and green boxes in question—that, be their entertainment never so gorgeous, MR. GALANTINE—who supplies breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, flowers and rout-seats included, at so much per head, for two miles round—and not they, will get the credit of it. We are all quite aware they do not keep a man-cook, and have not a range of stoves and a *batterie de cuisine* capable of turning out four *entrées*, to say nothing of the two soups, and two fishes, and the rest of the dinner. It is no secret to any of us that to-morrow our host and hostess will be dining contentedly off a leg of mutton not over-well roasted. For their real cook is of the plainest description. Of course, if one falls back on a GALANTINE, whenever one gives a dinner, it is of no consequence—to people of the KOTOO order—what sort of an artist one has at home. Her incapacity only affects the three hundred dinners we eat by ourselves in the course of the year. For the ten days per annum on which we give dinners our cook is the great GALANTINE, who has seen the break-down of two clubs, and survived the smash of six lordly establishments, to which his grand style of carrying on his part of the war in the kitchen not a little contributed. He despises his present calling, and looks on himself as a sort of culinary NAPOLEON. This suburb is his Elba. He amuses himself by planning these *bourgeois* dinners, as the Emperor did by drilling his one battalion in the rocky Mediterranean islet. But his heart is not in his work; and, to tell the truth, the dinners he sends out are unworthy of him—very grand to look at, and very costly to pay for, but very bad to eat. GALANTINE also has stooped to the vile worship of appearances, which poisons the neighbourhood. He knows he is part of a system of shows and shams, and has become false even to his own noble art—going for verdicts to the eye and the pocket, but allowing judgment to be entered against him by the palate and fauces, his true judges.

"Hark! GALANTINE'S cart has driven off at last. If you had not heard it, you might have guessed the moment by the lighting of MRS. KOTOO'S eye. She was anxiously listening for the sound of the wheels, for the weight of the flagging conversation is rapidly growing too great for anybody to bear up under. Even KOTOO, dreary and ungenial and hollow as he is, feels flatter than usual, and pumps up his pompous nothings with visible effort. The Reviewer is using up all the stock of anecdotes he had laid in to last out the whole dinner, and the rival Mammas have emptied their quivers of sharp things. FLAUNTER has subsided into the moody contemplation of his own difficulties, and even bloated PENNYBOY has collapsed. Pairing the males and females of the party was a resource that diverted us all for a little from brooding on our melancholy position. But when every man had been duly led up to the lady consigned to him by MRS. KOTOO, 'to take down to dinner,' and had made his bow, and had felt he had nothing to say—as how should he, to a person he never met before, and knows no earthly thing about?—the dreariness was probably even more apparent than it had seemed while we were standing about indiscriminately.

"The males of the party had gathered into knots, as far off the females as possible, and had found topics more or less mutually intelligible if not interesting. There are always politics to talk about—and most men feel some interest in the money-market, and about the Derby Day you are tolerably safe with a little mild Turf intelligence.

"But now that we were distributed two and two, like the creatures coupled for the Ark,—most of us, I may add, as dumb as they,—the situation was rapidly becoming untenable, when GALANTINE'S head man, who acts groom of the chambers with GALANTINE'S dinners, throwing open the drawing-room door with a magnificence of manner which made the KOTOOS blush and feel humble at the very gorgeousness of their own imposture, announced that dinner was served.

"But before we sit down to our prandial punishment, let me say one word on the subject of this ante-prandial pairing. Of course, while dinner-parties continue to be composed as they so often are now-a-days, on the KOTOO principle—that is on considerations quite independent of the pleasure likely to be given or received—it is very little matter how any man or woman, out of a dozen men and women who don't know anything or care anything about each other, may be coupled. Where boredom is the sure fate of all, what consequence a degree more or less of the infliction?

"But let me ask the small—though I hope increasing—phalanx of honest and genial souls who are content to invite people to dinner because they love them, or at least like them so well that they are happier for seeing them, whether this habit of ticking off their guests two and two, is ever desirable? I am inclined to think it is not. It seems to be giving the two a peculiar claim upon each other. Social monopolies are as bad as trading ones. Everybody in a party should belong to everybody else in the party. Talk round a dinner-table should be common, and not confidential. If you want confidences choose *tête-à-têtes* for them. If there is wit or wisdom going, all should share it. If folly or imbecility or ill-nature want vent, at least don't let them shelter themselves under a whisper. I should say, therefore, for my own part—no coupling before dinner. Let the lady of the house show the way, and let the guests follow her in a pleasant, unceremonious group, on the understanding, of course, that the sexes are to be dove-tailed at table. But above all, let the table be a round one. Without this there is no true sociability possible. The best that can come of an oblong table is a series of agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. But then if the pleasantest couples are put together, how unfair that is to the rest of the party. And if the

pleasantest people are *not* coupled together, how unfair that is to the pleasant people. Your round table is the only true social alms-dish, into which every one present flings his contribution towards the pleasure of the feast—from the ten talents of the SIDNEY SMITH of your party, if you are lucky enough to have one, down to the widow's mite of the timidest and gentlest lady present—a little laugh, perhaps, or happy look, thrown in at the right moment, and of immeasurable value sometimes.

"As all the rays of light converge in the focus of a lens, so all the fun, geniality, kindliness, and wisdom of your guests will converge in the centre of the round-table, and pleasure and enjoyment and intelligence will radiate thence till they permeate the party, and people will be astonished to find how agreeable and cheery and chatty and good-humoured they are, somehow. My two theories, then, of 'no pairing' and 'the round table' go together. But I must say I hold them both of vital importance to the true enjoyment of a social dinner.

"But what is this? I am off the Social Tread-mill. The fact is, that a sufferer naturally wanders into sunny social speculations in the ten minutes allowed for refreshment, just as the gaol convicts, I have no doubt, stray away in fancy to pleasant public-houses, or delightfully criminal beer-shops, in their hourly ten minutes respite from *their* cranks and mills. But I must mount the wheel again, with the KOTOO chain-gang. We are just sitting down—at such a gorgeous table! It is bedizened with flowers—*à la Russe*—and so long, that conversation between the ends can only be carried on, I should think, by help of a speaking-trumpet. Luckily KOTOO and his wife have the marital telegraph of the eye. It will be hard worked during this dinner, I am certain. We have sat down—solemnly. Pray for us, oh reader!"

## COMICALITIES OF THE POPE'S PROGRESS.

THE POPE'S tour throughout the Roman states has, of course, been attended with some absurd incidents. For example:—

"At Terni he visited the large foundry of that place, where several medals with the effigies of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Apostles PETER and PAUL, were cast in his presence."

What extremely bad taste! Out for a holiday, the POPE must have been naturally desirous of seeing and hearing as little as possible of the shop, and nobody possessed of the least delicacy would have bothered his Holiness with images. Good manners would forbid the slightest allusion to that subject in the presence of the Roman Pontiff, precisely as they would prohibit any gentleman from talking to a shoemaker, away from business, about bristles and cobbler's-wax. To proceed:—

"When about to leave that place, some young men of the best families offered to take the horses off his carriage, and to draw it, but this he would not allow."

Here was a case of good taste on the part of the POPE, which it is pleasing to notice. He preferred horses to donkeys. At Spoleto a mistake, similar to that committed at Terni, was made by the authorities, who stuck up, right in his way, before the cathedral, "a large wooden column surmounted by the statue of the Immaculate Virgin." No doubt the POPE wonders when he shall hear the last of his new dogma. The muffs who paid him the left-handed compliment last mentioned received a just reward for their polite attention:—

"On alighting, he proceeded on foot to the Cathedral, and thence to the Episcopal Palace, where he admitted all the authorities to the honour of kissing his slipper."

The *Giornale di Roma*, whence we derive the foregoing particulars, does not state whether or no, when the POPE gave the authorities of Spoleto his slipper to kiss, his foot was in the slipper. We suppose, however, that to make the favour the more gracious, and the more suitable, as a repayment somewhat in kind of the civility which he had received from them—his Holiness did put his foot in it.

### Fire Insurance.

MADAME CORNICHON (*née* SIMPLE), after reading the accounts of the fire-proof dresses as lately tried with so much success by the *Pompiers* at Paris, ordered a gown, bonnet, veil, and an entire set of under-linen to be expressly made for her, and, upon being pressed for her reason for so strange an order, said, with the greatest *naiveté*, "Why the world, you know, is to be consumed by the Comet on the 13th of June, and I've no idea of being burnt to death."

## STANZAS TO SOAPEY SAM.

TELL me, Bishop, tell me why,
If you had your little will,
You 'd keep bound, in cruel tie,
Injured spouse and false wife still?
Why oppose LORD CRANWORTH'S Bill?

From a loathed and guilty mate,
Why refuse a man divorce,
Ruthless of his horrid state,
Which your priestly laws enforce;
Union with a moral corse?

Do you fear that common sense
'Gainst your dogmas will rebel,
And if you, of high pretence,
Give an inch, will take an ell?
Ah! I don't expect you 'll tell.

In a bad old canon law,
Do you see a little prop
To your fabric—which withdraw,
And the edifice will drop?
Are you fighting for the Shop.

Were 't now first proposed to free
Until now enslaved Dissent,
Would you not, my Bishop, be
With the measure "non content?"
Say, my Peer of Parliament.

Had you lived in other days,
Question being, That no more
Faggots should in Smithfield blaze,
You 'd have urged, of holy lore,
For the bonfires, what a store!

## THE UMBRELLOMETER.

WE think the umbrella can be taken as a very good test of a person's character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him, is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one, generally, who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street-door open when he goes home late at night, and absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its Mamma. The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are always coming off, whose "change" is sure to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a thousand pounds to such a man! The man, who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of meanness and low suspicions, with whom it is best not to play at cards, nor drink a bottle of wine. He is sure to suspect you are cheating him, or that you are drinking more than your share. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than of his wife. The man with a cotton umbrella is either a philosopher or an economist; he defies the world and all its fashionable prejudices, or else he does it because it is cheaper to lose than a silk one. The man who goes to the Horticultural Fête without an umbrella, is simply a fool, who richly deserves the ducking he gets.

## A WARRIOR IN ARMS.

MENTION is made in *Tristram Shandy* of an infant so precocious, that it composed a work the very day that it was born. The last addition to the domestic happiness of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA appears to be some such another little prodigy; for among continental intelligence we find it recorded that—

"A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 15th, states that the new-born Grand Duke has been named Chief of the 2nd Battalion of Riflemen of Infantry of Tobolsk."

What a big baby must we suppose the new-born Grand Duke to be, or what little soldiers must we imagine the Tobolsk Riflemen! On the latter supposition, it will perhaps be surmised that the head quarters of that Infantry Regiment are situated up-stairs.

YOUNG SPRAWLER'S notion of *Café au lait* is—breakfasting in bed.

## MEDICINE UNDER THE MAINE LAW.

ADMIRABLE PUNCH,—"WHAT wine will you take; aloes or iron? I do not put this question to you personally, as though I were sitting next you at a sanatorium house-dinner; but there are cases in which it might be very properly asked; in short, sir, wine is used in medicine. Nor are iron wine, aloes wine, and other medicated wines the only wines used. Physicians frequently prescribe "*Vin: Alb: Hispan:*" and "*Vin: Rub:*" abbreviations of *Vinum Album Hispanicum* and *Vinum Rubrum;* in the vernacular, Port and Sherry. Medicine, you will perhaps think, supposes that there is no white Spanish wine but Sherry, that all Sherry is white, and that there is no red wine in the world except Port. The Port generally dispensed is, indeed, a red wine, but a much better name for it than *Vinum Rubrum* would be *Vinum Hæmatoxylo-Campechianicum*, or *Vinum Pruni Spinosæ Compositum*. Your non-professional readers may—some of them—require to be informed that *Hæmatoxylon Campechianum* is what Botany calls Logwood, and that *Prunus Spinosa* is the denomination which she applies to the Sloe. The Compound Spirit of Juniper is one of the preparations in the Pharmacopœia. Brandy is administered in cases of debility. BARCLAY and PERKINS's Entire, and other forms of porter, are often ordered under the name of *Cerevisia Londinensis*—Dublin and Guinness being illiberally ignored by the London Faculty.

"Question! do you cry, Sir? Well, the question is this—Whether, if wine, beer, and spirits, are physic, the Legislature would do wisely to allow the HON. NEAL DOW to persuade it to prohibit their sale by a Maine Liquor Law? Whether the utmost length they could go with MR. DOW would not be to place the sale of exhilarating liquors under the same conditions with that of physic? That arrangement would render those liquors procurable only at druggists' shops. But then arises the further question, who is to prescribe them? When a patient is attacked by symptoms which indicate the exhibition of a glass of wine, he may not always be able to find a medical man to write him a prescription for the remedy. Suppose, for instance, he is dining at a chop-house when seized with those symptoms? This supposition would be so frequently realised, that it would be necessary to have a medical waiter in attendance, if wine, ale, stout, brandy, whiskey, rum, and gin were to be obtainable only by the prescription of a qualified practitioner. Convenience would require the establishment of a druggist's shop next door, where negus might be 'put up,' and punch compounded, according to the recipe of the medical waiter. It would also be his business to regulate the dose; but in practice—in medical practice of this kind—the dose would, no doubt, be adapted rather to the desire than to the constitution of the invalid. The dose would be determined with reference, simply, to the medical waiter's fee.

"Besides, *Mr. Punch*, it would be very absurd to subject the trade in stimulating liquors to greater restrictions than those which affect the trade in depressing medicines. A drachm too much of Epsom salts might be taken, as well as a drop too much of Alton ale, and with more lamentable consequences; and black dose, in excess, would be at least as pernicious as black strap. Alcoholic drink would have to be placed on the same footing as family medicine: therein the law would be obliged to leave the patient to minister to himself; the publican's business would be amalgamated with that of the chemist and druggist, the pharmaceutical establishment would expand into the gin-palace, and 'Medical Hall' would flourish under the auspices of the 'Jolly Gardeners.' Nay, a beer-engine would have to be added to the appliances of the 'Surgery' annexed to the handsome residence and appertaining to the immense practice of your humble servant,

"*Haustus House, June*, 1857." "STATIM SUMENDUS."

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LIBERALITY OF THE AGE.—*Street Merchant (with a tray of tooth-picks before him).* "Here you are! Three a penny! Toothpicks! Three a penny! Pick and try 'em, before you buy 'em!"

## EXETER HALL IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD DUNGANNON, in the Lords, inquired whether Bishops, and other members of the Established Church can lawfully preach in Exeter Hall, or in any other place not duly consecrated.

The BISHOP OF LONDON made answer, and said that under the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY's Act, all places were alike consecrated to the uses of the Established Church.

LORD KINNAIRD expressed himself very much delighted with the intelligence.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY thought it would not be wise to "check these innovations." Further, his Grace could not imagine that any greater reproach or disparagement could be cast upon the Church than to suppose "that it was incapable of accommodating itself to the changing necessities of the age."

All this is very cheering; very delightful; and MR. SPURGEON complacently rubs the hands of his soul, and his soul meekly whispers, "*I* have done this." And, it may be so. SPURGEON sets up his tent here and there, and with blatant trumpet calls in the stragglers. The Bishops, a little startled by the very vulgar noise, mildly inquire, "What is all this pother about?" And they are straightway told that the noise is made by an unestablished prophet, who has had no hand laid upon him; that, such is the volume of his trumpet it reaches through all sorts of winding streets; into courts, and up alleys,—and, more than that, even into the boudoirs of duchesses!

And the Bishops, almost with one accord, say, "Dear brethren, this will never do. To meet the changing necessities of the age, the Established Church must become a Church Itinerant. Hence, for a time, Exeter Hall may be even as St. Paul's, and Canterbury Hall even as Canterbury Cathedral. Henceforth the preacher shall make the building, and not the building the preacher!"

It is said that, a few days since, the BISHOP OF EXETER was seen in the Zoological Gardens, in deep conference with MR. SECRETARY MITCHELL. The Bishop was heard to say, "he thought the pulpit ought not to be pitched too near the hippopotamus."

## THE DUE OF PROCTORS AND DOCTORS.

IT is very hard to have the business by which one subsists destroyed. If the legislature abolishes anybody's trade, and does not indemnify him, his is a cruel case. If the trade is rather a curse to the community, still, so long as it is legal and not contraband, there seems to be some injustice in ousting him from it without making him certain amends. Therefore, the feeling mind will recognise a glimmering of reason in a question propounded to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the EARL OF MALMESBURY, on presenting a petition from the proctors of Doctors' Commons against the Probate and Administration Bill—a petition signed by 87 out of 104 proctors, setting forth that the Bill, if passed, would cut down their gains from £90,000 to £15,000 a year. Supposing—out of abundant charity—that there was no humbug in this representation, we say that LORD MALMESBURY did not ask an altogether foolish question, when, according to Parliamentary Intelligence,—

"He wished to ask the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack, whether he did not think it proper to give some compensation to the proctors and their articled clerks, who had paid £800, or £1000 each upon being articled?"

No doubt, so long as the Testamentary Law remains in its present abominable state, proctors are necessary evils, and to annul the proctor's vocation without compensating the proctor, would not be giving the devil his due. But if the devil is to have his due, in the sense of compensation for the reform which enables society to dispense with him; much rather ought the ministering angel to be duly indemnified for any loss which he may suffer through the removal of the need for his ministration. When, therefore, a knacker's establishment is suppressed, slaughter-houses are banished, pig-styes removed, cesspools filled up, open drains bricked over, or any other nuisances abated in any locality, according to statute in such cases made and provided, a sum equivalent to the diminution of practice which may be expected to result from such sanatory operations ought to be distributed amongst all the neighbouring medical men.

## MAKING LIGHT OF BUSINESS.

LOYALTY never burns so brightly as when it burns in gas. The official birth-day of our beloved QUEEN is, we think, on the 26th of May; on which occasion, the commercial and trading bosom generally labours with some new device that may beautifully combine the affection of a subject with the mainchance of a shopkeeper! "God Bless the QUEEN and the PRINCE!" is shown in a burning row along a quarter of an acre of tailor's frontage. But what is in the shadow? The brilliant benison is the red cabbage; but "the Paradise Paletot, price next to nothing," is the tailor under it.

"Long to reign over us!" illuminates another shopkeeper; and we read by that light—"Alpaca Umbrellas, at 3*s.* 2*d.*"

## ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE SMALL COUNTRY BUTCHER

(WHO DOES NOT OFTEN KILL HIS OWN MEAT).

*Maid.* "PLEASE, MA'AM, MR. SKEWER SAYS HE 'S A-GOING TO KILL *HISSELF* THIS WEEK, AND WILL YOU HAVE A JOINT?"

### "OUR ISTHMIAN GAMES."

HENCEFORTH to talk of "the Derby Day" will be vulgar. In due courtesy to Lord PALMERSTON, polite society will always say—"Isthmian Games." Neptune had his horses, and Britannia has hers. We trust, however, that the games solemnised on the Isthmus of Corinth, were less costly than the races on the Epsom sward. Indeed, we believe that we are not premature in announcing the existence of a society, whose purpose it is, to abolish Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, and so forth. Indeed, all horse-racing is to be put down in deference to public morals. It will be proved at the first meeting that the horse, naturally a noble beast, is perverted to the basest purposes: that, under certain discipline well known in "the stables," the horse is taught to pick pockets; and, in fact, as will be proved, to suggest suicide. It is all very well to talk of the holiday that—to speak in an old-fashioned way—the Derby Day gives to tens of thousands; but the chicanery, the deceit, the swindling, that is carried on under the equine excuse, the horse being, in fact, no more than a stalking-horse to fraud and robbery, is altogether destructive of public morals. Attempt to regulate horse-racing according to Christian principles, and the Derby Day must inevitably be a *dies non*. In fact, there is an enthusiastic party that advocates the total extinguishment of the breed and use of the horse throughout the British Isles. The horse is made the means of making men knaves and fools, rogues and simpletons: the horse has driven men to self-murder, and it will be to the benefit of the world that the horse should become extinct.

We understand that this society will be earnestly joined by the tee-totallers. As some men are drunkards, so is it necessary that no man should be allowed to drink: so is it necessary that vineyards should be grubbed up all over the world, and all over the world planted with the temperate potato. As men rob and cheat by means of races, so shall there be an end of all running horses; nay, the very breed of horses, even as the very growth of grapes, shall be prohibited.

We think the two societies worthy of one another, and wish them all the success they mutually deserve.

### THE WREATH OF VETERAN COLONELS.

THE use of much strong language in senior military circles is supposed to have been occasioned by the following passage in the *Times'* account of a review, held on the QUEEN'S birthday, at Aldershott:—

"Nearly the whole of the troops now wear the uniforms contracted for by the Government, and not by the regimental Colonels. The importance of having superseded the latter gallant clothiers is manifested in the altered appearance of the men. Their coats are of beautiful material, the privates wearing the cloth formerly given only to sergeants, while the sergeants have the same as the commissioned officers. Yesterday one or two men could be discerned still dressed in the old brick-coloured baize, and having an indescribably dingy appearance among their well clad comrades."

The perusal of what looks very much like positive proof that very many of the old clothing Colonels not only stooped to be tailors, but also condescended to be dishonest tailors, must naturally make numerous old Colonels very angry. Those veterans may be excused for indulging in some violence of expression, disgusted and indignant as they must feel to find their laurels intertwined with cabbage.

### Logarithms—Loggerheads.

To an ancestor of the NAPIERS the world owes logarithms; his fame is well-known and widely acknowledged. But there is another NAPIER whose reputation has been shamefully slighted, and that is the NAPIER who first discovered loggerheads. His fame has never been properly allowed by the world at large; but this we must say, in praise of all his descendants. They, with a fine appreciation of the merits of their ancestor, have always done their best to pay due homage to the memory of his discovery. This delightful fact, we hold, admits of no denial; for never yet did "the NAPIERS" mix with anybody or any matter but loggerheads immediately followed.

HOW A LADY MAY ALWAYS LOOK YOUNG.—By getting a fashionable artist to take her portrait.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullet Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*June 4th, Thursday.* Holidays over, and the schoolmaster come back from abroad. He—need *Punch* name BROUGHAM?—was in capital health and spirits, and at once opened fire upon the Divorce Bill, to which he has divers objections, chiefly founded upon its not being sufficiently favourable to the wife. LORD WESTMEATH (an odd person for the work) introduced a Bill for regulating the bathing at watering-places, and rendering it more decorous. Petitions against the Bill are, we understand, in course of signature by the class of vulgarians and *vulgariennes*, who at such places as Margate and Ramsgate, turn a healthy and delightful duty into what they term a Lark.

There was a great deal of talk in the Commons, chiefly directed to the solution of the question whether the Board of Trade was of any use. There can be no doubt that it is of great use, and that mere commercial men are not, with all their spirit and cleverness, quite fit to be entrusted with the exclusive control of our national interests. The Master has spoken.

*Friday.* LORD COWLEY, as *Punch* warned the world would be the case, has been made an earl, and took his seat "as such." Why, nobody knows, not even MR. DOD, who moreover appends to the recital of COWLEY'S travels a cruel bit of satire, the more mordant because entirely unintended. "The *first* LORD COWLEY was a distinguished diplomatist." This will prevent anybody from falling into the sort of error commemorated by MR. TOM MOORE—

> "And (such a mistake as no mortal bit ever on,)
> Fancied the *present* EARL 'COWLEY' the *clever* one."

In the course of conversation on Merchant Shipping, several noblemen who have estates on our coast, and therefore get little bits of luck in the way of wrecks, complained of being obliged to show that they have a right to such windfalls—or waterfalls—which obligation they deem a great hardship. Noblemen have improved since the days when they hung out false lights to bring vessels on the rocks; and neither LORD GREY, nor LORD DERBY, nor any other of the complainants would even smoke a cigar on the beach if he thought a merchant-captain could mistake the light for that at the North Foreland or Dungenness; but *Mr. Punch* thinks that they might go a step further, and leave this kind of sea gleaning to the fishermen. The Wills Bill was passed, LORD CRANWORTH screwing up his courage to say that it was impossible to declare the proctors entitled to compensation. BEN JONSON (a dramatist of merit), had *his* estimate of the animal called Proctor, and it may be inferred from a passage in *Bartholomew Fair*, in which a clergyman says, "Every line that a proctor writes is a long black hair combed out of the tail of Antichrist."

COWLEY in the Lords, Cows in the Commons. SIR B. HALL explained that the vaccine mothers in Hyde Park had a right to be there, and paid for their lodging, all but five, who are the private and privileged cows of the superintendent. One wonders that WISCOUNT WILLIAMS did not move for a return of the names of the cows, their colours and ages, how much milk they respectively gave, how much cream came from it, what counties they came from, what sort of horns they have, whether any of them are old cows, and if so, what tune they are likely to die of, distinguishing between those which stand still to be milked, those that flap their tails into the milker's eye, and those that kick the pail over; also whether insured in the Farmer's Assurance Company, and for how much, and what number of calves they have had, and whether any calf ever stood for Lambeth. The expense of obtaining and printing the return would not have been more than £20 or £30, and what is that (out of other people's money) when a patriot wants a clap-trap?

Complaints were made that election petitions often contained falsehoods, and that there was no convenient way of punishing the slanderers. LORD PALMERSTON thought that it did not much matter. After some verbal amends had been made to MR. STONOR, a gentleman who was rather severely treated by a former Government in consequence of an election indiscretion, the Sound Dues question came on. These tolls are extinguished by the Danes, in consideration of certain moneys from divers nations, England's share being something over a million. Denmark is to keep the Sound Lamps lighted and trimmed, and generally to aid navigation and reduce transit dues. The arrangement is a sensible one, and as SIR GEORGE LEWIS happens to have the money in his desk, it is no case of new tax. The Wiscount, of course, with the large-minded political economy of a retail patriot, could not see why anybody should pay for these imposts except the merchants trading to Denmark, but the House had clearer perceptions of the interests of the country.

On the Army Estimates there was a long debate about Aldershott, a place which is a pet of PAM'S, and which he defended with spirit, but which "bores" the officers, who hate living in camp (though they have a club-house), and miss the billiard-rooms, flirtations with pretty confectioneresses and milliners, and other delights of a town. So they agree to represent Aldershott as of no use, and, inasmuch as there are a great many blunders and short-comings to be detected there, the enemies of the camp make out a sort of case. Equally, however, is it certain that the bored officers can learn at Aldershott what the DUKE said that not twenty men in the Army knew, namely, how to move masses of troops; and this is worth learning, even though billiard-markers are idle, and tart-vending ARIADNE mourns her epauletted THESEUS.

## DRAMATIC ART-TREASURES.

ON May 23rd, was sold off at MR. LEIGH SOTHEBY'S the following curiosity:—

"898**Heel of the Shoe kicked off by MRS. SIDDONS in throwing back her velvet train whilst performing the part of *Constance*, in *King John*, in 1795, and picked up from the stage by J. WHITFIELD."

We suppose that some literary enthusiast bought the above specimen of the heeling art, the better to enable him to trace the footsteps of the Drama? Who knows, the same fortunate purchaser may already have in his possession the sock of THESPIS, and the buskin of ROSCIUS, together with a highlow of HICKS? We know that a lover will often preserve an odd glove of the beautiful object he adores, but to treasure up the hind part of a shoe is going quite to the opposite extreme. We imagine that it is valued as a striking proof of the passion with which MRS. SIDDONS laid bare her sole when acting? If the lucky owner will only send the valuable treasure to Manchester, we will promise to back it up with the following contributions:—

754. A hair of the same dog that was supposed to have bitten R. W. ELLISTON the evening before, when he "blessed you, my people," in the character of *George IV.*
869. The point of the dagger, with which CARTLICH helped to murder the QUEEN'S English for so many years at Astley's.
885. The identical slip of the pen, with which the *Morning Herald* critic wrote the notice of the *Traviata* before its performance at the Royal Italian Opera.
907. The pruning-knife, with numerous cuttings, showing the judicious use of it, that was lately in the possession of the manager of RICHARDSON'S Theatre.
1000. A nail of the shoe of ELLA'S horse, which has cleared 10,000 hurdles and all the expences of the Establishment at Drury Lane.

Let every lover of the Theatrical art contribute in the same liberal spirit, and Manchester will soon be able to boast of a collection of Dramatic Art-Treasures unsurpassed in the whole world.

A PLACE OF RETREAT.—A timid capitalist has taken the Exeter Change Arcade for himself, children, and valuables, on the 13th of June, as he is positive that the Comet will never think of visiting so deserted a locality on that day.

## A HUSBAND OF TEN THOUSAND.

THE subjoined advertisement, extracted from a morning paper, was doubtless answered by an immense number of respondents:—

MATRIMONY.—To LADIES OF FORTUNE. Any WIDOW OR MAIDEN LADY desirous of MEETING with a loving agreeable PARTNER, can obtain what they wish by CORRESPONDING with the Advertiser. The strictest secresy observed, and no charge made, the advertiser's only object being a desire to secure the happiness and welfare of a handsome and worthy Young Man, 23 years of age, who will, upon his marriage day, be put into possession of a considerable sum of money."

Any unmarried lady can have this handsome and worthy young man for asking—this handsome and worthy young man, as an auctioneer would repeat, only twenty-three years of age, and who will receive a considerable sum of money on his marriage day. First come, first served, of course, since the young man is to be had by *any* such applicant. What a catch!—because not only is he worthy and handsome and destined to have money, but, inasmuch as somebody else advertises for him, and makes, on his behalf, an unconditional promise of marriage to any woman who will accept him, it is manifest that he can have no will of his own. What a duck of a husband he would make then!—if he would not make a goose. What work the above advertisement must have cut out for the postman of the district whence it was issued!—which, we may state, was that of E. C. What a griffin, most probably, was the candidate who was first in the field!

### SALE OR SELL?

To those of our readers who have a taste for puzzles, perhaps the following advertisement will not be unacceptable:—

ARMY AND NAVY.—A favourable opportunity presents itself of purchasing the INTEREST of a PUBLICATION, which is well adapted to any gentleman having a taste for literature, and a portion of his time unoccupied. Apply, &c.

Now, in the name of *Notes and Queries*, what in the world does the advertiser mean by first attracting the attention of the Army and Navy, and then proceeding to talk about a "taste for literature?" We admit there may be found in either service men who have evinced so far a literary turn, as to show that they know well enough how to "make a book:" but we cannot think the advertiser justified on this account, to twit the gallant fellows with their "taste for literature." Nor can we the least comprehend what he means, by offering for sale the mere "interest" of a publication, in the management of which, we presume he is the principal. Are we to infer that the publication itself will be made the subject of a separate bargain? Imagine what a sell it would be to the buyer of a novel to find that all its interest had been previously disposed of! Or, as a still greater stretch of fancy, only conceive what a rush there would be to the Auction-room, were we to advertise that any one, who proved the highest bidder, might purchase the exclusive right to the sole enjoyment of the interest of *Punch!*

COMFORT FOR THE CALUMNIATED.—The fairest complexions get freckled the soonest.

## THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THE NELSON memorial (to which his late Majesty, NICHOLAS of Russia, was in two senses the largest subscriber) is not finished, nor is it likely to be finished. Who was NELSON? Why, it is fifty years and more since he was killed in annihilating the naval power of France at a blow. You might as well talk to us of MARLBOROUGH, or BLAKE. *Mr. Punch* will bet even money that ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S monument is complete before ADMIRAL LORD NELSON'S.

But touching the WELLINGTON monument, *Mr. Punch* would lay no such wager. There is every reason to believe that it will be executed forthwith. The authorities are eager to see the marble in hand. Not, perhaps, because of their intense veneration for the dead, but out of their strong desire to serve the living. The Great Duke's memorial will be left in charge of no laggard spirit of hero-worship, it will be ordered by those who keep the nation's *porte monnaie*, and who will disburse with a free hand when the applicant is well recommended.

Puffs preliminary are already scattered broadcast. We hear that a certain Baron "has designed a monument which, if Government approve it, will be erected in St. Paul's." Pleasantly and easily do these announcements, half official, drop the fact that other sculptors thereto invited by Government, have been labouring for months at their ideals of memorials. Labouring privately, too, in compliance with the terms that prescribed anonymous models. The Baron has published his design, and if Government approve it, that is to be the WELLINGTON monument. If! As if the authorities are likely to disapprove anything by a Baron so recommended as the BARON MARROWFATTI.

But the puffs are not haughty in their tone; on the contrary, it is desired to imbue the public mind with the idea of what a membrial ought to be. Familiarised with the MARROWFATTI notion, the people will be prepared to applaud. We are told that there are to be two big bronze doors, set against the wall, and pretending to be the entrance to a vault. This is a Sham, but Marlborough House, so severe upon the flower on a carpet, or the bird on a wall-paper, will be all silent courtliness. Well, before the sham doors is to be a figure of Victory,—outside, mind—though the Duke, instead of keeping Victory away from him, was usually very much at home with her. This, however, is of the less consequence, as the Duke himself is also to be outside his own mausoleum, indeed to be perched upon the top of it. For this there are two good artistic reasons—first, if the Duke were inside you could not see him, and secondly, he can't be put inside, because the mausoleum doors are sham ones. The effect would seem to be that of a lady weeping against the front door of a house, while the party she is bewailing has got out upon the roof. That a great deal of this will be cleverly managed we have no doubt, for the Baron is a clever man, with bold notions, which his fashionable friends call "fresh creations." For a temporary trophy, or a device for a *fête*, the MARROWFATTI Creations are admirable, but posterity will look, in our WELLINGTON memorial, for something more than a mere holiday surprise—a contrivance to make good-natured Duchesses cry out, "Dear me, how charmingly ingenious."

That the Baron's design will please the authorities and Duchesses, and will be erected at our expense in St. Paul's is exceedingly probable. The puffs have gone abroad in profusion, and they denote approbation previously secured. Possibly, too, the Baron's design may be better than any of the others. Only, for form's sake, one would just like to know something about these others. After all, the English sculptors *were* asked to compete, and though there may be no intention of giving them a chance, pay them the compliment of letting their designs be exhibited. That cannot hurt the favourite, and may give several worthy poor fellows a lift. The race is a settled thing, but let the losers go over the ground.

A thought occurs to us. When the WELLINGTON monument is adjudged to the Baron, could not the other candidates be allowed (of course at their own expense) to complete the NELSON memorial by contribution of ideas from their rejected models? What may not be good enough for WELLINGTON is good enough for NELSON. It would be a sort of encouragement to the English sculptor just to let him lay chisel to one of our inferior national testimonials, while the important ones, as the Scutari memorial and the WELLINGTON monument, are fittingly assigned for execution where the sympathies of nationality do not interfere with the dictates of pure art.

### Posthumous Practical Joke.

OLD MR. SCRUDGE dies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to EMILY WOODBINE, the belle of the village, beloved by HARRY HONEYSUCKLE, and loving him in return, an annuity of ten thousand a-year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried; the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marriage, to go to the Asylum for Idiots.

EHEU, FUGACES!

PEOPLE remark upon DUKE CONSTANTINE'S having paid us English a Flying visit. Such comments are unkind. It is not easy for Russians to get rid of their habit throughout the war.

## PERSECUTION IN BELGIUM.

*To the Editor of the "Tablet."*

SIR,—The faithful Belgian Clergy have been cast—not by any means having got themselves—into the hot water of persecution. They have been hissed and hooted, and subjected to other atrocious torments. An infuriated mob has outraged those venerable fathers with horrid cries of "*A bas les couvents!*" and "*Vive la Constitution!*" and the still more barbarous shouts and yells of "*Weg de Kloosters!*" "*Weg de leegloopers!*" "*Leve de werkman!*" With these insults and injuries have the ungrateful Belgian burghers repaid the spiritual beneficence of their priests and bishops, their Jesuits and other holy friars. At the suggestion, and by the influence, of these pious ecclesiastics, a law was proposed and partially enacted, the operation of which would confer on a large portion of the Belgian population, the inestimable grace of poverty. The law was one which would have repealed certain Belgian enactments equivalent to our abominable British statute of mortmain—*execrabile illud statutum*, as a blessed Pope called it, I think. Had it passed, a dying parent would have been enabled to disinherit his children; for the advantage of his own soul, their eternal welfare, and the emolument of a monastery. Public clamour has defeated this intended piece of legislation, and now the dying rogue will still be denied the liberty of delivering himself from the deuce, by bequeathing his plunder to the Church instead of leaving it to his own family. Of course the rogue's will cannot be as good as his deed, if any will that he may make in favour of Holy Church is an invalid document. What a hardship on the repentant rogue, to prevent him from atoning for his crimes by impoverishing his heirs! British fanaticism will exult in the defeat and humiliation of the Belgian priesthood; but Exeter Hall may perhaps be astonished to learn that the unpopularity of that venerable body arises in part from precisely the same cause as its own. At the suggestion of some of those holy men, whom the Belgian infidel journals call over-zealous priests, the *religieuses* of the lace-school of Liederskerke caused the hair of certain of the young girls at that seminary to be cut off because, on the Sunday of the "Lakermesse," they had taken part in a dance. Thus have those reverend fathers excelled our British Sabbatarians in their own line, and incurred a proportional share of public aversion and contempt, constituting that cruel martyrdom which they ever seek so eagerly, and which they always so eloquently bewail, to the admiration and amusement of, Sir, your constant watcher,

PUNCH.

P.S. The heretic LEOPOLD has adjourned the Chambers. Could HEROD, or DECIUS, or DIOCLETIAN, have acted more infamously?

### One Begins to be Uncomfortable.

THERE can now be no doubt that the expected Comet will annihilate all things. An Adelphi playbill announces the *Green Bushes* "for the Last Time." This is conclusive. When a drama that was not for an age but for all time, stops, Time himself had better take himself by the forelock, and make his bow.

## SIR ROBERT PEEL ON MOSCOW.

SIR ROBERT, having nothing to do at present, took a large circle of friends with him the other day to BURFORD'S Panorama in Leicester Square, and entertained them with a Lecture on the beauties of the place:—

"My boys, here we are in Moscow. By Jove, it is very like! You see before you the coronation, which, I need not tell you, far surpassed the one in the *Prophète*. You will notice three principal characters in it—the Emperor, the Empress, and myself—but you will observe that your humble servant does not occupy the prominent position which his merits deserve. The Bell to your left is the CZAR KOLOKOL, or, in other lingo, the Emperor of Bells. It went up amidst hullabooloooing and rejoicing, and then came down with a devil of a crash, reminding one of the rise and fall of many a popular minister that I could name. The consequence was, that after its fall it was found to be cracked—not the only instance of the downfal of a great upstart having ended in insanity. The Grand Duke has been compared to this Bell, not on account of his enormous mettle, but simply because he, too, is cracked. However, we will not touch on that head, but rather plunge into the Moscowa, which is the Thames of Moscow—with this simple difference, that there are no whitebait in it. It joins the Oka at a short distance, which by shallow authorities has been cited as the reason of its yellow Oka appearance. My boys, I am going to startle you now. At one time there were 1600 churches in Moscow! What do you think of that? Even now, as we take a squint over the roofs of the houses, the eye is presented with the sight of a very peculiar steeplechase, such as would beat the Liverpool one completely out of the field. Count the spires, if you can. Not two steeples are alike. They are of all sizes and of all colours—as if each one was wearing the colour of its patron saint. The domes remind one of the coats of the jockeys at Epsom, for your optics are regaled with the sight of every bright pigment under the sun. The Cathedral of the Virgin—there to the right of you—has sixteen of these pictorial towers, huddled all in a heap together, like the cups and saucers in a conjuror's box. In a fruiterer's shop you will not see more varieties of form and colour than these towers present. There are apples, pears, melons, plums, with a large dash of the pine-apple. They look like huge horticultural toys, that would not figure badly in a scene of the Palace of Pomona in a pantomime. All the houses, in fact, take strange freaks into their heads. Many of them are gilt, reminding one of misers, whose caputs run upon nothing but gold. Others are painted green and red. The effect is not happy. They bring before one the picture of the Covent Garden market-carts, filled with greens and carrots. The churches are crammed with more plate than HUNT and ROSKELL'S; whilst STORR and MORTIMER'S shop would be nothing better than a pedlar's box compared to the innumerable sacks of precious stones they contain. Talking of sacks, the French took no small share of these same jewels just before they were burnt out of Moscow. Living is mighty dear in this queer capital. A captain's biscuit costs almost as much as a Colonelcy would in England. The Russians are extremely fond of charging the English tremendously, excepting, of course, with the bayonet. Every look, every question, every oath, every kick, is carefully computed, and put down in the bill. Most of their ways are dirty and narrow—not unlike their streets, whose only pavement is that of good intentions, for, owing to the badness of the paving, it is something worse than purgatory to walk over them. The city altogether presents a curious harlequinade of all architectural styles and orders, and, for that reason, like a harlequinade, when once you have seen it you do not care about seeing it again. Moreover, I hold that this panorama is infinitely better than the city itself. You are free from the smells, the fleas, the priests, the soldiers, and pickpockets of all descriptions, that haunt the original. Take my word for it, every Russian is a born pickpocket. However, let us cut. But, before going, my tulips, let us give three cheers for BURFORD. BURFORD is a brick—a brick that should be amongst the pillars of the Royal Academy."

AS SIR ROBERT PEEL is no longer connected with the Ministry, we think he could not do better than turn his talents, generally speaking, to public lecturing. We shall be only too happy to act as his Special Reporter.

### HUMPHRY (BROWN)'S LAST TESTIMONIAL.

COPPER has risen in price—all round the town
Two hundred pounds are offered for One "BROWN:"
And yet the purchaser may prove an ass;
He 'll find (or we mistake) his BROWN 's all Brass.

SCENE, GREENWICH: THE LAST TRAIN HAS GONE, AND THE SENIOR PARTY, UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE VEHICLE WAS A BROUGHAM, HAS ACCEPTED THE OFFER OF A LIFT TO TOWN.

*Senior Party.* "DOG CART! GOOD GRACIOUS! BUT *YOU* ARE NEVER GOING TO DRIVE?"
*Junior Party.* "NOT GOING—A—DWIVE? WHY NOT GOING A—DWIVE? JUS—AIN'T I, THO'!"

## THE GREAT SHIP.

SEVERAL incorrect statements having appeared in reference to the *Great Eastern* (now lying like a red whale in MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S yard at Millwall, and so frightening people that they cut across the river and take refuge by scores in the houses of MESSRS. HART and QUARTERMAINE, who administer white-bait and iced punch with the most humane promptitude) *Mr. Punch* has been requested to publish the following information touching the arrangements on board the vessel.

CAPTAIN HARRISON, the Captain, who has been selected in contravention of all rules observed in the public service, the proprietors of the ship having engaged him for the vulgar reason that he was notoriously the best captain on the best line of steamers in the world, will merely attend to the comparatively unimportant duty of taking care of the vessel. But, as there are to be six hundred first class passengers, other captains will be appointed to administer to the domestic wants of the floating colony. There will be a Dining Captain, with great carving powers, and a miraculous flow of after-dinner oratory; and there will be a Flirtation Captain, whose business it will be to render the brief voyage still briefer to the ladies. The former has been a Freemason, who has eaten his way into all the honours of the craft, and who will hold lodges in the maintop, where the proximity of the fire from the chimney will be highly convenient for heating the gridirons. The latter has been still more carefully selected, and is a gentleman whom his wife is about to divorce, under the new law, for the incompatibility of his red hair with her notions of elegance, and who, under the same law, will be incapable of marrying again. He will therefore have been a family man, which makes him respectable, while at the same time his attentions can mean nothing.

The spiritual welfare of the ten thousand inhabitants of the vessel will be duly cared for. A very handsome church is being built on the after-deck, and four chapels, for Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, and Independents, are being erected forward. A pretty rectory house and garden will be placed near the wheel, but it is thought well that the voluntary system should provide for the Dissenting teachers, though in case of sea-sickness during the services, the sea-beadles are ordered to attend everywhere with basins without regard to distinction of religious faith or bringing up. Births and marriages will be amply provided for, the Directors of the *Great Eastern* undertaking to be godfathers to any addition made to the population during the voyage, (a silversmith goes out express to engrave the mugs,) and *berceaunettes* may be had gratis, on application to the boatswain. The Captain will act as father to any young (or other) lady who may succeed, by dint of moonlight and LORD BYRON, in persuading a gentleman to pay her expenses for the rest of her life, and a large young officer is now growing whiskers and a brogue, in order to act as a brother, and demand intentions, on application from any Mamma. Cottages for the honeymoon are being fitted up larboard side by MESSRS. JACKSON AND GRAHAM, and will have private telegraphs to the kitchen, nightingales, and *Bell's Life*.

Weather permitting, races will take place at stated periods, and the *Great Eastern* Derby will be a feature in the voyage. Once round the vessel being a third of a mile, the heats will be easily arranged. A moveable Grand Stand is being constructed by MESSRS. EDGINGTON. The stabling in the vessel will afford accommodation for any number of horses, and one of the long-boats (itself a large steamer) can be engaged for trial gallops, and be surrounded with awning and ordered to cruise at some distance, in order to ensure privacy. The Betting Act not applying to the high seas, an office where the odds will be given will be under the superintendence of the purser. Other amusements will be provided, an American alley, and a skittle ground, being situated on the poop, and a spare boiler being fitted up as a Casino, into which boiling water will not be turned without such notice as may be

# CONSTANTINE PRY'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

"JUST DROPPED IN—HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE—OFF AGAIN TO-MORROW."

practicable. A theatre is in course of erection, and an English dramatic author will be kept in the hold, with a safety-lamp, to translate any French piece that may be thrown down to him. Two eminent Jew *costumiers* have contracted to supply dresses, and when not engaged in theatrical pursuits, will be happy to fill up their vacant evenings in being converted, on moderate terms, by any passenger who may be going out as a Missionary, and wish for practice in dealing with his benighted brethren. (Extra charge for readingth of tracth.) A club room is also being arranged, and candidates for the Great Eastern Club had better send in their names. Trade, moustaches, political opinions, whistling, a short pipe, the habit of asking questions, Puseyism, or a pug-nose, will exclude.

Cabstands will be placed at the most convenient parts of the ship, and tables of fares and distances affixed. Incivility or overcharge will consign the offender to the cat, but the flogging will be conducted in a back yard of the vessel, where the loudest throated fellow may bawl without being heard by the public. Bath-chairs and perambulators will also be in waiting, and omnibuses will convey the humbler passengers to various parts of the vessel. Previously to the show of the electric light, every evening, a grand display of fireworks, and a balloon will ascend once a week with letters for any quarter to which the wind may be blowing. Further particulars will be published from time to time until the Launch.

## "NAME THIS PRINCE."

AN amiable and spirited young gentleman, Lord of the Isles and Knight of the Garter, but best known as the PRINCE OF WALES, is about to make a Continental tour. During his absence abroad, he is to be called BARON RENFREW, in order to avoid fuss and ostentation. This is all sensible enough. It is very disagreeable for a distinguished person to be bothered with people running after him and staring at him, and when *Mr. Punch* sent *his* eldest son abroad for improvement, he adopted a similar course. He did not want the lad followed by thousands, pointing at him, and bawling, "That's PRINCE PUNCH! That's the Heir of Fleet Street! That's the son of the Emperor!" and so on, and he told the boy simply to call himself TOBY FEATHERCAP. The QUEEN is quite right, as usual.

But why is the Prince to be called RENFREW? Why not call himself CORNWALL, or CHESTER, or CARRICK, or DUBLIN, seeing that all are as much his names as the Scotch one, and that each name is quite as pretty as RENFREW, and much more easily pronounced by foreigners? Why is he to go about as a young Scotchman? Is it to rectify the notions of the caricaturists on the Continent, as to the Scotch, whom they depict with violent check trowsers, and plumes of feathers bigger than those the tipsy mutes stick on hearses? Or is the title taken for the sake of extreme humility, and with the reasonable idea that nothing can be of much less importance than a Scotch baron. In either case we have nothing to say against the selection, but SIR ALBERT CORNWALL, or LORD EDWARD CHESTER, would have been, we will be judged by the young ladies, a more elegant travelling appellation. Perhaps, like the Prince in *Lalla Rookh*, the gallant K.G. is going to look round him for some Germanic pearl, one day to be set in an English coronet. Now LALLA never would call her royal lover by any name but FERAMORZ, under which he had first wooed her. RENFREW would not be a pretty or an easy name for the parting rosebuds of the PRINCESS OF WALES to lisp out. One of the Prince's sisters should have thought of this for him. What is the use of a lot of girls in a family if they can't attend to these matters—a fellah can't think of everything. If it is not too late, we recommend the throwing over the Scotch name; and so we bid His Royal Highness farewell, wishing him a most pleasant sojourn by the Drachenfels, and tour through the Alps.

### Imaginary Dialogue at Osborne.

*A Grand Admiral.* What should you think a battle was like, my dear Field Marshal?

*A Field Marshal.* If you come to that, what should you think a sea-fight was like, my dear Grand Admiral?

[*Neither having an idea on the subjects, both go in to lunch.*

## ADMIRAL NAPIER AT SEA AGAIN.

QUITTING the safe anchorage of silence, SIR CHARLES NAPIER has again been launching into public speech, and has as usual been found quite at sea there. On moving for a change in the Admiralty management, possibly with a view to the introduction of SIR CHARLES NAPIER in the place of SIR CHARLES WOOD, the gallant admiral is reported to have croaked as follows:—

"At present we had no Channel fleet, and in case of a sudden war with France and Russia he did not believe the QUEEN'S throne would be worth six months' purchase. (*Oh! oh!*)"

A truly British sentiment this for a true British sailor to give public utterance to! And the cause of this Napierian croak is, that at the present moment—

"Our ships are not ready; and how then is the country to be defended?"

In answer to this most momentous question, we feel tempted to say, clearly *not* by ADMIRAL NAPIER. But to quiet his uneasiness, we would ask, if there be really any reason to suppose that the ships of France and Russia are a whit more ready now for action than our own? And is there any ground for the nervous apprehension, lest war should be declared without a note of preparation, or a warning letter from our Foreign Correspondents?

SIR CHARLES next complains that when through their bad discipline his men should have been beaten, they were so perverse as to gain for him a victory, and so destroy his confidence in the rules of warfare, besides perhaps upsetting his prophetic calculations:—

"When he fell in with the Miguelite fleet, which was double or treble his force, one of the enemy's ships was first boarded by his captain and his son, now no more, and they were hardly followed by a single man of the crew. Yet these were British Sailors! And out of the 50 marines only three boarded. Why was this? Because the men were undisciplined and had no confidence in themselves. True, the Miguelite fleet was taken. (*A Laugh.*) Yes, but by all the rules of warfare it was the British fleet which ought to have been taken. (*Laughter.*)"

This statement appears to have occasioned some hilarity, but it is clear SIR CHARLES felt more of disappointment than delight in making it. It is a matter of regret with him rather than rejoicing that his men were so ill-disciplined as to disobey the rules of warfare, and so obstinate withal as not to take a thrashing when they thought that they could give one. SIR CHARLES appears to us a kind of Naval *Mawworm*, and rather likes the despicable plight of being beaten, as it affords him opportunity to lay the blame on somebody, and represent himself as being an injured individual. Ill sea-bird that he is, we find him continually fouling his own nest, and constantly disparaging every one about him in order that by contrast he may exalt himself.

## A WORD FOR A KING.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I WAS so angry with you for that picture of the dear KING OF PRUSSIA you can't think. Pray, never make fun of him any more. I am sure you will not when you know what I am going to tell you, and what you might, you satiric creature, have read for yourself if you had had any eyes. It is actually the fact (and the gentleman who writes to the *Times* newspaper from Berlin, will assure you of it) that when a young officer in Prussia falls in love with a young lady, and she has no money, and he has not enough to make up the sum which a married officer is required by law to have, he petitions the dear King, and the King makes up the amount for him. He hardly ever refuses. O, my dear *Punch*, if FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT would do this sort of thing, how we girls would adore him! There is no law about income here, but you can't marry on a lieutenant's pay, you know, and keep up appearances; but only fancy writing to the PRINCE, and saying that one wants a cottage, and a pony carriage, and all that, and dear COLONEL PHIPPS sending the money in nice crisp notes, and with the PRINCE'S best wishes for our happiness. The KING OF PRUSSIA does this, and I do sincerely hope you will never be so unkind as to ridicule him again. I have been telling ALFRED that he ought to exchange into the Prussian service, but you don't know who ALFRED is, and I have not time to tell you. But mind what I say, there is a dear old thing.

"Your affectionate friend,

"*The Close, Canterbury.*" "LILY PRIMROSE."

CON. BY OUR JUVENILE CONTRIBUTOR.

*Q.* WHY is *Uncle Tom* like a Magician?

*A.* Because he's a Negro man, Sir. (*Necromancer.*)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORMONITES.—The Mormonites are a set of brutes little superior to the Baboon, and they may be ranked under the denomination of Orang-Utahng.

## PETER THE CRUEL.

IN a case heard at Guildhall the other day, a husband, named ALLEN, was charged with having punched his wife's head, because she did not comply with his demand for a shilling. Her reason was a miserable one. She had not a shilling. Beaten, she applies for redress. SOLOMON SADDLER is on the Bench, and brayeth as follows:—

"SIR PETER LAURIE said: The new Act of Parliament for the protection of women has been carried out too far, and the hard-working and industrious man has frequently been punished with great severity, for a blow given to his wife in a moment of anger or provocation."

Evidently, PETER's mind is in his old shop. His exceedingly *apropos* remark (for "this is quite a different case, SIR PETER," said the other Alderman) was prompted by a recollection of bye-gone times. In dealing with a wife (*dicit* PETER), "there 's nothing like Leathering."

## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 7.

"I ONCE knew a young husband and wife, both well born, who loving one another, had been courageous enough to marry without waiting for fortune. An old servant of the wife's family followed her young mistress into the stuffy Pimlico first floor, to which she passed from the old Hampshire country house without a sigh or a misgiving, and in which she spent many a long lonely day, while 'WILLIE' was in Chambers, awaiting the briefs that were so long in coming. But they *did* come at last; and my charming and courageous couple were rewarded for the faith which had carried them into matrimony on three hundred a year.

"In those days of struggle and saving, the old servant was the only one of the three who seemed to suffer under a sense of contrast between the fine old Hampshire mansion, its lordly ways and rustic state, and the fusty, choky London lodging, with its close-pinching economy and town-squalor. It so happened, that her master, among some relics of a home, broken up and scattered to the four winds by a father's death, possessed a massive fish-slice, suggestive of the family plate-chest in which it had erst reposed, and the solemn butler, who had once watched over its safe-keeping.

"My young friends' old servant rejoiced exceedingly in this fish-slice. It was to her a symbol of the lofty fortunes from which her master and mistress had, wilfully as it were, descended. When affronted by the landlady of the lodgings, or harassed by some impertinence of the wretched servant-of-all-work—who, trodden on by all, was not particular on whom she turned—the attached dependent would take out this fish-slice, and apparently derive comfort from cleaning it. It was a sort of life-buoy, which kept her sense of the family dignity above water.

"Breakfasting with my friends one morning, I was astonished to see the fish-slice on the table. It was very much in the way of the cups and saucers, and my friend got impatient, and at last rapped out, 'Confound that —— fish-slice! I wonder, my darling, why GRIMSHAWE *will* insist on parading it at breakfast?'

"The little wife laughed, and removed the ponderous piece of plate, and then I learnt how GRIMSHAWE could not be broken of this habit of solemnly placing her cherished fish-slice on the table at every meal.

"Poor GRIMSHAWE! The fish-slice was to her as a blue-riband—an order—a title—something to extort respect from all civilised people without reference to fortune. Her master and mistress were quite willing to stand upon their personal claims and chances, but GRIMSHAWE would thrust the fish-slice down your throat on all occasions.

"When I see people giving way to some cowardly piece of display—parading some incongruous patch of splendour on their threadbare every-day habits,—I always think of GRIMSHAWE and the fish-slice.

"The KOTOOS were eminently of the fish-slice order of people. Their table looked gorgeous under the *épergnes* with their glowing sheaves of flowers, and the silver wine-coolers with the long-necked green-yellow bottles peeping out of them, and the gay dessert intermixed with the flower-baskets,—only we were all aware that the *épergnes*, and the wine-coolers, and, for all we know, the very forks and spoons, with all their heraldry, were hired from the pawnbroker's, or the man who lets out rout-seats, or came in GALANTINE'S spring-van with the green boxes. In fact, the KOTOOS' fish-slice was Brummagem electrotype, and not solid silver, and everybody saw through the plating.

"KOTOO had what he called the *menew* by his side—GALANTINE'S bill of fare—from which he called over the dishes. The document was not a model of orthography in itself, and was not made more intelligible by KOTOOS' pronunciation of its ill-spelt French.

"'Here's *Potage à la Ramifolle*, MRS. FLAUNTER, and t'other's a *Pewrey de Cressy*. Try some of these *Roojays à la Cardinal*, PENNYBOY,' and then to me, 'There's *Cabilow*, if you prefer it.' I saw he hadn't the remotest notion what '*Cabillaud*' meant. 'Thank you,' said I, maliciously, 'I'll take cod.' 'Cod!' exclaimed KOTOO, much disgusted that such a plebeian fish should be asked for at *his* table. 'Cod! I'm afraid it's not in the *menew*.' The attentive WALKER, however, had already supplied my wants, and KOTOO blushed when he saw it *was* cod after all, and very woolly cod, too, which GALANTINE had put off upon him under the imposing foreign title of '*cabillaud*.' MRS. KOTOO is more mistress of the tongues than her husband, and I saw her give KOTOO such a look!

"It was evident that in spite of all MRS. K.'s efforts to sit as if it was quite natural to her to have dinner ministered to her by the haughty hands of WALKER and his satellites, she was in her secret soul full of anxieties. I could not at first understand this, for I thought the plan of leaving everything to GALANTINE had this advantage at least, of securing tranquillity to the master and mistress of the house. But I soon found that it was the waiters our hostess was nervous about. In fact WALKER had had occasion to complain to her of some of his staff before dinner, and as I sat with my back to the sideboard at one corner of the table, I was the involuntary confidant of many of WALKER'S difficulties. He was a general worthy of a better army than the awkward squad with which GALANTINE had provided him on this occasion. I had once or twice observed our amiable hostess wince as one of the waiters passed her. At last I saw her exchange a rapid whisper with WALKER. That worthy reddened, but recovered himself, and at once, as if he had merely received an order in regular course, made a circuit of the table in his usual magnificent manner, with the champagne, which—I may say, *en passant*—did not flow quite as freely from his hands as it might have done if we had helped ourselves, or each other. I should say that we were now at what KOTOO persisted in calling the 'relieves,' till MRS. KOTOO corrected him—by using the word with an exaggerated stress on the last syllable, thus, 'relev*ays*'—at which sound PENNYBOY, who had disappeared from me behind one of the flower-baskets, suddenly emerged with an awakened face, and the exclamation 'Railways? Won't I take any Railways, Ma'am? Not if I know it—' and then he launched into a diatribe on the state of the Railway Market, of which nobody but MRS. KOTOO and I understood the relevancy. While PENNYBOY was on this theme—which really revived the flagging society for a while, every one having his or her own remarkable experience of railway speculation to record—I became conscious of a serious drama in action at the side-table, within ear-shot of my chair.

"This was what passed in a low whisper:—

"*Walker* (*to one of the waiters, in a tone of disgust*). So you 've been at them inions, agin!

"*Waiter* (*rapidly, but evidently conscience-stricken*). No—I aven't, leastways I never touched one since last night, as ever was—which me and my wife——

"*Walker* (*cutting him short, as feeling that the time will not allow of their going into the subject, and with dignity*). There—remove them kivers—and don't breathe so 'ard.

"The mystery of MRS. KOTOO's whisper, and the source of a certain

whiff—not of Araby the blest—which had been wafted round the table as this waiter went upon his business were now explained.

"It was too true. The peccant attendant *had* been at 'them inions,' and the accompaniment of that peculiar vegetable fragrance did not by any means enhance the relish of M. GALANTINE'S *Poularde en Diadème*. Even had the *béchamel* sauce been less floury, the vegetables that garnished the dish less cold and watery, and the central fowl more succulent and not so stringy, I don't think I could have enjoyed the *plat*, with *that* waiter handing my plate. But indeed the dinner was as bad as it was pretentious. The four *entrées* had all a vague resemblance, which left it quite a toss up whether you were at any particular moment engaged on the *Vol-au-vent de Foie gras à la Provençale*, or on the *Noix de Veau, demi-gras à la purée de concombres*, or the *Epigramme d' Agneau*, or the *Aiguillettes de petits Poussins à la Banquière*.—(N.B. I have corrected GALANTINE'S idiomatic but inaccurate French.)

"All one could swear to was that everything was very greasy and very cold, with a very strong family likeness in the way of burnt onions and questionable butter.

"Poor KOTOO, however, revelled in the splendid variety of viands, and went floundering through the hard names of the 'menew' in the most reckless manner, in spite of all the winks and warning frowns of his wife. Luckily FLAUNTER, who was the only person at table able to detect KOTOO'S blunders, was too much absorbed in the thought of his own embarrassments to pay much attention to our host's indecent liberties with the French language. PENNYBOY'S French was if anything, rather worse than KOTOO'S, and as he shared with that gentleman the ambition of discussing the cookery, it may be conceived what work they made of the noble gastronomic tongue between them.

"But it was a weary business, for WALKER, with all his generalship, could not keep his awkward squad up to their work, and there were the dreariest gaps every now and then in the feeble and flagging conversation; and long intervals in the rotation of the food, colder than the cold dishes; and flaccid jokes from the Author, more mawkish than the *Pain de Pêches au Noyau* of the *entremets;* and anecdotes and smart things from the Reviewer, meant to be satirical, but falling flatter than the mock-Sillery on an audience not prepared to receive them. His sallies were many of them clever enough and ill-natured enough to have both gone off and hurt people had it been the time and place for such prandial pyrotechnics; but firing them off here was like thrusting lighted squibs into a heap of damp sand. And so with long-drawn circuits of half-cold, ill-cooked dishes, with rounds of indifferent wine, and a dropping fire of semi-stagnant conversation, the grand dinner drew its slow length along.

"How hard we all worked, too, to keep the ponderous machine going! How KOTOO floundered and fagged through the mysteries of the 'menew,' and how MRS. KOTOO perspired inwardly in mingled awe of WALKER, and disgust at his attendant waiters, and laboured to seem at home, and used to the style of thing—an old offender, in short, up to the ways of the mill, and able to get through the appointed task in good wind, and without breaking her shins. And how loyally we all panted and tramped and lifted the weight of our aching feet, and longed for the time that should allow us to get off the instrument of torture. I protest neither Pentonville nor Brixton has any punishment more painful. Like the Pentonville prisoners, too, we went about our work in masks.

"And yet there are many on the mill for life, and who have got so used to the labour that they consider it as the normal state of existence—beings like *Little Dorrit*, born in the social Marshalsea."

## THE CUP THAT INEBRIATES AND NOT CHEERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE QUEEN'S Bench reverses a decision of the Stafford Bench, which fined a person for selling British wines without a licence. JUDGE ERLE, dissentient, held that the nastiness was excisable. LORD CAMPBELL certainly plays Old Gooseberry with the Current of my convictions, and Gingerly as I should proceed in interfering with trade, his lordship's Raisining does not satisfy me. Whether regarded as a means of cheating children into the idea that they are drinking the beverage of adults, or simply as a means of making adults wish, with wry faces, that they were drinking any other beverage, British wines should be regarded by the law with the same disfavour that is bestowed on them by civilised beings. They should be sold, if at all, by the vendors of antimonial wines, a vintage much preferred by the discerning, and, instead of no licence to sell them, I would make it necessary to have a Special Licence, for I am sure they trespass on the Doctor's commons.

"Yours, indignantly,

"*The Docks, Saturday.*" "PHILOPORTO."

THE GEOGRAPHY OF FASHION.—A man may appear extremely Parisian in London, and yet look like the most confounded Cockney in Paris.

## A THOROUGHLY RUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

THE Vienna Correspondent of the *Times* says, that the convention recently concluded between Russia and Persia was the work of GENERAL TSCHIRKOFF'S hands, and that the EMPEROR ALEXANDER is extremely well satisfied with the diplomacy of that officer. The success of TSCHIRKOFF in this negotiation with Persia may somewhat console the Russian Court for the failure which, on the Treaty of Peace with the Allies, it experienced on attempting the shirk-off style of diplomacy.

## REFLECTION FOR THE LOOKING-GLASS.

IN reading *Le Follet* young ladies would do well to have at hand an English, as well as a French dictionary; as will be evident from the consideration of the following passage on bonnets, from *Fashions for June*:—

"For negligé, fancy straw, trimmed with taffetas and straw. Coloured straws, drab, or brown, and a mixture of crinoline and black chenille will be much in vogue, as they are light, fresh, and coquettish."

The word "coquettish" is one which we should think any young lady would like to know the meaning of before adopting a style of bonnet to which that adjective is applicable. The word "coquette," whence it is derived, is defined in DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* to be—what a fair reader might consider whether she would like to get herself taken for by wearing a coquettish bonnet, or a bonnet suitable to the character of a coquette—"a gay, airy girl; who endeavours to attract notice." Before she chooses one of the bonnets described as coquettish she had better ask herself if she really deserves to be thought airy and gay; and if to attract notice is the object after which she intends to endeavour.

### Misplaced Affection.

*Loving Wife.* Here, JAMES, see what a good little wifey I've been in your absence. Whilst you've been away, amusing yourself, I've cleaned all your pipes. Look, Sir, I'll be bound you wouldn't know this Meerschaum again? It looks nice and clean now, doesn't it?—though you can't tell, dear, what a deal of time it took me to take all the nasty colour and dirt off. I assure you I had to scrape it ever so thick with an oyster knife!

[*Poor* JAMES *looks very disconsolate, and gazing with eyes of abject despair on his favourite Meerschaum, that had taken him five years' hard smoking to "culotter," turns upon his heel, and wipes away a tear!*

A SEVERE SACRIFICE.—To be Sold, at a considerable reduction, a large Quantity of RED TAPE, the present owner having more upon his hands than he knows just at present what to do with. Address to FREDERICK PEEL, to the care of LORD PALMERSTON, Downing Street.

## SERVANTGALISM.

*Mistress.* "WHY, NURSE—WHAT A TERRIBLE DISTURBANCE!—PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

*Nurse (addicted to Pen and Ink).* "OH, MUM, IT'S DREADFUL!—HERE'S NEETHER ME NOR MARY CAN'T ANSWER NONE OF OUR LETTERS FOR THE RACKETT!"

### SCOTCH "CHAINS AND SLAVERIE."

THE SCOTCH movement for the erection of a memorial to WALLACE continues, and is worthy of approbation. It is a little late in the day, perhaps, but we are not sure, however, that the monument proposed, amid great applause, at a recent Scotch meeting, is quite generous. A speaker suggested that the memorial should represent "HERCULES trampling on the tyranny of England, but bitten in the heel by the Scotch aristocracy." This device was intended, and understood by the meeting, to tell two ways, and not only to symbolise the deeds of WALLACE himself, but also to satirise the enemies of the Rights of Scotland party in the present day. The cruel tyranny now exercised by England over Scotland is, assuredly, one of the greatest blots upon our history. England tears the Scotchman, shrieking, from his native earth, and drags him southward, strives (though rarely with success) to force him to speak English, and compels the innocent and disinterested creature to accept responsible and lucrative situations, the temptations of which finally debauch his mind from his original Arcadia, and prevent his caring to revisit the hallowed regions of Thistledom. We are far from seeking to palliate our guilt, and when Pharisaical persons reprobate the African slave-trade, and thank Providence that our hands are washed of it, we think of our Scotch slave-trade, and blush. But is it magnanimous, in the great nation north of Tweed, to erect a permanent record of such a system, especially at a time when England is desirous to abrogate it, and, conscious of the mental and literary beggary to which, as evidenced by Scottish speeches and writings, this southward drain has reduced Scotland, is almost uncourteously anxious that she should keep a few of her more intelligent children to herself, instead of leaving her feelings to be represented by such donkeys as the Rights of Scotland party? We trust that the statue question will be reconsidered, and we rather hope so, as there appears to be no great alacrity in subscribing the needful bawbees.

### THE WEED IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A MOMENTOUS question to a few poor old creatures was recently discussed by the Oxford Board of Guardians. It arose in a debate on the workhouse estimates, the disputed point being, whether the sum of £40 a-year should continue to be allowed for expenditure in snuff and tobacco for the comfort of aged paupers. The item was objected to by a REV. J. B. PRICE; but, for the honour of the cloth, be it recorded that other clergymen were present, by whose better nature that curmudgeonly objection was overruled. Among them we have the pleasure of mentioning the RECTOR OF EXETER and the PROVOST OF QUEEN'S. Political economists need not be shocked in ruminating on this intelligence over their claret. The nicotian luxuries are not allowed to any of the paupers under 60 years of age; those indulgences are granted only to poor feeble old creatures whom a pipe and a pinch of snuff will just enable, with some little comfort, to puff and sneeze their lives out.

### TO THE SONS OF THE SUN.

THE inventor of Collodion has died, leaving his invention, unpatented, to enrich thousands, and his family unportioned, to the battle of life. Now, one expects a photographer to be almost as sensitive as the Collodion to which MR. SCOTT ARCHER helped him. A deposit of silver is wanted (gold will do) and certain faces, now in the dark chamber, will light up wonderfully, with an effect never before equalled by photography. A respectable ancient writes, that the statue of Fortitude was the only one admitted to the Temple of the Sun. Instead whereof, do you, photographers, set up Gratitude in your little glass temples of the sun, and sacrifice, according to your means, in memory of the benefactor who gave you the deity for a household god. Now, answers must not be Negatives.

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# Douglas Jerrold.

DIED JUNE 8TH, 1857.

Low lies the lion-like grey head;
The broad and bright blue eye is glazed:
Quenched is that flashing wit, which blazed,
The words that woke it scarcely said.

Those who but read the writer's word,
Might deem him bitter; we that knew
The man, all saw the sword he drew
In tongue-fence, was both shield and sword.

That sword, in the world's battle-throng,
Was never drawn upon the meek:
Its skill to guard was for the weak,
Its strength to smite was for the strong.

His sympathy was ever given
Where need for it was sorest felt:
In pity that blue eye would melt,
Which against wrong, blazed like the levin.

Not for his wit, though it was rare;
Not for his pen, though it was keen;
We sorrow for his loss, and lean
Lovingly over that grey hair,

To place the wreath, befitting those
Who like good men and true have striven;
By God, not man, he must be shriven;
Men guess and grope: God sees and knows.

## SIDNEY AT WORCESTER.

TEA *duce, tutus*, was an old saying, but it seems falsified in the case of that respected Tea-dealer, ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who has come anything but safe out of a matter wherein his tea has been stirred, rather rudely, by LORD CAMPBELL. SIDNEY meant to have come in for Worcester at the last election, but could get only 615 votes, which according to him and his friends would have been dozens or scores more, but for a placard in which he was (untruly, as he swears) charged with an oppressive action. An information was granted by the Queen's Bench against the printer of the placard (who had given up the author, and said what the Judge considered to mean regret and desire to make reparation), and when the case was heard, LORD CAMPBELL discharged the rule, remarking that the Alderman had not conducted himself with propriety. In order to prove publication, the Alderman's brother-in-law, one ASH, went, it is sworn, to the printer's, in his absence, and sought by stratagem to get a copy of the placard. The 'prentice had none, whereon ASH induced him to print some copies, lending him a knife to cut the paper. Having got them, of course down came the Alderman on the printer. The Alderman said that he did not instruct ASH to perform this trick, but he certainly took advantage of it. LORD CAMPBELL said that his affidavits were "disingenuously framed," and JUSTICE COLERIDGE, that there was strong ground for believing that the Alderman knew the way in which ASH had been acting.

We greatly desire to be permitted to believe the contrary. Because the least creditable part of the whole case appears to us to be connected with this "plant" of ASH's—this ash-plant. The Alderman was slandered, lost his election, and flew into a rage, in the course of which HER MAJESTY'S H's were, no doubt, flung away in a manner terrible to hear. But all this was natural, and election wrath may be overlooked. But if the GEORGE BARNWELL balladist is right,

"And none of a 'Prentice should speak ill,"

what shall be said of an Alderman, a Father of the City, once a Lord Mayor (whom, said HORNE TOOKE, a 'prentice ought to believe the greatest man on earth, or would come to be hanged) who permits or profits by a trick upon a poor 'prentice, deluded into getting his master into grievous trouble? If JUSTICE COLERIDGE be right, can the Alderman ever look a 'prentice, brought up for reprimand, in the face again? Suppose the poor boy should plead, weepingly, 'Please, my lord and worship, a gentleman made me do it."

"A likely story," says the Alderman. "What gentleman? Boy, remember, you are in the ands of justice, and will have to heat umble-pie, if you come any umbug."

"I think he's an Alderman's relation, my lord," the 'prentice might reply. SIDNEY would rush from the bench, hide his head in a tea-chest, and sob to the Hyson.

No, *Punch* does not like to think JUSTICE COLERIDGE can be right. *Mr. P.* has more faith in Aldermen, not to say in Tea-dealers—SIDNEY at Zutphen gave cold water to the poor soldier—SIDNEY at Worcester could not have got the poor 'prentice into hot water.

## ROMANCE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

OUR old acquaintance, the *Dumfries Courier*, relates the following wonderful story:—

"CUNNING OF THE FOX.—A gentleman in the Highlands sends us the following note:—A gamekeeper on the estate near Lochawe, who had been annoyed by the depredation of foxes, discovered a kennel in a glen at the side of a small loch. While watching one evening for the appearance of the tenants, he observed a brace of wild ducks floating on the loch. In a little a fox was seen approaching the water side with cautious steps. On reaching it, he picked up a bunch of heather and placed it in his mouth, so as to cover his head; then slipping into the water, and immersing all but his nose, he floated slowly and quietly down to where the birds were quacking out delight in fancied security, seeing nothing near them but a bunch of weed. In due time, he neared the ducks, dropped the heather and substituted a bird, with which he returned to the loch side, and was making off to his young with the prize, when—"

"Come, I say, now, nonsense!" will be the mental exclamation of nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of our million readers, on reaching this point of our Scotch contemporary's transparent romance. The conclusion, however, of that tale is still more incredible than the part preceding; too incredible even for fiction. The fox, as above related, was making off to his young with the duck, when—

"The keeper, who had noted all his movements, closed them by the discharge of his double barrel."

The idea of shooting a fox! As if any Briton, north or south, could be capable of such an act! The statement that a fox was the victim of such a monstrous atrocity, is a fitting clincher to the legend of his miraculous cunning. Country gentlemen need not waste their indignation on the anonymous Highland keeper. Reynard was shot with no double-barrel: by no more deadly projectile than the shaft of an editorial long bow.

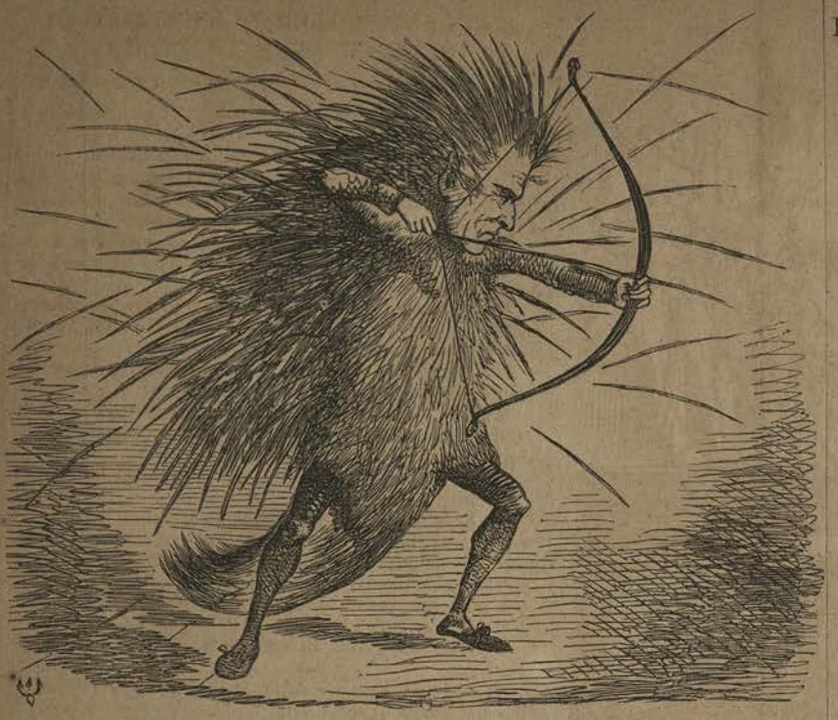
### Pretty American Compliment.

"YOUR English ladies are very handsome," said a polite young American gentleman to *Mr. Punch*.

"Your American girls are exquisitely lovely," returned *Mr. Punch*, scorning to be outdone in courtesy.

"Aye, girls, that is true, but they fall off as they count years. So you see your women carry off the palm, and what 's more, it 's a palm that will bear a date."

"Bless 'em all," said *Mr. Punch*, piously. "Let 's liquor!"



FANCY PORTRAIT.—THE HON. MEMBER FOR SHEFFIELD.

"Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth."

## PASTORAL FROM THE *HUE AND CRY*.

TELL me, ye Shepherds, have you seen
My HUMPHREY pass this way?
Methinks his sharp suspicious mien
The party would betray;
Some fifty years have o'er him flown;
Some five feet eight he's tall:
Not corpulent, but stout alone,
He is what you would call.

The face is round with features small,
And bald the shining crown,
And sallow the complexion all
Of missing HUMPHREY BROWN.
The whiskers they are small of size
That grow upon his cheek;
And he has dark and restless eyes
For whom we, roaming, seek.

His wont it is a body-coat
Most commonly to wear;
His manner, too, may him denote,
So quick and prompt of air.
We've sought him in the rural vales,
We've sought him through the town;
Where'er we go we load the gales
With cries of "HUMPHREY BROWN!"

Oh! say what shepherd, nymph, or swain,
Can information yield,
Where HUMPHREY wanders o'er the plain,
Unto INSPECTOR FIELD,
That shall our swains to HUMPHREY lead,
And place him in our gard?
That shepherd shall receive, for meed,
TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

## EFFECTS OF THE COMET'S SHOCK.

THE Great Comet struck the earth (which, with the moon, is as well as can be expected) precisely at half-past two o'clock on Sunday last. The shock and terror produced a most beneficial effect upon great numbers of persons, and among the instances in which the visitation caused the most satisfactory results, *Mr. Punch* has heard of the following:—

MR. SPOONER, seeing an Irish Popish beggar woman before his window, ran out, and gave her sixpence. MR. NEWDEGATE, who had been lunching with him, called out, "Give her another for me, and I'll toss you for the shilling." Then, remembering it was Sunday, he retracted the offer, and pitched the poor woman half-a-crown.

The Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who had just penned an account of the conversation at the last Cabinet Council, recollected that he had, as a Member of the Council, been sworn to secrecy, and made the article into spills.

MR. CHARLES KEAN sent for a great number of the members of his Company, forgave them for having compelled him to discontinue speaking to them, and permitted them to kiss his hand, and hear him read a complimentary letter from COLONEL PHIPPS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL wrote to LORD PALMERSTON, confessing that he had intended to accept office for the purpose of upsetting the Government, but that he had repented, and, to avoid temptation, would remain in a back row. He added that he did not care whether LORD SOMERS would have approved his conduct or not.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD, countermanding his carriage and a hot dinner, and putting some hard boiled eggs into his pocket, walked over to a suburb, and did duty for a hard-worked curate, with whom his lordship afterwards took tea, sharing the eggs, and never patronising his host for a moment.

MR. WIGGLES, the comedian, indignantly removed twenty or thirty pounds of wadding from the antipodes of a new pair of farce trowsers, and resolved to rely for future successes upon a blacked face or other legitimate effects.

MR. and MRS. NAGGER, who had determined to apply for the Dunmow flitch of bacon on the 25th, looked angrily at one another, and felt so ashamed of the hypocrisy they had been about to practise, that MRS. NAGGER went off to her mother's, and MR. NAGGER to Herne Bay, to await the passing of the Divorce Act.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS sent to decline to contribute any longer to the columns of the *Saturday Review*.

MR. LUMLEY despatched a letter to MR. GYE, offering to lend him any vocalist at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, if MR. GYE thought of taking a benefit, and his footman crossed a messenger from MR. GYE with an offer to place the *élite* of the Lyceum orchestra at MR. LUMLEY'S disposal for any intended revival in the Haymarket.

DR. WHEWELL went to SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S, and sent up his compliments, and a hope that whether other worlds contained organic matter or not, SIR DAVID would come and take a friendly smoke with him. SIR DAVID came running down-stairs, and dragged the Doctor up to whiskey toddy, and they drank confusion to the solar system generally, and everything else that set sensible men squabbling.

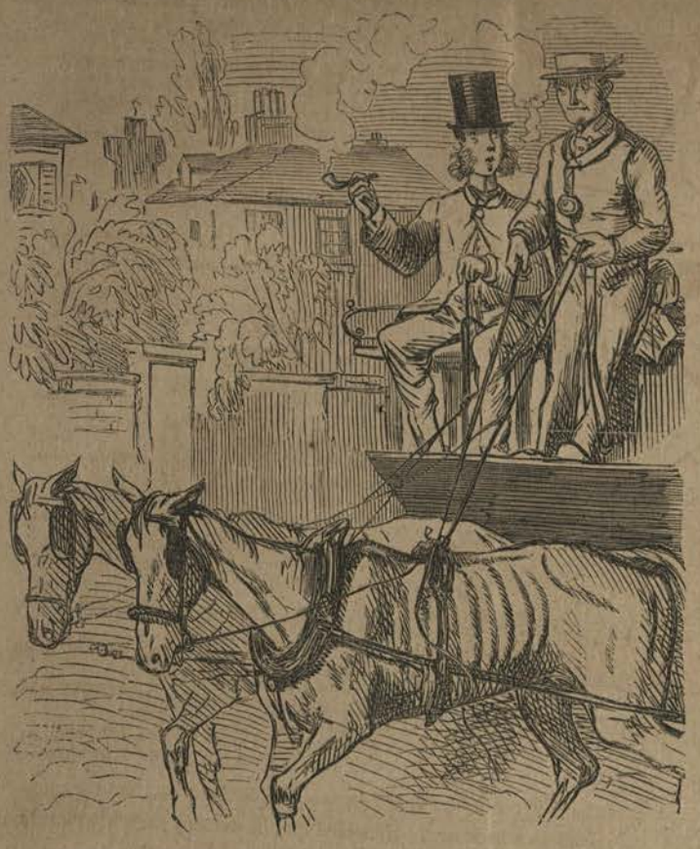
An IDIOT, who was going to forward some conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for arrears of hair-powder duty forgotten in 1827, had his mind sufficiently enlightened to perceive his folly, and he enclosed the cheque to the Westminster Hospital.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, who had been meditating vengeance on the *Times* for hinting that his morality (as a writer) was questionable, looked up a definition of a "questionable" thing, and finding that it was a thing which admitted of two decisions, philosophically decided the point his own way, and sent the editor a splendid meerschaum, as a pipe of peace.

All the vendors of MORRISON'S pills burned their stock and hanged themselves, as did several Booksellers in Holywell Street.

Every good and sensible person, except *Mr. Punch*, took up the last number of that gentleman's publication.

*Mr. Punch* began to write the number now in the hands of the reader.



SCENE.—OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS.

*Gent.* "OH, AH!—AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"

*Driver.* "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE 'OOPS?"

## FLYING NOTES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

*(Taken à Vol d'Aigle during his four-and-twenty hours' stay in England.)*

*Liberty of the Press.*—The privilege of insulting one's superiors with impunity.

*Climate.*—Smells of beer, fog, and licentiousness.

*British Army.*—Toy soldiers. One French soldier would lick three English, one Russian soldier would lick three French ditto. *Vide* Crimean campaign *passim*.

*English Maidens.* Attenuated pieces of insipidity, averaging five and six feet long, with red hair and noses to match. Can't talk French.

*Prime Minister.*—The greatest slave in the world—the slave of the people. He fancies he rules the mob. Fool! it is the mob that rules him.

*British Officer.*—One who joins the army to enjoy his competency, and to prove his incompetency.

*English Art.*—The execution so terrible that, as at a military execution, every person, who is exposed to it, ought to have his eyes bandaged first.

*British Navy.*—Very pretty ornaments for the outside of Russian walls.

*Sir Charles Napier.*—I do not know whether, like PETER THE GREAT, he ever worked at Woolwich Dockyard, but certainly no one has ever done the Russian navy so much service since the days of our first CZAR. Scratch his dear old poll, and, I am sure, as NAPOLEON said of every Russian, you would find a Cossack underneath.

*Portsmouth.*—Not a bad position for a Russian Harbour.

*The British Empire.*—A nice little hunting ground some day for Russia to shoot over.

*Public Opinion.*—The despotism of the many.

*Sir Robert Peel.*—His hot blood wants cooling a little in a refrigerator like Siberia.

*Reform.*—The Toy that a statesman throws to the British public the moment it begins making a noise. It is perfectly harmless, and it is not of the slightest consequence how often it gets broken. The liberation of the Serfs in Russia—the Constitution in Spain—the Charter in Prussia—are all toys constructed upon the same hollow principle.

*London.*—A monster money-box—the largest, perhaps, in the world—but of no value beyond the money it contains.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*June 8th, Monday.* A petition was presented to the Lords, and it is difficult to say whether there was more impudence in concocting or in patronizing such a document. LORD MALMESBURY produced a demand from some Proctors for compensation! The House received it with a contempt too deep for the slightest outward demonstration. LORD GREY then stated, at great length, the hard case of a MR. SHEDDON, a sufferer by the misconduct of trustees, as well as by inability to prove a marriage of which there was no moral doubt. The Law Lords advised, however, that his wrongs should not be redressed, and his appeal was rejected.

In the Commons, MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL demanded what was going to be done for the unfortunate victims of the Superannuation swindle, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER satisfactorily replied that actuaries had been told to look into the matter, and that these actuaries wanted masses of documents, and had made no report, and so the Government had given no particular attention to the subject. *Mr. Punch* hopes that MR. O'CONNELL will agitate, *more majoris*, until the Civil Servants are emancipated.

The Jew Bill was read a second time without opposition, but SIR FREDERICK THESIGER will Christianise it, if he can, in Committee. It would be an advantage if he could perform the same operation upon some of its opponents and promoters.

The Civil Servants were then taken up again, LORD GODERICH strenuously advocating the principle of competition. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER objected to applying it to subordinates, whom he would prefer only to examine. He would not place all the porters at Somerset House in a row, and ask them questions as to who built Somerset House, and what became of him, and what a somerset is, and whether it has anything to do with summer, or other queries like those so usefully addressed to the humbler servants of the State, letting them take one another down as in classes; but he had no objection to examine each porter separately, and put him through his multiplication table and his table of cab-distances.

SIR W. F. WILLIAMS OF KARS, defended Aldershott, the expenditure for which, he said, no one would regret—if the camp were properly carried out. There is a good deal of virtue, or rather of its reverse, in that "if." Kars would not have been defended so well had its fortress been a château where "if" was allowed—a Château d'If.

The author of *Eothen* does not altogether approve of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill about Fraudulent Trustees, nor does LORD ST. LEONARDS, who has got one of his own. They fear that if you make a trustee too liable, you will be able to get no trustees at all, and truly the condition of such an official, surrounded by a family of which MR. PECKSNIFF, MR. SPOTTLETOE, and MESSRS. CHUZZLEWIT, *père et fils*, are types, to say nothing of more keen-eyed and vindictive feminine legatees, all disappointed, and all hating testator, trustee, and one another, need not be aggravated by empowering any of them to prosecute him criminally. On the other hand, a great many trustees, especially attorney trustees, are most thundering rogues, whom one would like to be able also to describe, irrespective of their size, as Hulking rogues.

The first Savings' Bank Bill of this Session having been amended into a muddle, a second was substituted, which has been read a second time. SIR BENJAMIN HALL has introduced a bill enabling his department to "acquire a site" for the new Public Offices. *Mr. Punch* having acquired a sight of the designs in Westminster Hall, hopes that the Judges, now in conclave, will bear a particularly wary eye upon them, as he knows everything about all the architects, and their respective influences and intimacies; and if he finds that Court-favour, or any other consideration but merit, has induced the selection, not one of those Judges will ever again be able to reside where *Punch* is read, that is to say, anywhere in the world, except, perhaps, in some hitherto undiscovered island in the Caribbean Sea.

*Tuesday.* LORD ELLENBOROUGH delivered an alarmist speech about the mutinies in our Indian Army. Among other terrors, he was hideously afraid that LORD CANNING, the Governor-General, had been taking some step which showed that he thought Christianity a true religion, but this damaging accusation was happily explained away.

LORD LANSDOWNE was almost sure LORD CANNING could not so far have misconducted himself.

After the second reading of the PRINCESS'S Dowry Bill (to which little pecuniary matter *Mr. Punch* alludes only in order to have an opportunity of congratulating his young friend V. A. M. L. on the arrival of F. W., who ran across to see V., and also to see the Ascot Cup won by BROTHER ZETLAND, G.M.), the Lords went at the Divorce Bill again in Committee. The Chancellor inserted clauses giving a deserted husband the same right to ask for divorce as a deserted wife; for making both ÆGISTHUS and CLYTEMNESTRA defendants in the suit by AGAMEMNON, and for giving the Court power to fine the first, up to £10,000, to which the BISHOP OF OXFORD carried an amendment (by 43 to 33) for making the penalty fine and imprisonment, or fine or imprisonment. LORD WENSLEYDALE, who, by the way, seems no such valuable addition to the strength of the aristocratic company, for he is always taking a mere lawyer's view of cases, tried to prevent the wrong-doers from making such reparation to one another and to society as marriage may be considered to offer, but he was defeated by 37 to 28, ARCHBISHOP SUMNER'S clause against the sinner's marrying at all having also been got rid of. The Lords have nearly done with the Bill, but not quite.

In the Commons, SIR F. THESIGER'S dislike to the Jews led him to introduce a Bill for abolishing the Grand Jewry. This is an excellent measure, whatever may have prompted it, the jury in question being known as "the hope of the London thief." It is to be retained, however, as the hope of the London traitor, and so, if the ambitious Wiscount of Lambeth, not satisfied with his hypothetical coronet, should aim at snatching the Crown from the head of his SOVEREIGN, and sticking it on his own skull, (mind, we do not know that he has any such intentions, but sudden honours drive small intellects to queer courses,) he will have to go before a Grand Jury, on his way to the block. Let him be warned by the fate of NORTHUMBERLAND, ESSEX, LADY JANE GREY, and (as he would say) other unfortunate noblemen.

Another Tory lawyer, SIR F. KELLY, brought in a Bill for reforming the law regarding Wills, made abroad by British subjects, which he proposes shall, wherever made, be admitted to probate here. This, again, is highly expedient, but SIR RICHARD BETHELL did not much favour the proposal, and objected to knock over the rule that *mobilia sequuntur personam*. He laid as much stress on this as if he had never moved. *Mr. Punch's* experience is the other way, and so far from moveables always following the person, the last time he moved he lost a hat-brush, the *Peerage*, a tortoise-shell comb and cat, a toast-rack, his slippers, his big sponge, a *Little Warbler*, the key of his meat safe, a white waistcoat, eleven volumes of the copy of ALISON'S *History of Europe* which he always keeps under his pillow, and a beautiful bit of transparent shaving soap; and besides this, if he hadn't sequuntur'd a personam who was cutting away with his fishing-rod, umbrella, and camp-stool, and treated that personam to an indignant wunner that made him surrender his ill-gotten booty and bawl for mercy, *Mr. P.* could not have made a holiday which he has now in contemplation. SIR RICHARD speaks unadvisedly therefore, as a person had better follow his moveables, if he wishes to keep them. A Lunatic Board for Scotland and Reformatory Schools for England came under consideration, with another useful measure or two, and the night was by no means wasted.

*Wednesday.* Nor was the following day, when MR. KER SEYMER, taking a honest pint pot in his hand, did knock down MR. HARDY in a very superior manner. To drop metaphor, elegant though it be, HARDY'S Beer Bill, professedly intended to make the humbler classes sober by force of police, and really calculated to increase the power and wealth of the Big Brewers, who do as they please with a good many of the pompous but subservient licencing magistrates, and a Bill, therefore, in neither view respectable, was kicked out by a majority of XXXIII. whose health, and that of those who voted with them, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to drink in XXX.

Three little reforms, prettily described by TOM DUNCOMBE as a bouquet tendered to VISCOUNT PALMERSTON (doubtless the gallant THOMAS has tendered prettier bouquets in his time) were rejected, all because of the grand reform which is coming next year.

*Thursday.* In the Lords the only remarkable thing said was by LORD LIFFORD, who, to the wrath of the CHANCELLOR, alluded to the "robberies and delays" of the Court of Chancery. CRANNY made the answer which lawyers have repeated until they almost believe it themselves, that it is always the fault of the parties, not of the Court.

The Duchy of Lancaster was invaded by MR. WISE, who was repulsed by the gallant BAINES, who slaughtered WISE'S main argument, and took the reason of the hearers prisoner. MR. KINNAIRD then invaded India, but scarcely anybody stayed to see the fight, which was upon the question whether justice was done to the inhabitants of the lower provinces of Bengal. *Mr. Punch* is no alarmist, but is bound to say that some of the Bengal lights thrown on the subject burn bluer than he could wish. The India House seems very wrath with the Missionaries for trying to benefit the bodies as well as the souls of the natives. By 119 (who came in to vote) to 18 the House decided that the question should not be decided at all.

*Friday.* The most interesting topic taken in hand, or mouth, was a complaint by a Lord, and by a Common, upon the subject which *Mr. Punch* has illustrated in his Grand Cartoon, and in reference to which (by a curious coincidence) his friend MADAME DE TOURNURE has requested him to insert her circular. The Government promised to do something, some of these days, for the Ladies.

## TRAINING FOR COURT.

(*Circular*).

MADAME DE TOURNURE, directress of the celebrated and fashionable Belgravian establishment for finishing young ladies of the superior classes, would, on an ordinary occasion, shudder at the vulgarity of advertising an institution to which introductions of the very highest order are the only means of procuring entrance; but the season is rapidly passing, time presses, and the crisis demands the sacrifice of ordinary rule and natural repugnance.

The only mode in which Ladies can now obtain admission to the presence of their respected SOVEREIGN, upon reception days, is by a display of gymnastic power which is scarcely developed by the course of calisthenic exercise to which the interesting pupils of MADAME DE TOURNURE are habitually submitted. In addition, the extraordinary arrangements of that revered nobleman, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who has been singularly successful in assimilating the proceedings at a Drawing Room to those at a steeple-chace, have necessitated the acquisition by a lady of accomplishments beyond those of the curtsey, the carriage step, and the other branches of fashionable education.

Deeply regretting the necessity of adopting this plebeian method of addressing those who honour MADAME DE TOURNURE with their confidence, that lady begs to announce that she has opened an Academy (in connection with her establishment in Belgravia) for the purpose of preparing Ladies to pay their homage to their QUEEN.

Training being the first requisite for gymnastic success, MADAME DE TOURNURE has secured the services of those eminent Professors SIGNOR CONKI and HERR NAPP PEPPER, who preside over the seclusion to which the more distinguished members of the Prize Ring are consigned, preparatory to their engaging in pugilistic encounter. The time for training, this year, is necessarily brief; but the professors assure MADAME DE TOURNURE that raw mutton chops, light claret, exercise, and early hours, will put a spirited young lady into such condition that even in a fortnight wagers would be laid upon her demolishing any pampered menial who should endeavour to hinder her advance into the Palace.

MADAME DE TOURNURE has caused her Academy to be fitted up in imitation of the arrangements at the Palace, and her Pupils will be taught the best means of encountering the crush, the fight, the weariness, and the scramble, and then of emerging, all grace and composure, into the Throne Room.

An eminent steeple-chaser, under the direction of the accomplished author of *Soapey Sponge*, has constructed some low walls and hedges, over which a lady pupil, practising for the Drawing Room, will leap. To avoid chance of accident, the floor is laid with the softest mattrasses, but attendants will also stand, in uniform, to catch any lady who fails to clear the obstacle. A system of elbow exercise, by means of which a moderately plump, or even a less fully developed arm, will speedily open the owner's way through a crowd, has been invented, and will form part of the instruction.

In order to familiarise a *débutante* with the language and manners which will assail her in the enraged crowd surrounding her on her way to the SOVEREIGN, MADAME DE TOURNURE has engaged some actors and actresses from the principal Metropolitan theatres, who will be costumed as generals, bishops, noblemen, dowagers, and others, and will give a faithful representation of the struggle, the pupil making her way among them. Although it would be improper to permit in the Academy such language as is used in the throng at the Palace, the artists in question will growl, storm, and employ words sounding so like naughty ones, as to have the desirable effect upon the ear.

By next year, MADAME DE TOURNURE has no doubt of forming her pupils into a band of Amazons, for whom the Palace will have no terrors, but even this season, she trusts to be enabled materially to assist ladies into the presence of HER MAJESTY.

To avoid the destructive and expensive results of a Drawing Room upon the toilette, MADAME DE TOURNURE has purchased from a theatrical manager (who had procured them for a play of the date of CHARLES THE SECOND), a quantity of costumes of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST. They may be crushed, torn, and otherwise damaged in the lesson, and will be repaired by the under-teachers every evening. Imitation jewellery, to be dragged off, and searched for, will also be supplied, and cheap fans will be furnished.

Terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Lesson, from Carriage to QUEEN | Five Guineas. |
| Six ditto, Complete Instruction | Twenty Guineas. |
| Course of Training, gymnastics, the leap, and all extras | Fifty Guineas. |

*Every Lady must bring her own sal volatile and sticking-plaister, and the legibly written address of her Medical Attendant.*

TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR LADIES ABOUT TO APPEAR AT COURT.

## HOMAGE TO KING HANDEL.

WHEN these words are made public there will be but one chance left to profit by them; *Punch* will not therefore be deterred from exhorting that small remnant of his London readers who have not thought it worth their while to attend the Sydenham Festival, at once to take a second thought about the matter and a stall ticket. They will not merely get their fullest guinea's worth of present delectation, but will acquire a small fortune of pleasant recollections. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:" and there are so many beautiful things in *Israel in Egypt*, that no chance should be lost of making their addition to one's store of joyous memories.

But although this may be said of any HANDEL performance, there are at least two thousand more than ordinary reasons why *Punch* should impress it in the prospect of next Friday. Everybody knows that of all oratorios *Israel in Egypt* is most famous for its chorusses. And these are given generally by some five hundred strong, while fifteen hundred more will sing in them at Sydenham. It has been said that HANDEL had a wish to introduce a cannon in a chorus, and thought that a ten-pounder part would prove a most effective addition to the score, and be pretty sure to go off stunningly. But what would he have given to command such a battery as F. M. COSTA's, where every note that issues is a 2,000 pounder!

*Mr. Punch* has little doubt that he would quite maintain his prophetic reputation were he to anticipate the praises of the press, and to write beforehand an eulogistic criticism, giving commendation to every one who had a hand or a voice in the performance—from the deepest of the bass down to (speaking locally) the highest of the trebles—from COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COSTA up to (speaking locally) the artistes who assisted in the blowing of the organ-bellows. *Mr. Punch*, if so inclined, could with ease proceed to take a leaf out of the note-books of those clairvoyant critics, who are so unbiassed by their sense of hearing that they can write down their opinion of a musical performance quite as well before as after they have listened to it. It is the business of these ready writers to keep constantly on hand a stock of critical expressions which will be found suitable to every emergency; and by the clairvoyance of their craft they are enabled to foresee how a concert will go off, and to furnish a fore-chronicle of its minutest details. Taking the *Morning Herald* for his guide (which paper lately published a critique of a performance that had never taken place), *Mr. Punch* would undertake at a few moments' notice to supply a most discriminating criticism of the Festival—prophetically stating what points were missed, and which were made the most of, what applause was given, and out of how many *encores* the performers would have certainly been swindled but for the timely intervention of himself and the police.

With the power he possesses to direct his vision clean into the middle of next week, nothing would be easier than for *Mr. Punch* to enter into the most microscopic details, and give a full statistical account of the exact number of handkerchiefs that were waved to the performers, and of the precise duration of the cheers with which, at the close of their week's work, they were greeted; and *Mr. Punch* would specially delight in chronicling how, by way of a finale, the happy notion was conceived of bath-chairing MR. COSTA, who thereupon was seated in his car of triumph, and dragged by a well-chosen team of his prettiest soprani and contralti round the building.

By the time that *Mr. Punch's* next week's notice can be issued, the vocabulary of criticism will have been thoroughly exhausted, and the most original and freshest of expressions will run the risk of being regarded as mere plagiaries. There is, consequently, now the more temptation to resort to his prophetic faculties, and to let his readers know what he thought of the Great Festival, before it became stale news for them to hear it. *Mr. Punch* quite expects that the magnitude of the effect will be found much in excess of that of preparation, although for weeks he has been hearing that the minutest note will be on such a major scale, that it will be difficult to find words big enough to talk of it. Yet in addition to the statement that the leaves of the music-books would quite suffice to paper—on both sides of it—the Great Wall of China, and if piled in double heap, would far out-top the Andes; *Mr. Punch* expects that he will next week have to chronicle the fact, that the buttons which were burst by the Stentors of the chorus measured, when picked up, precisely one-and-twenty bushels: while not only, as a correspondent of the *Times* discovered, were the notes of the great organ plainly audible at Norwood, but every beat of the big drum was most distinctly heard at Brighton, and several of the chorusses were listened to at Calais.

With the foreknowledge of these facts it can be no wonder that *Mr. Punch* should consider the Sydenham Festival as being the Eighth Wonder of the Musical World, and should thus exhort his readers to avoid the disgrace which he hopes will attach to those who wilfully were absent. For it is as much a duty as a pleasure to attend there. The King of Composers is now holding his Court at the Crystal Palace, and with such pomp and circumstance as never has been equalled. Let then every faithful subject not fail to pay him tribute (a half guinea will suffice, if he can't afford a whole one), and prove his loyalty to the Monarch of Music, by bringing to KING HANDEL the homage of his presence.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY PUNSTER.

BY OUR SAVAGE CONTRIBUTOR.

A PUN may have wit, but a punster's a calf,
(Blest *Punch!* who this lesson enforcest)
And of all the coarse ways of obtaining a laugh,
A joke on a name is the coarsest.
You blockhead, you dullard, you nuisance, you clod,
Who think such things wit (an illusion),
Go down to the House, or sit down with your DOD,
There's food for your wit, in profusion.

Here comes MR. HUME, he should pair, you can say,
With the member out there, MR. SMOLLETT,
And if your next joke couples DUNCAN and GRAY,
(Who "came here to woo,") I'll extol it.
MESSRS. DAVEY and JONES you'll connect, Sir, I trust,
With the locker whose lids never rise,
MR. STEEL you'll send off with his friend, MR. RUST,
While together go MERRY and WISE.

And next, you great ass, you can pair MR. LUCE
With that eminent architect, TITE,
And say MESSRS. MOODY and CROSS are of use,
But you think MR. BLAND'S more polite.
And then MR. CLAY will your fancy provoke,
SIR POTTER can make him obey,
Unless you insist, as a smoking-room joke,
That CAVENDISH must go with clay.

MR. PEASE will of course find a match, MR. WARRE,
MR. COOPER roll off MR. BUTT:
And you'll hope that the House will well legislate for
Every House, from the HALL to the HUTT.
MR. HACKBLOCK, you'll say, will attack SIR C. WOOD,
MR. LOWE not be HEARD, you young Pagan,
And *Oliver Twist* suggests one (rather good),
You can pair WILLIAM SYKES off with FAGAN.

Then JACKSON and GRAHAM you'll say must have sealed
A partnership treaty, of course, man:
If you see a poor HORSFALL, the horse will have NEELD,
And the rider have proved a bad HORSMAN.
A wretched slow joke on EAST, WESTERN, and NORTH,
You may bring, if you can, with a blush out,
And advise shutting doors when a bore launches forth,
That a LOCKE may thus hinder a RUSHOUT.

If over the list of the members you fag well,
To TAYLOR a SCHNEIDER you'll stitch,
And say that a party who knows how to BAGWELL
Will one of these days become RICH.
MR. CARTER puts shoulder to shove the state weal,
MR. GRACE'S chief action's in angles,
MR. PATTEN'S a clog on all ill-judging zeal,
No logic can turn MR. MANGLES.

That KER'is a dog of exceeding good blood,
That HASTIE'S a bit of a drawler,
And if the State vessel sticks fast in the mud,
From yon BEACH MR. PULLER must haul her.
And when you've quite bored us enough, stupid boy,
With the far-fetched results of your small craft,
A member with whom I should chiefly enjoy
To see *you* pairing off's MR. CALCRAFT.

### Politeness in High Life.

*Tuft Hunter.* And you say HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS is quite well?

*Princely Equerry.* Quite well, thank you.

*Tuft Hunter.* I am sure, it gives me the greatest pleasure to hear so. And her husband, if I might venture to ask?

*Princely Equerry* (*laughing up his military sleeve*). Thank you, His Highness, when I left him, was Serene also.

## YE MOST PLEASAUNTE DREAME OF CŒLEBS

YE CAMBRYDGE FELLOWE.

A FELLOWE it was of Trinitye,
And he laye on ye grassye grounde,
On ye hither ripe of ye muddy Cam,
In a dreamye summer swound.

Like ye *malus pastor dormivit* he
*Supinus* lay and snored;
And he slept soe sounde, it was plaine to see
With his bedde he was not bored.

A resident Fellowe he was, I wis,
He had no cure of soules;
And across ye Bridge of *Sues* * he 'd come
From playinge ye game of bowles.

And now, aweary, he laye and slept,
As lazye as was the river;
And ye limes made a shadye networke
About his heade to quiver.

Ho! Fellowe, what are your thoughts, I aske:
Ho! Fellowe, what do you dreame?
He dreameth, alas! what comes not to pass
On ye banks of that sluggish streame.

He dreams of a bright-eyed, browne-haired girl,
Sprightly and gleesome enow,
Who, in an aunciente Rectorye house,
Is keepynge their trewe love vowe.

She has waited and watched for wearye yeares,—
'Tis a longe engagemente, I ween;
And her face doth 'gin to pale and to thin,—
Though not by her it is seen.

Yet others are quicke to mark what Care,
And anxious Waitinge have done;
Others can trace in her patiente face
Ye wrecke that Time hath begunne.

She has no fortune, save herselfe,
Though that is a treasure, I trow,
Yet not enow for ye keepynge of house,
As times and taxes goe.

* *Vulgariter*, Sighs.

And he has nought but his Fellowshippe,
And not marrye on that he maye;
For gin he marries, his Fellowshippe,
He loses for ever and aye.

And soe they are in a dysmal plyghte,—
Tethered and tyed to a stake,—
Bound by a vowe, like an iron chayne
That they may not snappe, or breake.

* * * * * *

Ho! Fellowe, why starteth thou now in thy sleepe?
Is ye gadde-flye stingynge thy nose?
Not soe; for he smyleth; and gadde-flyes' stynges
Are productive of cruelle woes.

'Tis a pleasaunte fancye that haunts his dreame;
Ye Fellowes, their prayer hath been hearde,
And Heads of Housen, and Vice-Chancellère
In judgemente goode have concurred.

It hath been decreede, that ye Fellowes may wed,
And settle in College walls;
And wake ye echoes of cloistered lyfe,
With their lyttel chyldrens' squalls.

And CŒLEBS seeth that brown-haired girl,
No longer wan and dree;
But buxomme, and blythe, and debonaire,
Converted to MYSTRESS C.

He seeth her seated in easye chaire—
A sunbeame amid ye gloome—
Braydynge a lyttel Babye its cappe,
All within ye College roome.

He seeth her walkynge in College courtes,
Admyred of all spectators,
With her olyve branches buddynge arounde,
Or stuck in perambulators.

Wives and childrenne of Fellowes, he sees,
Swarmynge ye classic shades,
While, with many a laughe, ye studentes chaffe
Ye prettye nurserye maydes.

Ye Trinitye Fellowe giveth a starte;
Too brighte the vision doth seem!
And CŒLEBS waketh to bachelor life,
And finds his marriage a dreame.

## OBJECTS AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE *Court Newsman* informs us that, on Saturday last,

"Before the Drawing Room, HER MAJESTY, according to custom, received a deputation from Christ's Hospital in the Throne Room."

We further learn from the courtly journalist, that the deputation included forty boys of the Royal Mathematical School, founded by KING CHARLES THE SECOND. Of course these scholars appeared before HER MAJESTY in full dress, which, if similar to that of the other Bluecoat boys, may have been compared by the QUEEN with the costume of the adult members of the deputation, and then our gracious SOVEREIGN may have experienced some difficulty in deciding whether the old gentlemen in their civic gowns and Court liveries, or the young ones in their petticoats and yellow stockings, presented the more ridiculous appearance.

## THE LAST RESOURCE.

*Father (expostulating with his son).* "JAMES, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in everything. I put you in a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously sent about your business. I bought you a commission in the Army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out. In despair, I started you as a coal and wine merchant and general commission agent, but you didn't clear sufficient to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in a Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have anything to do with you. It's painfully clear, to my mind, JAMES, that you are not fit for anything. Under these circumstances, there is but one thing left now—*I must get you a situation under Government!*"

### Superfluous Talent.

A BLUE BOOK relative to the Civil Service Examinations contains a statement that a certain candidate for the appointment of letter-carrier distinguished himself by his proficiency in logarithms. What recommendation that proficiency could be to a letter-carrier it is not easy to understand. Letters are employed in logarithms, but for a letter-carrier we do not want a man who can carry letters in his head, but one who carries his letters in a bag, and conveys them as quickly as possible to their destinations.

### A QUESTION OF PLACE.

AN advertising dentist describes himself as "formerly with the eminent MR. CARTWRIGHT." This statement needs some explanation. Representing himself to have "been with" the gentleman in question, he ought to have mentioned in what capacity.

THE GRAND FOUNTAINS in Trafalgar Square will play unfortunately every day next week. No extra charge. N.B. A German green baize band plays on the Terrace generally about Four o'clock. Refreshments may be had at the various apple-stalls at the south and north-eastern corners. Omnibuses pass every minute.

THE INGENIOUS MR. FLYROD PROTECTS HIMSELF FROM INSECTS.

THE INGENIOUS MR. FLYROD HAS A RUN.

## THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 8.

"WHAT follows on such dinners as the KOTOOS' is little, if at all, less dreary than the dinner itself. There is certainly a momentary relief when MRS. KOTOO gives a glance round the table with an inclination of her head that takes in all the ladies, as much as to say—'Don't you think, my dears, the gentlemen want a little free and easy conversation, which it would not be proper for us to listen to,"—and sweeps out of the room with the fleet of attendant Crinolines in her wake. You feel that a certain amount of false pretence and social sham has passed away with those voluminous petticoats. Not that the women are half such humbugs as we, their lords. If left to themselves, I believe the wives of England would do more to put down the Social Tread-mill than all these papers will ever do, if I continue them till the public refuses to read or *Mr. Punch* to print any more. So far as I have observed, the wives of England are more desirous of squaring expenditure by means, more afraid of debt and the shuffling and meanness it occasions, less anxious about keeping up appearances, —in a word, more honest than the husbands of England by a great deal. I think the luckiest thing that could happen to nineteen married men out of twenty would be for their wives to be entrusted with the control of the cheque-book, and the husbands put on a quarterly allowance of pocket-money. It is not, then, because the women are peculiarly humbugs that I feel more at ease when MRS. KOTOO has convoyed them into the drawing-room; but because we, the men, have none of us been quite ourselves while they continued at the table. The sensation produced by their departure is rather like that of easing one's waistcoat-strap after a good dinner—a kind of moral '*déboutonnement*.'

"A certain style of subject, a certain tone of allusion, a certain class of jokes and good stories may be ventured on now, from which the female presence restrained us. To our shame be it. I do not mean to say that this is so at all parties. But it is true of far too many.

"Unless this be so, I don't know any reason for keeping up this habit of separating the sexes after dinner. If it enables the ladies to discuss us, their lords; to compare social notes usefully; to make a little *bout de toilette;* or even to have out among themselves any little affairs of friendship, honour, or business that may be on hand, that is another matter. I know nothing of the mysteries of the Gynæceum. (It is a harmless Greek word, ladies, and means 'the apartment of the women.') But so far as I have ventured to pry into them, I gather that the ladies, as a general rule, by no means approve of this segregation; that the hour or half-hour spent in the drawing-room is very dull and flat indeed; that it only tends to breed the smallest of small talk; in short, that there is no better reason on the female than there is on the male side for keeping up this practice. It is an inheritance from those times when gentlemen made a practice of getting drunk after dinner. It might well have disappeared as completely as the convivial habit which gave rise to it.

"I can't say we were happy after the ladies left us. Neither the company nor the wine was good enough for that. FLAUNTER would talk about the Oaks and the Chester Cup, and how FLASHMAN had certainly been made safe in the Two Thousand, with a wonderful story of old Moss, the great betting agent, how he had come into TATTERSALL'S yard on settling day with forty thousand pounds in new notes in his pockets, and had left it with two pound ten, and some odd coppers. We listened, but it didn't interest us any more than the circuit stories contributed by BLADEBONE; or 'that very good thing CAMPBELL said in that great crim. con. case the other day—the Indian case—HILLHOUSE v. GRIFFIN, you know.' And PENNYBOY would talk about books, of all things, and took to praising *Allison's History*, of all books to praise, which happened to be a strong subject of the Reviewer, who had just been dissecting SIR ARCHIBALD for a forthcoming number of his periodical, and who served up to us a string of Allisonisms, headed by the famous one of his translation of '*droits du timbre*,' into 'timber duties.' And then the Author out of spite against the Reviewer, defended SIR ARCHIBALD, and declared him to be a great master of style, and praised his extraordinary lucidity and power of arrangement. All which the Reviewer answered contemptuously, and the Author retorted with sneers; till somehow we found ourselves all talking at once with great vehemence, and nobody listening to anything anybody else was saying.

"KOTOO wisely put a stop to the row, by asking 'if anybody would take any more wine?' and getting up, without waiting for an answer to his own question, led the way to the drawing-room. So we 'joined the ladies.' I dare say they had been natural till we came in; very stupid probably, but still natural. We had been more natural certainly in the dining-room after they went—coarser, and more selfish, that is, and less courteous and respectful to each other.

"But now, we all buttoned ourselves up again in our buckram suits and put on our vizors—like *Falstaff's* thieves—and with the usual simpering, and waggling, and grinning, re-commenced our round on the Social Tread-mill. I should mention that several ladies had come in 'for the evening,' who swelled the drawing-room phalanx of Crinoline considerably. These new-comers sat stonily to receive us. We, who had dined together, had contrived to get up a sort of tepid cordiality, but the new arrivals were all utterly chilly, and of course rapidly cooled down the party to the temperature of the flattest and flabbiest person present.

I have observed that this invasion of after-dinner visitors always occurs at such houses as the KOTOO's. It is a thing to be vehemently protested against. You might just as well dash a dozen buckets of cold water into your warm bath before stepping into it, as pour a dozen strange guests into a party of people who have dined together. Be content with simpler dinners, and then you may give five where you give one now. Always ask a good proportion of young ladies to dine, and your parties will be all the prettier and pleasanter. But never, never, as you value the comfort of your dinner guests, or your own reputation as a host or hostess, invite a batch of young ladies to 'come in in the evening.'

"It is setting a man to the task of SISYPHUS to condemn him to hoist a new-comer up the hill of small talk. And then, the odious cruelty to which these poor girls are sure to be subjected! The way in which, without any regard to their own honest sense of incapacity, or our susceptibilities, they are ordered to the piano, and made to play and sing, no matter whether nature has or has not given them ear or voice! Have they not had guinea lessons from HERR BLAUSENBALG or SIGNOR GRATTINI? And for what end, if not to qualify them for inflicting this sort of penance upon society? This mournful kind of playing and singing by people who have no musical capacity or love for what they are doing, to other people who don't know them, and don't care for them or their music, and who never asked for it, and who would rather ten thousand times not have it, is one of the most wearing grinds on the Social Tread-mill, and one to which we are oftener condemned, perhaps, than to any other.

"The hardest part of the case is, that the poor ministers of the torture feel it as acutely as the sufferers.

"*Mr. Punch* has this week forwarded to the sufferer who writes these papers, a letter from two young ladies, who describe themselves as 'in training for the Social Tread-mill.'

"Their protest is against the style of education which they, like other young ladies, are receiving.

"'Of foreign languages,' write CONSTANCE and EMILY—thank you, young ladies, for your pretty names, at all events—'(if too many be not crammed into our heads at once) we do not complain. We like travelling, and when we go abroad the knowledge of these languages conduces much to the pleasure derived from the trip, and is extremely useful'—'to us?'—no—the sly pusses—'to Papa, and brothers, who having had their time taken up with Greek and Latin, Law and Physic, seldom speak French or German intelligibly.'

"We will allow CONSTANCE and EMILY their little joke at the expense of masculine ignorance. At the same time we should like to ask CONSTANCE and EMILY to put their taper white hands on their hearts—if those articles have not been stolen—and say how many of their friends have learnt, either at school or from a governess, to speak French, Italian, or German, so as to enable their Papas or brothers to dispense with a courier in the family travels?

"'But,' continue CONSTANCE and EMILY, 'why should we all, irrespectively of the talent we may or may not possess, have music and drawing inflicted on us? We are told these arts afford enjoyment to the rich, and employment to the poor. So they may when there is great talent: but, alas, to the majority of us, they are but sources of grief when we are learning them, and of shame and mortification when we are compelled to show off our accomplishments to our unadmiring friends. We can perfectly appreciate the verdict "very sweet!" pronounced by sarcastic persons on our most bitterly out-of-time-and-tune performances, and the contemptuous "very pretty!" when our bad drawings are displayed.'

"Grief, shame, and mortification, my dear young ladies! You forget you are in training for the Social Tread-mill. You have no right to any such feelings. The Artful Dodger might as well talk of grief, shame, and mortification, when brought before the beak, for being found with his hand in a gentleman's pocket. You must put such puling sentimentality in your pockets—if you wear those antiquated receptacles—and learn to brazen it out, like your sisters in check aprons and blue stuff bed-gowns at Brixton, and take your punishment like 'game 'uns' and 'trumps.'

"You write, in your simplicity, as if you thought the object of your education was to make you better and wiser women. My dear children, you have described that object much better when you spoke of being 'in training for the Social Tread-mill.' It is to harden your hearts against self-accusation, to plate your faces against shame, and to steel your nerves against weariness, that they are putting you through this preparation for your life-long penance. You are to be fitted to catch husbands, not to live with them. The one is a great art—the other comes by nature, I suppose.

"It is clear to me, however, that your training is being very seriously neglected. You talk about 'wishing to be taught to play and sing simple English songs,' instead of 'difficult fantasias or astonishing bravuras in a few guinea lessons from German or Italian professors'—about 'much preferring to learn to read well aloud good English poetry and prose, to sitting for two or three hours daily on a hard music-stool, before a tinkling piano, practising horrid exercises and dreary pieces'—Why, bless my heart! the chafing filly which you see MISS REYNOLDS putting through its paces in Rotton Row might just as reasonably complain of that young lady's sharp curb and stinging little whip, or of the tiny spurs hidden under the short skirt of her habit. The filly is not there to enjoy herself, but that she may learn to carry a lady! So you are not being educated to make the best of your head and heart, but that you may learn to 'attract a gentleman!'"

## FOLLOW SUIT.

SOMETIMES we fancy that the pillars of Bedlam can be no other than the advertising columns of our different newspapers. Here is the last touch of insanity, which we select from that rich repertory of madness; and what enriches the curiosity in this instance is that the advertiser is a medical man:—

TO SURGEONS.—The Assistant Surgeon to a Militia Regiment in the South of England, being about to resign his commission on account of being engaged in private practice, would be happy to INTRODUCE as his SUCCESSOR, any gentleman duly qualified, and on condition that, in the event of appointment, he purchased the advertiser's uniform, which is nearly as good as new, and which would be sold considerably below its value. Or the whole or any of the articles would be sold a bargain to a medical officer of the line, for whom, with slight alteration, they would be adapted. Apply at, &c. &c.

The figure of jumping into another man's shoes when you supplant him, or succeed him, is common enough, but the idea of jumping into another man's entire suit of clothes is something delightfully new. But supposing, for men will vary in height, the clothes didn't fit him? The fix might be very awkward as well as ridiculous. The advertiser should have given the particulars of his proportions. He should have stated at full-length how high he stood without his stockings, how much he measured round the waist, and whether he was inclined to corpulency or not, with full details as to the breadth of his shoulders, the circumference of his calves, &c., &c. There is a lamentable omission, also, which we regret, for the Assistant Surgeon says nothing about his boots, or his slippers, or his old gloves, or his hats. We cannot help thinking that the man who would purchase the cast-off clothes of another, would not be over-nice as to the acquisition of his other articles of apparel. Really, we thought that such practices were only common in establishments where flunkeys found their own liveries. We have heard that the incoming JEAMES has bought at a considerable reduction the abdicated plush of the outgoing JEAMES, but we little suspected that medical officers were in the habit of trying it on in a similar manner. What pains us more than anything else, is to find that this Esculapian Jew clothes'man belongs to a militia regiment. Now, we should have thought that a militia regiment was about the very last in which such a penurious turn-coat was likely to have signalised himself. One thing is pretty clear, the militia in question couldn't have been Bucks.

### The Progress of Priestcraft.

THE KING OF NAPLES has concluded a new Concordat with Rome, in virtue of which he will henceforth practically cease to reign over the ecclesiastical portion of his subjects, and those priests will be able to do nearly whatever they please, unrestrained by any law but that of the Church. The GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY is expected to follow the example of BOMBA. Concordats are becoming quite the rage among the crowned heads of the Continent; perhaps this rage of the sovereigns will excite some slight explosions of popular fury.

### *THE SEACOLE FUND.*

MR. PUNCH has determined to go out of his usual course and receive subscriptions for MRS. SEACOLE. *Mr. P.* has received from

ALEXANDER OSWALD, ESQ., Edinboro' ... ... ... £20.

All Post Office Orders must be made payable to WILLIAM T. DOYNE, ESQ., *Hon. Sec. to the Seacole Fund*, 2, Derby Street, Westminster.

## LIVING MONUMENTS.

A CONVERSATION, calculated to awaken thought, took place, the her evening, in the House of Commons. SIR F. BARING called tention to the expenditure on improvements in St. James's Park, nounting to £11,000 incurred irrespectively of any parliamentary ote: whereupon MR. MOWBRAY remarked that this was not the only stance of a large expenditure without the previous sanction of the ouse; thousands having been spent last year upon fireworks. As to e fireworks, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the ouse that their expense was defrayed out of the Civil Contingencies a gross amount placed at the disposal of the Government. The first estion suggested by these statements and observations to the oughtful mind is, how much the better anybody now is for the ten-usand-pounds-worth of fireworks burnt last year, except the pyro-hnists and their men, who were paid to make them and to let them ? The next is, whether the quantity of pleasure distributed over the ndon multitude by the display of the fireworks was not, for each individual, exceedingly small? We then naturally ask, whether it would not have been much better to concentrate the happiness to be had for £10,000 by bestowing the amount upon one individual? An individual then beatified with that sum might be living now, and might survive for many years, and his life, whilst it lasted, would be one prolonged rejoicing for the conclusion of last year's peace with Russia. He would be a living monument of that event; and we recommend the idea of such living monuments to Government. We are very glad to hear that, in the Civil Contingencies, they have a gross amount placed at their disposal, and we entreat them to consider, whether they could dispose of it better than in the institution and endowment of living monuments, in the persons of deserving individuals at present hard up, made at the earliest opportunity, comfortable for life.

Plans for such monuments may be obtained by Ministers (or anybody else) gratuitously at 85 Fleet Street.

## A SHORT WAY WITH A LUNATIC.

ANY medical man who wants to get rid of an insane patient, or who knows anybody that wants to get rid of an insane relation, will perhaps find the means of accomplishing his object, or that of the other party, by the help of the subjoined advertisement: for which he is recommended to search the recent numbers of all the daily papers; in one of which it is quoted from a medical journal:—

INSANITY.—Twenty per cent. annually on the receipts will be guaranteed to any Medical man recommending a quiet Patient of either sex, to a First-Class Asylum, with the highest testimonials. Address —— ——

Twenty per cent. on the receipts for the board, lodging, and care of the unhappy lunatic, screwed out of the lunatic's board and lodging, would probably represent a considerable abridgment of the patient's natural life. On the other hand, to be sure, the advertising madhouse-keeper would have an interest in prolonging the existence of his unfortunate charge: and, moreover, he might easily cheat the medical man out of the guaranteed twenty per cent., which surely would be a consideration secured by a no more valid bond than a contract entered into for an immoral purpose.

### An Old Friend Decapitated.

THE poor dear old Sea-Serpent's head having been cut off in Algoa Bay, he can only figure henceforward, as a mere tail. An idiot of our acquaintance suggests that Algoa Bay must be his Natal ground.—(N.B. For the point of this degrading pun consult the Map of Southern Africa.)

## TRANSATLANTIC TIGERS.

WHEN GENERAL HENNINGSEN, the accomplice of GENERAL WALKER — Generals in the like service with that wherein the celebrated *Macheath* was Captain—landed the other day, with a number of other scoundrels at New York, the rascaldom of that city expressed their sympathy with the General of Filibusters by giving him three cheers, and, by the account of the *New York Herald*, "repeated the number in tigers." What our American contemporary means by tigers we do not know, but we are at no loss to conjecture; and we conclude that the tigers in which the New York ruffians redoubled their cheers of their hero HENNINGSEN were notes or keys resembling in tone and quality the revolting yells and howlings of the ferocious beasts so denominated.

### Petticoat Government.

THE *Estaffette* informs us that the Préfect of the Seine has appointed female searchers at all the barrières of Paris to examine all females wearing Crinoline, as these voluminous petticoats are extensively employed for smuggling. This might be described by our euphemistic friend, *Le Follet*, in the following modish terms:—

"Crinolines continue to be worn, with the addition of *visites—à la barrière.*"

We trust that the Dover and Folkestone custom-houses will not be invaded by the "right of search" in this form at all events.

ROMAN CEMENT—The French Army; for it has been sticking in Rome now ever so long, and the POPE finds it impossible to remove it.

## A QUEER PARTY.

THE "Party" who published the subjoined advertisement has most likely lost the price of its insertion, as well as the garment, for the recovery of which it was designed:—

TRAFALGAR TAVERN, Greenwich.—The party who took a MANTLE in mistake for their own last Saturday, are requested to communicate with MR. ——— as speedily as possible.

That one person should take another's mantle in mistake for his or her own, is conceivable enough; but it is difficult to imagine that a whole party could unite in mistaking a mantle belonging to some one else for their collective property, and carrying it away under that erroneous impression. When people take and carry away anything from anybody between them, there can be no mistake in the matter: either it is sold to them, or given to them, or they possess themselves of it by a method which the wise call "conveying." The party, described as having taken the mantle in mistake for their own, must, of course, be a plural party; whereas none but a singular party can possibly make a mistake of that nature.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*June 15th, Monday.* LORD CAMPBELL, in further defiance of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who had asserted that no such measure was necessary, introduced a Bill for the putting an end to the sale of immoral publications. The process is to be the summary one employed in regard to Betting Houses, and it is to be hoped that the Magistrates, in enforcing it, will reverse the policy which they seem always to adopt with the betting-scoundrels, and, if there be a doubt, give the public, and not the notorious offender, the benefit of such doubt.

LORD CLANRICARDE brought a mass of complaint against the Indian Police, but as the DUKE OF ARGYLL said that there was no case made out, there is an end of the matter.

The Commons discussed the Jew Bill, more politely called the Oaths Bill, in committee. The Papist party, who assume to themselves the title of Liberal, began the battle by an attempt to get the Catholic oath included in the measure, notwithstanding that they had been warned by LORD PALMERSTON that they might injure the cause of the Jews by a demand to which the feeling of the country is adverse. The Commons made very short work with these persons, rejecting the proposition by 373 to 83. SIR FREDERICK THESIGER then charged, with all the forces of the Opposition, and was defeated, by 341 to 201, in his endeavour to make a Jew declare himself a Christian. *Mr. Punch* has too often protested against the shallow nonsense talked on both sides of the question to make it needful for him to say more than that, while recording the vote, he greatly despises most of the arguments used to promote and to hinder it, and especially the Jaunty Viscount's mode of getting rid of principles by alleging that Parliament's business is with politics, not religion. In life, a man who separates his religion from his politics is excessively likely to separate the theory from the practice of duty, even to the extent of separating his neighbour's pocket-book and pocket. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, hitherto an opponent of the Jewish claims, made a manly speech, in which he avowed his inability to persist in resisting them. MR. WALPOLE pointed out that if the Bill became law, a Jew could hold office (that of Chancellor for instance) which a Catholic could not. Now, here is a real grievance, worth LORD CRANWORTH'S weight in lead, for the Popish party. What! ISSACHAR BEN MOSES may keep the QUEEN'S conscience, and be raised to the peerage as BARON PHYLACTERY, and there is no such chance for PATRICK MAC SULLIVAN—no title of ROSARY-CUM-TWIDDLE. Shades of the hundreds of Catholic patriots who have died in their beds, look down upon their children, thus oppressed by the Saxon!

*Tuesday.* More about India, in the Lords, but not much to the purpose. LORD CAERNARVON'S proposition for enabling Magistrates to send offenders, up to the age of 20, to reformatories, was negatived.

The virtuous WESTMEATH will not be permitted to reform those whom SYDNEY SMITH called "the debauched London bathers at Brighton." The House of Lords does not consider the regulation of bathing machines, and the question of bathing dresses, matters for Imperial-legislation. It is thought that if the Magistrates of the boroughs washed by the sea are in earnest about decency they can send a constable up to his knees in the water to drag out any person misconducting himself, and to remove him to the lock-up. Why, however, gentlemen and ladies should not habitually follow French precedent in regard to aquatic costume, *Mr. Punch* is unaware. The lady's bathing dress is both pretty and modest, and has only to be known to be admired, and *Mr. Punch* hopes to admire it, and many a lovely radiant, and smiling face above it, during his autumnal pilgrimages. Finally, the whole case is one of police, and if sea-side Magistrates were less zealous in supporting their neighbours, the keepers of lodging houses, in all disputes touching the extortions of the latter, and were more anxious to do their duty by the public, there would be no need to bother *Mr. Punch* or the other noblemen of the nation about such a matter.

The Commons decided that whatever case there might be for the equalisation of poor rates, MR. AYRTON, of the Tower Hamlets, had not brains enough to state it, and by 183 to 81 they snuffed out the said AYRTON of the Tower Hamlets.

*Wednesday.* They were laudably engaged in perfecting a measure regarding industrial schools.

*Thursday.* Rather a remarkable day, for LORD PALMERSTON'S Ministry was all but defeated in the Lords, and quite defeated in the Commons. In the former, after some Parsons had mercifully petitioned against the permitting a wicked husband or wife to be separated from the person suffering by the wickedness, LORD DERBY assailed the excellent Bill for getting rid of Ministers' Money in Ireland. He was unkindly reminded that this was a small Church reform compared to what he himself had effected, when, as LORD STANLEY, he bowled down Ten Bishops at a blow; but this he justly regarded as no argument, seeing that in those days he was a Reformer, but has since come over to Toryism. On division he would have triumphed, had the peers present settled the business, he having 71 to 65, but the proxies altered the case, and the second reading was carried by 101 to 96. *Mr. Punch* has heard of a Tory Baron who went to dinner with two proxies in his pocket, and of a Tory Duke who was unaware of the debate—a little more whipping, and the PREMIER would have been floored. [Latest betting against ROTHSCHILD, 6 to 2, n. t.]

In the Commons, after some spirited complaints of the confusion of our Army Departments, to which the only answer seems to be, that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and LORD PANMURE are on excellent terms, the eternal Map question came up. For seventy years have the authorities been mapping the kingdoms, first on the scale of an inch to a mile, then six inches, then twenty-six inches and three-quarters. This last was in Scotland, where the landowners made a job of it, getting perfect plans of their estates at the national expense. So much did the Lairds value this, that *Mr. Punch* knows of one who actually subscribed £1500 to get his part of the country mapped early. Well, a good map is a good thing, but the Scotch job was stopped to-night, and Government beaten by 10. In revenge, a Scotch Member tried to stop the English survey, but this ebullition of spite found only 22 supporters against 290 opponents.

*Friday.* Nothing particular in the Lords, except that poor CRANNY, being asked about Bishops' resignations, flew to such recondite authorities as BLACKSTONE and BURN for his law.

In the Commons SIR B. HALL announced that on the 25th the decision on the Public Offices Designs would be given, and scores of architects immediately began stabbing their drawing boards with dividers, flinging their set-squares about the office, and refreshing themselves into Elevations of much originality, in their frightful excitement. Some malpractices to get rid of a witness on the Rochdale Election petition were exposed, as was the affair at Greytown, where Government let the Americans burn our property and insult our flag, but found out that the law of nations forbad even remonstrance. VISCOUNT WILLIAMS made bitter complaint that all Hampton Court Palace should be kept in simultaneous repair, and SIR JOHN SHELLEY (not usually witty) made some fun by picturing the Viscount with a hypothetically dirty face, the sides of which he washed on alternate days.

### Sweeping Denunciation.

MR. KER SEYMER is very indignant about the Cows in Hyde Park. They spoil the ladies' dresses, he says. His indignation is certainly excusable, for it is only natural that that which soils silks and satins, should give a turn, also, to *Ker-Seymer(e)*.

## WHAT I HEARD, SAW, AND THOUGHT, AT THE SYDENHAM FESTIVAL.

*(By One who has no Wish to be Mistaken for a Critic.)*

"I FAVOUR you with this communication, *Mr. Punch*, because I am quite sure no other Editor will print it. From the *Times* down even to the *Penny Morning Startler*, every newspaper, I know, has a reputation to maintain for giving insertion only to the most profound of criticism; and I should as soon expect you to report *verbatim* one of MR. SPOONER'S speeches as I should anticipate that any one of your contemporaries would give a corner to a correspondent so uncritical as I am. For at the outset, *Mr. Punch*, I must candidly confess to you that I know as little of orchestral slang as I do of High Dutch (Billingsgate), or the chaff of a fast Cherokee or Feejee Islander. In my present ignorance I own I could no more explain what is meant by 'harmonic progressions' than attempt to give the plot of an Astleian hippodrama; and I should as soon expect to follow SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S reasoning as to comprehend such a phrase as 'contrapuntal complications.'

"But among your countless readers, *Mr. Punch*, there are no doubt some thousands who feel puzzled like myself when they hear of a 'fugued passage' being exquisitely 'rendered,' or of the 'counter-subject' being 'formally constructed,' or of the 'plain song abounding in florid divisions;' and it may not be uninteresting to some of them to meet with a few paragraphs about the HANDEL Festival which will have the novelty of not being unintelligible. And, as I heard the performances from first to last (barring a few bars, which I was robbed of by some cheats who tried to swindle an *encore*) I feel inclined to write a letter upon what I chiefly made a note of.

"In the first place, *Mr. Punch*, I think the sight at Sydenham was as wonderous as the hearing. A deaf man or a blind one would have equally been charmed there. To see the orchestra alone was worth coming up from the very Land's End or John o'Groat's house—I expect that for my lifetime I shall keep in my mind's eye that acre of white waistcoats, with the rood which was sown with brighter dresses in the midst of it: and I shall not easily lose sight of that forest of fiddlesticks, or the turning of the leaves, as thickly fluttering as those in Vallombrosa, of the chorus-books. Other pens have preceded me, and I suppose there is hardly a newspaper in the kingdom but has described the "sea of heads" on the shoulders of the audience, and has aptly carried out this marine expression by next bringing in the horticultural remark that a "parterre of blooming faces" was presented by the ladies. But without the aid of reference to these descriptive writers, I shall long remember the delighted looks of all the listeners: among whom I wished KING HANDEL could himself have been in earshot, and have sat the honoured guest of our pleased QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Accustomed as I am to hypercritical society, it is no new phrase to me to hear that the English have small reverence for music, and can by no means be regarded as a musical nation. As a convincing proof that this is more than ever now the fact, I find two thousand singers giving HANDEL their week's services and months of preparation, and I find also nearly twenty times their number giving their guineas or their half guineas to hear them. I do not mean to say that all of these were led there only by their ears. I am conscious that on some people the sound of a fine chorus has not so much effect as the sound of a fine codfish: and to many of the weaker sex good millinery is at least as attractive as good music. Two young ladies who sat by me during Saturday's rehearsal distinguished themselves from the rapt listeners around them by reading each a volume of a well-thumbed novel, from which they barely once looked up throughout the whole performance. My fingers itched, I own, to twitch the volumes from their laps, and apply them with some emphasis to the peccant ears of the perusers. But I reflected that tastes differ, and that minds are variously constituted: and that the power of appreciating the music of HANDEL is limited in some people to the handle of the polka-grinder's organ-box, or hurdy-gurdy.

"Still, with my remembrance of this festival—and such memories as these are joys to us for ever—I cannot think JOHN BULL can have no music in his soul. And yet less can I believe that such a festival as this can pass without leaving its good influence behind it. When I see, as I have done more than once this week, strong men moved to tears by a few chords of a chorus, I can neither think them weak for thus showing their emotion, nor can I believe but that it is good for them. If ever I forget my selfish self it is when I am listening to such strains as those of HANDEL. I never come away from one of his oratorios without thinking that I feel the better for the hearing. This week my only shadow of regret has been that my friends, even to the Antipodes, could not every one of them have lent me their ears, that I might fill them with the sounds I was myself so revelling in.

"As for giving you statistics of the parts I most enjoyed, I might as well try to enumerate the corks which I heard pop at the refreshment counters, or to calculate what acres the ham sandwiches would have covered, or how far the ices if heaped up would have out-topped Mont Blanc. I don't much envy the man who having eaten his cake can sit down and ruminate, and try to pick the plums out, and remember how they tasted. Nor have I any sympathy with those cold-blooded critics who can come away unwarmed by the fire of a composer, and write a cool collected detail of each black spot they noticed. Such men seem to me to use their ears only in the way of business, and take the pains to listen to the Hallelujah just to see if all the 'points' are rightly 'taken up.' What delights them most is to detect a faulty passage, or discover something wrong in the conductor's 'rendering,' which they do by stretching to their utmost ears quite long enough already.

"Mind, I don't mean to deny the value of *good* criticism, whether in musical or any other matter; but I detest from my heart all that usage of slang phrases which savour so of quackery and the 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico' delusion. Let us hope that two years hence all this will be exterminated, and that the lovers of sound will be guided only by sound judges. We are then, it is said, to have another festival, surpassing even this, as this has far surpassed all which have gone before it. And, as practice makes perfect, I would recommend all those who intend to take a part in it

'Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ;'

or if not day and night, once a month at least, until 1859 to take a turn at HANDEL.

"I am, MR. PUNCH, one who hopes then to have

"A VOICE IN THE MATTER."

## DISTURBERS OF PUBLIC HARMONY.

ENCORE! Encore!
Oh what a bore
To hear a set of boobies roar
At Concerts, one
Song being done,
The prelude to the next begun!
O ye unwise!
Cease those outcries,
Which from sad want of taste arise,
Devoid of brains,
Orchestral strains
You drown—the deuce requite your pains!

### Fiddle-Faddle at the Font.

AT the head of the "Fashionable Arrangements for the Week," published in the *Post*, was the

"Christening of the infant daughter of the COUNTESS BERNSTORFF, at Prussia House."

We have always supposed that christening was a religious ordinance, and never imagined it to be a fashionable arrangement.

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING—AS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YOUR FAVOURITE DRESS-COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.

## THE LADIES' LIQUOR LAW.

A RATHER reasonable Liquor Law has been adopted in the state of New York. By this enactment, the drunken, and not the sober, portion of the community, are deprived of their beer and grog. On a complaint preferred by a wife that her husband is an habitual drunkard, magistrates and overseers, in towns and cities, are empowered to prohibit publicans from selling him any drink for six months, under penalty of fifty dollars for each offence. This seems all very well; but ought the charge of habitual drunkenness to be sustainable by the mere evidence of a wife? False accusation would, of course, be out of the question; but a wife—for ladies are commonly inexact in their definitions—could not perhaps be quite safely trusted to testify to the reality of that condition, commonly called the state of beer. Habitual drunkenness might be, in the opinion of many ladies, habitual indulgence in the cheerful glass, exceeding, in any measure, habitual indulgence in dress and display. The British Law's provision, that in no case shall a wife give evidence against her husband, is perhaps most especially requisite in cases of alleged excess in fermented beverages.

### A MOST DESIRABLE DRAIN.

THE Duck-Island well, in St. James's Park, is draining all the Pumps in Westminster. Perhaps this accounts for the unusual absence of long speeches during the present Session.

THE YANKEE WALKER.—WALKER, the Filibuster, has had to hook it. He will thus be doubtless considered to have acquired a handle to his name.

## A CHANT ABOUT EXETER HALL.

O, STAINED windows, richly dyed with forms of saints and prophets hoary!
O, aisles; O, transepts, north and south; O, chancel, crypts, and clerestory!
O, trefoil, quatrefoil, cinquefoil; O, mullions, transoms, finials, crockets!
O, crosses, candlesticks, and candles mounted in your sacred sockets!
Hear our melancholy chant, hear our mournful intonation,
Whilst in dreary tune we sing of a dreadful innovation:
Exeter Hall!

In that Hall, where schismatics and low sectarians go a-Maying,
Bishops now are preaching heard, priests on Sunday evenings praying;
And the prelate at their head occupies the see of London;
If this kind of thing goes on we shall certainly be undone.
Roodloft, reredos, altar-cloth, credence-table, hear our groaning,
Hear us, in the dismal notes of ST. GREGORY, intoning
Exeter Hall!

Holy MRS. ADAMS made quite a proper observation,
When she said that out of Church, Scripture was but profanation.
Exeter Hall is not a Church; it was never consecrated,
And it is not East and West canonically situated,
And therefore, in a place like that, no service can be worth a button;
Thy shepherds are a pack of wolves, and all their sheep are mere lost mutton,
Exeter Hall!

Listen to us all ye saints who ought to stand in empty niches,
Wherein we to place you itch with unutterable itches.
Dirty, ragged, poor old men, sit there close beside a bishop,
Pretty fisher of mankind fish of such a class to fish up!
It is quite against all rule; it is wholly indecorous;
Wherefore we continually shall cry aloud in choir sonorous,
Exeter Hall!

The beggars by the bishop's side afford diversion and amusement
To well-dressed worshippers for whom, Churchwardens in their wisdom, pews meant.
Though pews we hate, we hate still more to see a lot of laymen humble,
With priests and prelates of the Church mixed up in such unseemly jumble.
Of laity and clergy we, contending for the separation,
Must sing with sorrow, with a voice attuned to doleful lamentation,
Exeter Hall!

We weep; our tears gush forth apace, like streams of water from a fountain.
What next? who knows that bishops soon will not go preaching on a mountain?
The qualified, the regular, the proper spiritual surgeon,
Appointed to the cure of souls, is practising like MR. SPURGEON.
There 'll be an end of everything—and now the Comet 's coming near us,
And so we sing—ST. DUNSTAN, help! ST. SWITHUN, mercifully hear us!
Exeter Hall!

### Instinct.

AT one of the exhibitions of MDLLE. VANDERBECKEN'S *Oiseaux Merveilleux*, before a company of gentlemen connected with the arts and literature, one of the diminutive performers, upon being directed "to stop opposite the cleverest person in the room," hopped knowingly in front of the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, and there chirped most significantly. Every one began to titter, but the mistake was quickly explained. It seems there had been an accidental change of actors, and unfortunately the bird substituted was a *Mocking-Bird!*

### WHAT 'S BRED IN THE STONE.

A COMPANY at Frodsham, in Cheshire, are grinding gold out of Virginia rock-ballast, at the rate of an ounce and a half to the ton. A flour-mill in the neighbourhood, we are informed, is employed for crushing the auriferous quartz. It is to be hoped that neither the company's shareholders, nor the Frodsham miller's customers are going to get stones for their bread.

### Pictures Without a Home.

THE Committee "for determining the site of the National Gallery" have had another meeting. It seems to us that these Commissioners are taking a rare long time to determine a very simple question. Had they not better refer the question to MR. HUME (the spiritual humbuggist), since that gentleman has acquired a large notoriety for his powers of "second *site?*"

A WISE PRECAUTION.—SIR BENJAMIN HALL has directed that the dimensions of the new reception room at St. James's shall be calculated not by linear, but by crino-linear measurement.

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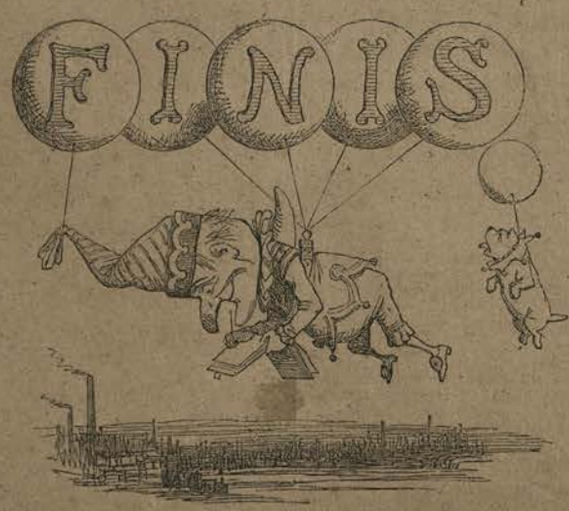

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